THE

Retrospective Review.

FOR OUT OF THE OLDE FIELDES, AS MEN SAITHE
COMETH ALL THIS NEWE CORN FRO YERE TO YERE,
AND OUT OF OLDE BOOKES, IN GOOD FAITHE,
COMETH ALL THIS NEWE SCIENCE THAT MEN LERE.

CHAUCER.

VOL. XIV.

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THE

Retrospective Review.

Vol. XIV. Part I.

Art. I.—*Philosophical Letters between the learned* Mr. Ray *and several of his ingenious Correspondents, Natives, and Foreigners; to which are added those of* Francis Willughby, Esq. *The whole consisting of many curious Discoveries and Improvements in the History of Quadrupeds, Birds, Fishes, Insects, Plants, Fossiles, Fountains, &c. Published by W. Derham, Chaplain to his Royal Highness George Prince of Wales, and F. R. S. London,* 1718.

The remote and ultimate point to which the higher branches of abstract science tend, is within the reach of few save those who, gifted alike with talent and leisure, can dedicate no inconsiderable portion of life to their culture and attainment. The deep mysteries of philosophy, into which the mind of a Newton could penetrate, are, to the greater part of mankind, as inaccessible as the very heavens of which they treat; but in natural history, and all that vast field of subordinate science which leads to the contemplation of Deity, in his works in this his lower world, we find an ample space to which all may retire for their moment of leisure, and, without any overwhelming demand on their intellect, discover wherewithal to expand its powers and lead it from Nature up to Nature's God. There is another advantage, too, upon which we would willingly expatiate beyond the fair limits by which we are confined; we allude to that tranquillising spirit, falling like the shades of evening over those who retire from the world to "suck in the sweets of sweet philosophy," amidst fields and flowers and woods, enlivened by the melody of birds and the busy hum of the myriads of organised beings enjoying their brief hour of existence. There is something in

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the contemplation of these rural scenes that excites a thrill which the world cannot impart; there is a feeling of repose which softens down the harsher passions of our nature, and before which party spirit, and the contentious wranglings of men, flee away and seem to be at rest. It is our firm belief, that no individual has ever yet existed, however depraved and abandoned may have been his life, who has not felt (more, possibly, than he was aware of) this appeal of the workings of nature upon his soul, under the influence of those associations which rural scenery can excite, and who has not experienced something like a feeling of awe and adoration, transitory indeed we are ready to allow, and again to be darkened and effaced by re-communion with the world: and if our conjecture is correct; if, upon the cold and heartless, the breathings of animated nature can infuse warmth, and generate a better spirit even amongst the worst of those who their "devious course pursue" amidst life's "thickets and its brakes entangled;" we may easily calculate the effect on others of a different cast, predisposed, by education and habit, for the enjoyment within their reach.

The volume before us is an admirable illustration of the remarks we have just made. In its pages, we find the interesting correspondence of a select few, who, during a series of unparalleled political agitations and changes, pursued the even tenor of their way in spite of the chequered proceedings of this tumultous period, from the despotism of Cromwell to the accession of Queen Anne. Hume,* in the conclusion of his history, remarking upon the early part of this æra, observes, that during "the thick cloud of bigotry and ignorance which overspread the nation during the commonwealth and protectorship, there were a few sedate philosophers, who, in the retirement of Oxford, cultivated their reason, and established conferences for the mutual communication of their discoveries." Now, far from considering this as an extraordinary consequence, we are inclined, in glancing over the peculiar features of these times, to view it as an obvious and natural result. The reformation had been established long enough to restore to mankind the full use and knowledge of their faculties; printing had further confirmed the power of reason; and the censorship of the press (for that powerful engine of liberty was yet in thraldom) fell leniently, if at all, on works unconnected with political opinion and party questions. Under these circumstances, it would rather be a matter of surprise, if cultivated minds, disgusted with faction, fanaticism, and court-intrigues, had not sought shelter within those precincts where they might wander uninterrupted, and

* Hume, vol. viii., p. 332.

revel uncontrolled, amidst the harvest which the bounteous hand of Providence lavishingly spread within their reach. In such times lived Ray, Willoughby, and other respected fathers of natural philosophy; and to such causes, we conceive, we are indebted for the (we may almost say) establishment of a branch of science hitherto, in great measure, unexplored, and concerning which an ignorance semi-barbarian had heretofore prevailed. It has been well remarked, that to De Foe's *Robinson Crusoe* we owe more gratitude for that persevering energy of adventurous spirit which has and for ever, we trust, will animate our navy, than to any other cause whatever. We believe the fact; and to White's *Natural History of Selborne*, by parity of reasoning, we feel inclined to assign the merit of that increasing attachment to the study of natural history which, since his day, has been making such rapid strides. But as De Foe was indebted to another for his invaluable fiction, so, to the work before us, we may ascribe the origin of Mr. White's more popular performance. True it is, that the lively and natural style of the latter must ever prove a formidable rival to its venerable precursor; but, nevertheless, to it we are in duty bound to offer suit and service, and we, therefore, feel that every naturalist and lover of physical science will thank us for recalling from its dusty shelf the almost forgotten works of these patriarchs, who passed their lives in the fields of nature; and welcome Ray and his coadjutors as "worthy for whom we should do this."

The volume before us contains the aggregate correspondence of a select junto, attached to each other by similar pursuits and habits; amongst whom we notice Willoughby, Lister, Sir Hans Sloane, Ralph Thoresby, &c. It may not be uninteresting, before we enter upon the work, to give a brief outline of some of the characters we have named. We shall, therefore, begin with the Rev. John Ray, (or Wray,) F.R.S., and Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, who, born in 1621, closed a long life of 84 years, in 1705. Of origin the most humble (for he was the son of a blacksmith at Black Notley, near Braintree, in Essex,) he exhibits a proof of the power of talent to exalt itself to its due level in the circle of society: an early proficient in botanical science, he had that happy art of infusing amongst all around him a portion of his own zeal and enthusiasm, and, accordingly, we find him traversing the British dominions in almost every direction, (an operation attended with considerable difficulty and inconvenience, not to say peril, in those days,) for the sole purpose of botanical research, or, as it was then called, by the less dignified title of "simpling," attended on his route by a host of "curious pupils." In this part of his character, many of our Oxford readers, who have been "wont to brush with hasty steps the dew away," in geological

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pursuits, will be reminded of one in so many respects his worthy counterpart, and unite with us in rejoicing that the mantle of Ray has fallen upon one so well calculated to possess and do it honour, as Dr. Buckland. At the mature age of forty, he received episcopal ordination; but, though born, as we have shewn, to no affluence, (in fact a legacy of 60*l* per annum, left by his friend Willoughby, being his chief support for the remaining forty years of his life,) it ought to be recorded, to the eternal honour of this virtuous and exemplary Christian, that he repeatedly refused preferment, and resigned a fellowship, from scruples of conscience, in the ever memorable year 1662, when about two thousand of the clergy, in one day, relinquished their cures, and, as Hume observes, "to the astonishment of the court, sacrificed their interest to their religious tenets."

Such is a faint sketch of his valuable life: of his style, in preference to an opinion of our own, we shall give that of one better calculated, from close similarity of pursuits, to speak of its merits. "Our countryman, the excellent Mr. Ray, (says the Rev. Gilbert White, of Selborne, p. 244, vol. i.) is the only describer that conveys some precise idea, in every term or word maintaining his superiority over his followers and imitators, in spite of the advantages of fresh discoveries and modern information." As the intimate friend and disciple of Ray, we are in duty bound to notice that eminent naturalist, Willoughby, who, born in 1635, condensed, in a short life, the labours of even many an octogenarian: it will be sufficient to say of him, that, detesting idleness not only as a vice in itself but as the parent of numerous vices, he from his infancy almost devoted himself to study, and finally, having impaired his health by severity of application, sunk under his exertions, at the early age of thirty-seven. The life of Sir Hans Sloane, in many respects, resembles that of Willoughby: in this equally celebrated investigator of nature, we find a similarly strong and early propensity to the study of natural history, with this extraordinary dissimilarity, however, in their constitutional character, that whereas the former, in a short time, wore out a vigorous bodily frame, the latter, though severely reduced at the age of sixteen by dangerous consumptive symptoms, by dint of extreme attention and care was enabled to protract his life far beyond the ordinary bounds of three score years and ten, dying in 1752, at the advanced age of ninety-two, notwithstanding he had exposed himself to the trying climate of the West Indies, where he resided in Jamaica about fifteen months; during which time, he collected such an uncommon variety of plants as astonished Ray and others, who believed there were not half the number on the whole island. He was a Member of the Royal Academy at Paris, President of the College of Physicians, and had the

honour of succeeding Sir Isaac Newton as President of the Royal Society. Much more interesting matter might be collected from the biographical reports of these prominent characters, and other distinguished contemporaries whose letters appear in this volume; but, feeling that we have already somewhat exceeded our bounds, we shall now proceed to make extracts from their several letters, illustrated by such remarks as suggest themselves from a reference to the more accurate data furnished by modern science. As the correspondence is perfectly unconnected and irregular, it is immaterial how, or in what portions, it is selected for examination. We shall, therefore, commence our observations with Fish; and are sorry to say, that, under this head, the first must savour somewhat of the marvellous, being a report from Mr. Dent to Mr. Ray, of a certain enormous thorneback *(Raia clavata.)* There must have been giants amongst the fish in those days, for one Mr. Mayfield assured Mr. Dent, that he sold a thorneback to the cook of St. John's College, of "two hundred weight and upwards, and that it served all the scholars of the college, at that time being thirty, mess for commons; which was moreover confirmed by the cook of the same college." Where or how this fish was taken, we are not informed; but, with Pennant on our side, we are inclined to doubt the fact, at least to its extent, his remark being, that "they sometimes weigh fourteen or fifteen pounds, but with us seldom exceed that weight."

Having thus commenced with fish, as the top dish of our entertainment, we shall produce the other remarkable varieties afforded in the pages of this work, the next being a compound, viz. the dolphin and porpesse in a state of identity, a coalition of species which, notwithstanding the high authority of Mr. Ray, we must, as impartial lovers of truth, be under the necessity of dissolving. His words are, "Dum Cestriæ hæsimus, fortè fortunâ allatus est ad urbem Delphinus antiquorum nostratibus Porpesse dictus, à piscatore quodam in vado captus à quo eum modico pretio emimus." Now the fact is, there is a material difference between the two species: both are, indeed, included under the generic term Delphinus; but whereas the specific name of the dolphin of the ancients is *Delphinus Delphis*, that of the Porpus or Porpesse is *Delphinus Phocæna*. The only connexion we have heard of between the two, is, that a certain Duke of Norfolk eat a dolphin, which was formerly reckoned a great delicacy, roasted and dressed with porpesse sauce, made of crumbs of fine white bread mixed with vinegar and sugar. On such authority, we recommend a trial of this recipe to the "curious in fish sauce." It will be observed, that we have given the passage in Latin as we found it; for several of these learned Englishmen seemed to prefer a

correspondence in this language to that of their vulgar tongue. To which we certainly have no other objection to make, than that we think their vernacular idioms, upon such a subject, would have answered just as well, and occasionally spared our risible faculties when the two languages came in contact with rather a whimsical mixture of juxtaposition: for instance, "superest ut tibi gratias agamus quod nos insigni errore liberasti. Cum enim olim Gallinagines minores Snipes vulgo dictas, et minimas tibi Gids, nobis Jack Snipes titulo cognitas pro una et eadem specie habuerimus et sexu tantum differre credidimus." We are quite sure that, were Mr. Ray now living, he would pardon us for pointing out his mistake concerning dolphins and porpesses, shocked, as he appears to be, "*insigni errore*" of confounding "snipes," jack snipes," and "gids." On the other hand, the dignity of classical idiom is admirably exhibited in the comment of Mr. Lister to Mr. Ray, on the very important incident of his having captured a glow-beetle! In truth, we remember nothing to compare with it save the "veni, vidi, vici" of the Roman chief: "Pridiè vesperi insectum animal admodum lucens in aere, *vidi, cepi, notavi, scripsi.*" In Chester, indeed, Mr. Ray seems to have been particularly fortunate in his discoveries, for, in the same letter, after mentioning, by the by, a *fœmina cornigera*, or horned woman, respecting whom he observes, "si masculum cornutum ibi vidissemus res non adeo mira fuisset;" he adds, "præterea Encrasicolos pisces seu anchovas non procul inde in mari captos vidimus;" in which supposed discovery we suspect he is again guilty of a little inaccuracy, for we have good reason for believing that even Mr. Burgess, with all his skill and taste in anchovy sauce, has never yet been able to establish a home manufactory of this delicious article, in or near Chester; for the best of all reasons, that the real anchovy *(clupea encrasicolus)* is chiefly, if not solely, to be found within soundings off the island of Gorgona, near Leghorn.

In page 106, we find Mr. Ray expressing doubts respecting any real difference between the turbot, bret, and halibut. "By what you write of the bret (says he, in a letter to Mr. Lister,) I perceive, that what they call bret in Lincolnshire and Yorkshire, and I believe also in all the East part of England, is the turbot of the West country, where the name bret is not known; and I believe the halibut of the West is the Northern and Eastern turbot; and I would fain know how your halibut and turbot differ; for if there be another fish of the make and bigness of your turbot, it is a stranger to me." So far as relates to the identity of turbot and bret, as spoken of in the Northern or Southern parts of the country, we are inclined to think Mr. Ray may be right; but we are surprised that so accurate an observer as he was should have

had the least hesitation in drawing a decided line of demarcation between the halibut and the turbot. Temperate in diet, as he was, we are ready to make allowances for want of accuracy upon so nice a point, where, however, a London alderman would have set him right, if not at the first glance, certainly on tasting the first mouthful; but, as a naturalist, he should have been aware of the striking distinction between the two. Of the same genus *(pleuronectes)* they form species of two very obviously distinguished sections, ascertained by the situations of the eyes, which, in the halibut *(pleuronectes hippoglossus,)* are on the right side; whereas, in the turbot *(pleuronectes maximus,)* they are situated on the left side. The difference in size, too, is sufficient to prove their non-identity, the former sometimes attaining the weight of 400 lbs, whereas the latter seldom reaches a tenth part of that weight. In a letter from Mr. Johnson to Mr. Ray, we meet with the following curious opinion:— "If you have not yet determined what those shells upon old planks and ships (which antiquity fancied to be young gooslings) are, give me leave to propound one conjecture among many, viz. that they are the spawn of shrimps. 'Twas my brother Jo: Johnson's observation, who told me, that so far as his naked eye could discover, there was an exact proportion of parts betwixt the contents of those shells and the shrimp."— What honest Jo: Johnson could mean by "exact proportion of parts," we cannot surmise; neither can we divine on what possible grounds such a strange theory could have been founded; for the shrimp, like all other species of the *genus cancer*, deposits its ova in a manner perfectly obvious and simple, which ova are hatched in due time during the summer months, when a careful observer may find them in abundance of every size, in the little pools left by tides among the rocks.

The next icthyological remark we have to make, we lament to say, again places us in opposition to our respected author. "Sprats (says he) I know to be nothing else but the young fry of herrings and pilchards, both which fishes come to their full growth in a year's time or less, and then breed." In reply to which, we give the following reason for differing from him. In the first place, the sprat *(clupea sprattus)* is known to spawn; from which we may infer, (though we are ready to acknowledge that, respecting the gestatory powers of fish, much mystery remains to be cleared up,) that the sprat is, if not perfectly matured, at least nearly so, and, therefore, cannot be classed with the herring, which exceeds it so considerably in size. In the next place, its belly is strongly serrated; whereas, that of the herring (*clupea harengus*) is smooth: there are also some minor discrepances observable in the form of their fins. What has been said of the herring, may be applied to

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the pilchard, to which the herring is much more nearly allied, and of which it has been, by many naturalists, considered as a mere variety. Pennant, however, in his *Br: Zool:* v. iii., p. 293, enters into details which induce him to conclude that they "differ in some particulars very essentially." We shall close these our icthyological observations with the passage immediately following the above remarks on sprats. To enter at large into the very interesting topic, would lead us into a wild field of inquiry; added to which, we must candidly confess, that we have by no means sufficiently made up our minds to allow of any very positive or dogmatical assertion on so abstruse a subject; and we throw it out rather as a tub to scientific whales, a point for the consideration of other naturalists more competent than ourselves, to discuss a question which, in every department of animal vitality, from the mammalia to the infusoria, is more or less enveloped in obscurity. "Upon this occasion, I will communicate to you a particular which hath a long time perplexed me, and that is, whether all fish cast all their spawn at once: I mean in one year, or only part of it, retaining part for future partuses. That herrings cast all, I am confident, finding none in shotten herrings. It is a principle with me, that all animals have, from their very first formation, the eggs or seeds of all the young they shall ever bring forth; for when they are once exhausted and spent, the animal becomes effete. Now a fish, at every birth, casting forth such an innumerable number of eggs, as are contained in her whole row, it seems strange there should remain seed eggs enough, let them be ever so small, as to suffice many years' births; and yet the whole mass of them together to be so little and inconsiderable, as not to be so much as taken notice of by any naturalist."

Having thus digested one course of fish, as a natural sequence, by way of remove, we beg leave to introduce a course of fowls for the entertainment of our readers. As a preface to which, we quote the following from Mr. Johnson to Mr. Ray, by way of hint to all dealers in the marvellous, upon the propriety of ascertaining how far their case is really founded on fact, before they venture to publish it to the world under the sanction of their own hand and seal. "Tis commonly reported with us, of the heron and bittour, (bittern,) that they have but one wide gut; and, therefore, they say, when they eat an eel, she presently goes through them, which the heron, in her flight, catches again and again; but when I opened them, I found the story false, for they had guts like other birds, for any thing I saw; therefore, I rather think the eel (if at all) makes her escape out of her feet."

Upon the singular convolution of the tracheas of certain

aquatic birds, particularly the duck and crane tribe, Mr. Ray's observations merit attention, in as much as we are not aware that, in this very curious feature of comparative anatomy, modern science has made any very considerable* progress. So far, indeed, are we advanced, as to have discovered, that scarcely any two species of this class resemble each other in the precise structure, convolution, and osseous protuberance of the larynx inferior; and, therefore, that an accurate knowledge is desirable as a means of ascertaining the precise species, as well as sex, and frequently the age, respecting which, at different periods, there often exists considerable perplexity; the osseous protuberance, we should observe, being invariably confined to the males, and, as the sagacious Ray surmised, is still supposed to assist in giving variety and depth of tone to the cry of the bird. "I observed in this bird (the *scoter anas nigra*), and in some others of the sea ducks, which are much under water, that they want that vessel or ampulla, situate in the very angle of the divarication of the windpipe, which, for want of a better and fitter name, we are wont to call the labyrinth of the trachea; which, though being common also to the colymbi, which, of all birds, dive most, and continue longest under water, we may, very probably, from thence conclude, that the labyrinth doth not serve them for a reservatory of air, to enable them to continue the longer under water, as I sometimes conjectured, but for the intending or modulating of the voice, seeing, in the plash ducks, the females want it. But I am somewhat to seek about the use of this vessel, and I think it were worth the while to examine what sorts of birds have it, —what want it; and, in those sorts that have it, whether the males only, or, in some, the females also. I observed it in the *mergus cirratus longiroster major*, or the dun diver, and that very large, and extended by very strong bones; and yet I thought myself to have sufficient reason to judge that bird to be the female† of the merganser; but I dare not be confident that it is a female, because of this labyrinth." In a letter from Mr. Dach to Mr. Ray, we find the same opinion expressed with respect to the widgeon and sheldin, another species of duck. "I have put up some hollow bones which

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* Mr. Yarrel, of Bury Street, St. James's Street, has, indeed, devoted much time to this interesting part of comparative anatomy, and formed a valuable collection of specimens, highly meriting the attention of the scientific ornithologist. A paper has also been published in the Linnæan Transactions; and the reader will find a short article on the subject at the end of Montagu's *Supp: Ornith.*

† Montagu considers them to be decidedly distinct in species.

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are annexed to the windpipe of each male; for in females I can find none. The difference of shape of these bones, doubtless, causes their different tones. If you steep one of the sheldin's windpipes in warm water, to make it lax, you may observe the pretty motion to be found in the middle protuberance, and pick out a little philosophy from it."

The scoter, above-mentioned by Ray, (or macreuse, as he also calls it) had been sent him by Dr. Robinson, with the following remark. "This Parisian bird (very famous of late) may be no unwelcome subject, it being in Lent, and upon maigre days, the greatest dainty of convents. I have been told by several of the most learned priests beyond sea, that the macreuse was as much a fish as the barnacle, (and, indeed, I am of the same opinion;) that the blood was the same in every quality with that of fishes, as also the fat, which (as they falsely affirm) will not fix, dry, or grow hard, but always remains in an oily consistence. Upon these and other reasons, the Sorbonists have ranked the macreuse in the classis of fishes." Mr. Ray, however, does not seem quite satisfied with this exposition, for he remarks in his answer, "Why those of the Church of Rome should allow this bird to be eaten in Lent, and upon other fasting days, more than others of this kind, I see no reason;" it having a more "delicate and well tasted flesh," he observes, than many others which live only, or chiefly, by preying on fish, the flesh of such being of a more "rank, ferine, and piscose taste." Perhaps Mr Ray, unwittingly, in the innocence of his heart, hit upon the real reason, every member (layman or ecclesiastic) of the Roman Catholic Church, from the Pope to the pauper, we are confident, preferring a well-tasted, delicate wild-duck to one of an "ancient and fishlike smell," and, in taste, "rank, ferine, and piscose." However, our recollection of Madame de Campan's Memoirs fortunately enables us to set this doubtful point at rest; and, for the information of all tender-minded Catholics, we hasten to communicate the decisive and important opinion of a bishop of their own church, as given to la Princesse Victoire, daughter of Louis XV., who (malheureusement pour elle) "n'étoit point insensible à la bonne chère, mais elle avait les scrupules les plus réligieux sur les plats qu'elle pouvait manger au temps de pénitence. Je la vis (says Madame de Campan) un jour—très tourmenteé de ses doutes, sur un oiseau d'eau, (no doubt a macreuse) qu'on lui servait souvent pendant la carême. Il s'agissait de décider irrevocablement si cet oiseau était maigre ou gras. Elle consulta un évêque, qui se trouvait à son diner: le prélat prit aussitôt le son de voix positif, l'attitude grave d'un juge en dernier ressort—Il repondit à la princesse, 'qu'il avait été décidé, qu'en un doute, après

avoir fait cuire l'oiseau, il fallait le piquer sur un plat d'argent très-froid: que si le jus de l'animal se figeait dans l'espèce d'un quart d'heure, l'animal était réputé gras: que si le jus restait en huile on pouvait le manger en tout temps sans inquiétude!' Madame Victoire fit faire aussitôt l'épreuve, le jus ne figea point; ce fut une joie pour la princesse, qui aimait beaucoup cette espèce de gibier."* We congratulate the members of the Catholic Church on the accommodating transubstantiatory powers she possesses, in thus administering to the palates of the faithful in the hour of utmost need, and, by an orthodox figment, converting flesh into fish by a process so satisfactory, so philosophically as well as religiously correct, as this sanctioned by episcopal authority. We shrewdly suspect, indeed, that this transmutatory power is not strictly and invariably confined to birds; and that many a "maigre" dish is so contrived as to contain, within the limits of its penitential merits, "the quintessence of partridge, and quail, and venison, and pheasant, and plum pudding, and custard."† In fact, we have, ourselves, a very vivid recollection of an ample supply of animals, to all external appearance "fine lively turtles," collected as part of the piscatory fasting stores for the use of a large convent in Andalusia. But to return to our ornithology, from this digression on fasting.—It is natural to suppose, that so important a subject as migration would have occupied much attention, and appeared repeatedly in a volume like the present, but, to our surprise, we have met with but one passage alluding to it, in a letter from Mr. Johnson to Mr. Ray. "And now 'tis in my thoughts, I would entreat you, at your best leisure, to let me know if you can tell any thing certain concerning the birds of passage, whither they go, when they leave us? If it be granted that the swallow kind, and such small birds, do hide themselves in rocks and trees, yet storks, Poland geese, and birds of great size, cannot possibly do so. The moon is too far a journey, and a new world in the South temperate zone, methinks, they can hardly reach, seeing wild geese from Ireland, and woodcocks from Norway, come often so tired to us: and yet, how they should 'scape the eyes of so many diligent inquirers, both by sea and land, especially since our increase of trade and navigation, is to me a matter of no less difficulty."

Upon this we would remark, that it is common infirmity with human nature to cast a double portion of mystery over whatever is already in any degree unintelligible or mysterious. The *ignotum pro magnifico* has, and ever will, as long as

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* "Mem. par Madame Campan, vol. i., p. 16." † "Tale of a Tub."

the world endures, exercise a sort of magical influence over even the sobered minds, particularly in the dawn of knowledge. We are not, therefore, surprised that a rational man, like Mr. Johnson, should send his swallows, and other small birds, to hybernate in holes of trees and clefts of rocks; or even throw out a hint at the moon in his migratory theory. In justice, indeed, to Mr. Johnson, it is but fair to add, that this idea of a dormant state, for summer birds, during winter, appears to have been a very generally received notion. Thus, in "Christ's Victory and Triumph," a poem by Giles Fletcher, published 1610, it is said, that at

"Th' engladden'd spring—
"The waking swallow broke her half-year's sleep."

But, for our own parts, we are free to confess, that we have never had a moment's difficulty or doubt upon the subject; migration, as far as relates to its practicability even in the most extreme cases, appearing perfectly feasible even to the lowest and most inactive tenant of the air, and briefly for the following reasons.—First of all, because the structure of birds is peculiarly adapted for flight, their bones, feathers, and pulmonary formation all tending to give the frame a considerable degree of levity. In addition to which, the mechanical and muscular powers of the wings are of the most extraordinary application.—Secondly, that, owing to these compound causes, their flight is infinitely more rapid than we are aware of. The fleetest race-horse on record was capable of going for a short distance at the rate of a mile per minute; and yet what is this to the motion of a swallow, or even to many of the short-winged, heavy-bodied, duck tribe; for instance, the golden eye *(anas clangula)*, which makes the air whistle, as it darts through it with incredible velocity. The flight of the Eider duck, again, which is in appearance remarkably heavy and awkward, and by no means remarkable for its swiftness,* is known, by repeated observations, to be ninety miles an hour. And Montagu,† an ornithologist on whom the greatest dependence can be placed, estimates the rapidity with which a hawk, and many other birds, occasionally fly, as not less than at the rate of 150 miles an hour, and that 100 miles is certainly not beyond a fair computation for migratory continuance. When galloping over downs at full speed, who has not, indeed, observed the ease and facility with which swallows have not only kept pace, but wheeled round and round, now before,

* "Major Cartwright's experiments on the Coast of Labrador."

† "Montagu Supp. Ornith. under title Falco Peregrinus."

now behind, and now shooting far a-head, with scarcely any vibration of wing. For how many hours together are not the swift, the kite, the raven, (cum multis aliis,) seen besporting themselves high in mid air, as if enjoying the serenity of a summer's day.

Taking all these data into consideration, we would ask, where is the impossibility or impracticability of those of slower flight, and minor powers, passing over seas and æstuaries, in only one instance (of necessity) exceeding 100 miles in extent, viz. from Norway to Great Britain, where the nearest line of communication is about 600 miles. That we may not startle the incredulous, we would wish to prove our words by placing a map before them. They will then perceive, that even a London sparrow (the flight of a sparrow, we should observe, being estimated by experiment to be about the rate of 30 miles an hour) might make good his retreat, on a migratory excursion, to Tombuctoo, if he chose, without trusting his person over wider channels than Dover to Calais (a mere 40 minutes' flight,) and the Straights of Gibraltar, unless, ambitious of including Italy in his course, he boldly crossed *per aëra tractu* from Sicily to Africa, over a space of about 100 miles. We can only say, that it has been our lot to meet with small birds, of minor growth and feebler strength than London sparrows, apparently in good health, and spirits, and undiminished vigour, on the wide Atlantic, at a greater distance from the land than we require for our metropolitan tourist. Some instances of flight may not be unacceptable: the first on record within our sphere of research, is that of a falcon belonging to Henry IV. of France, which, escaping from Fontainbleau, was in 24 hours found in Malta, a space computed to be not less than 1350 miles, a velocity equal to 57 miles an hour, supposing the hawk to have been on the wing the whole time; but as such birds never fly by night, and allowing the day to be at its greatest length, or 18 hours light, this would make 75 miles an hour. It is probable, however, that he neither had so many hours of light in the 24 to perform the journey, nor that he was retaken the moment of his arrival, so that we may fairly conclude, much less time was occupied in performing this distant flight. Again, it is on record, that a society of pigeon fanciers from Antwerp, despatched ninety pigeons from Paris; the first of which returned in four hours and a half, at a rate, not far short of sixty miles an hour. Allowing, therefore, to the woodcock, field-fare, and a few other Norwegian visitors, only half that speed, or the mere jog-trot pace of our London sparrow, we shall find, that in 20 hours they would accomplish even the longer passage of the North Sea. We grant, that it is very singular how the migrating birds alluded to by Mr. Johnson,

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should " 'scape the eyes of so many diligent inquirers;" but we recollect a statement made by a naval officer, in our hearing, that one morning, after a stormy night, when the men were sent aloft to shake the reefs out of the topsails on board the old Aurora frigate, they were surprised to find a considerable number of woodcocks lodged in and about the rigging. How far this statement is to be relied on, we do not pretend to say; and we are, moreover, ready to admit it to be the only instance that has ever reached us, of woodcocks being actually seen or found at sea.

In the above calculation, it will be evident that we have not included America; not that we think it by any means impossible that birds could, by keeping in higher or lower currents, to a great degree avail themselves of favourable winds, but because we doubt whether there is an established migratory communication between the old and new world. The woodcock of North America is, we believe, a variety, if not a perfectly distinct species, from the European, and has never been met with on the Eastern shores of the Atlantic. We had scarcely concluded the above remarks, when, most opportunely, we met with an instance in the " New Monthly Magazine" for April, of the migratory or passenger pigeon of America (*columba migratoria* of Wilson's American Ornithology) having been shot in Fife a few weeks ago, being the first ever seen in this country, and probably forced over by the westerly gales; and we have the following notice in a newspaper for the same month, under the head " Remarkable flight:"—On the 17th August, a hawk, with bells to its thighs, and a silver ring to its leg, with the name of the Hon. F. Finch engraved thereon, came on board the Spence of North Shields, bound to Quebec, in Lat. 44, Long. 25 West, about midway between Iceland and the American coast, and died, after being on board about twenty days."—Should this extract be true, few will doubt the power of flight for long distances, when a bird like this, ballasted with bells, and of course reared in some degree in a domestic state, could find its way, with apparently undiminished strength, on board a vessel half across the Atlantic.

Having thus candidly given our own opinions in support of the possibility of the fact, we are ready to admit, that still it is a subject involving many difficulties, with reference to the causes and instinct by which it is enforced; and we, therefore, fully enter into the feelings of Mr. White, of Selborne, expressed in the following beautiful passage: " When I used to rise in a morning last autumn, and see the swallows and martins clustering on the chimneys and thatch of the neighbouring cottages, I could not help being touched with a secret delight, mixed with some degree of mortification; with delight, to observe

with how much ardour and punctuality these poor little birds obeyed the strong impulse towards migration, or hiding, imprinted on their minds by their great Creator; and with some degree of mortification, when I reflected that, after all our pains and inquiries, we are yet not quite certain to what regions they do migrate; and are still farther embarrassed to find some do not actually migrate at all."*

Many of our bird-fanciers may, probably, be at a loss to assign a reason why some of the songsters of the grove are so much more vociferous than others. We shall conclude our service of fowls by submitting an explanation suggested by Mr. Johnson, to be received, or rejected, at the discretion of our readers: "I have often taken notice, that the summer birds do all, or most of them, feed on such insects whose being consists most in motion; I mean, who have more store of animal soul, than of all the rest, and, therefore, afford a plentiful supply of animal spirits to the brain and genus nervosum of the birds; which I sometimes fancy to be the reason why these birds are so restless in motion, and such continual singers!! And, perhaps, some reason may be taken from hence, why the sows (we are quite at a loss to know what entomological genus is here meant), and some other insects, are so beneficial to the nervous kinds, and why a greater medicinal improvement may be made of insects."

Under the head of reptiles, Mr. Ray remarks of English serpents—"I never knew nor heard of above three kinds; and though one cannot be sure of a negative, I verily believe there are no more. Those are, 1. *Natrix torquata*, or the snake, so called, because it hath a pale yellow spot, or streak, on each side its neck, though not encompassing it. 2. *Vipera*, or the adder. 3. *Cæcilia*, the blind worm, or slow worm. All these kinds are plentiful in my own fields." We impute not as a fault, any inaccuracy upon a point even at present in some degree doubtful, since there are authorities for classing the two additional kinds we are about to mention, as mere varieties, viz. *Coluber prester*, or the black viper, a variety of *Coluber berus*, the common viper, and *Anguis eryx*, the blue-bellied snake, as a variety of *Anguis fragilis*, the blind worm, though they both differ from their supposed prototypes, in the number of abdomenal and caudal scales, exclusive of dissimilarity in colour, denoted by their trivial name; and, are therefore, by other authorities of the highest respectability, classed, and we think conclusively, as additional species.

Entomology, as a science, was little studied in those days,

* White's *Nat. Hist. Selborne*, p. 113.

and, accordingly, we find information upon the subject thrown out more in the form of hints and insulated facts, than in an accurate and digested system of arrangement. A certain Mr. Oldenburgh, indeed, suggests a few experiments, the first of which, if attended with success at all proportioned to Sir Samuel Tuke's, would display a fearful exemplar of caterpillary corpulence: respecting the others, we could wish for a course of accurate and careful similar experiments; as the strange and mysterious mode by which the vital principle is either checked, called into action, or rendered dormant, calls for all the attention and investigation which calm and unprejudiced philosophy alone can give. "After my long silence, I must now put you in mind of some particulars which were recommended to you, and Mr. Ray, when you were with us here. One was, to communicate an experiment, to what degree of magnitude a maggot may be advanced, by continuing to give it new flesh every two or three days, upon the occasion of Sir Samuel Tuke's relation of a maggot, which, within two months, by that way increased to the bigness of a man's thigh!!" Another, "to try whether insects will be bred in a beef's bladder so close, that no passage will be left for fly-blows; and, because flies may be said to have blown on the outside of the bladder, and the fly-blows to have eaten through the bladder, it will be proper to include such a bladder in a case, to defend it from fly-blows outwardly, as well as inwardly." We are not sufficiently acquainted with the subject, to afford all the information desirable, but those who wish to pursue the inquiry, will find some curious experiments in the works of Lewenhock, Buffon, and Mr. Ellis, which he has inserted in Vol. 59, *Phil: Transactions;* by which it would appear, that the vital principle is not to be destroyed by the commonly supposed effectual methods;—for example, hot mutton gravy secured in a phial with a cork, and afterwards set among hot ashes, to destroy, as far as possible, every living creature that could be supposed to exist in it, has, nevertheless, been found teeming with animal life, after standing a few days. Potatoes boiled down to a mealy consistence, and mixed with the scalding liquor, when inclosed in closely covered glass vessels, after twenty-four hours, appeared to contain in each drop a host of animalcula. We have neither wit nor intention to uphold the exploded doctrine of equivocal generation, but the most prejudiced must allow the production of life to be a mystery involved in utter darkness, for the origin of the animalcula, infusioria, &c. &c. remains as yet as much unknown as that of many other kinds was when the doctrine of equivocal generation was in full force. The loco-motion of spiders (are we justified in calling it flight?) is entered into somewhat at large by Mr. Ray, Mr. Lister, and Dr. Hulse. Thus, Mr. L.

communicates to Mr. Ray, "De araneis unum addam, me compertum habere araneas volatum exercere non solum ob oblectationem, sed etiam ut culices aliasque bestiolas capiant quorum incredibili vi aër circa autumnum repletus." Again, Dr. Hulse thus expresses himself: "As to my observations on spiders projecting their threads, take them thus. I have seen them shoot their webs three yards long, before they begin to sail, and then they will (as it were) fly away incredibly swift, which phenomenon doth somewhat puzzle me, seeing, oftentimes, the air doth not move a quarter so fast as they seem to fly. Mostly, they project their threads single, without any dividing, or forking, at all to be seen in them; sometimes, they will shoot their threads upward, and will mount up with them in a line almost perpendicular; and, at other times, they project them in a line parallel to the plane of the horizon, as you may often see by their threads, that run from one tree to another, and, likewise, in chambers, from one wall to another. I confess, this observation, at first, made me think they could fly, because I could not conceive how a thread should be drawn parallel between walls, unless the spider flew through the air in a straight line. What reason should be given for their forking or dividing their threads, I know not, except that their threads being thus winged, became able to sustain them in the air. They will often fasten their threads, in several places, to the things they creep up; the manner is, by beating their bums (we crave pardon, gentle reader, for the philosopher's expression), or tails, against them as they creep along. By this frequent beating in of their threads among the asperities of the place where they creep, they either secure it against the wind, that it is not so easily blown away, or else, while they hang by it, if one stick break, another holds fast; so that they do not fall to the ground." The height to which they can extend their aërial journies far exceeds the most lofty steeples, for, on a calm and serene day, Mr. Lister observed them as far as the eye could reach, floating above the highest pinnacles of York Minster, of a species "which seldom or never enter houses, and cannot be supposed to have taken their flight from the steeples." Mr. Percy is anxious that this "flying or sailing of spiders" should be considered as a discovery of Mr. Lister's, though the latter refers to passages in ancient authors, proving that the fact was in part known in their days; Aristotle having asserted that spiders dart their threads as porcupines do their quills, and (*Hist. Anim.* lib. 9, c. 39) thus expressing himself: "Aranei statim cum editi sunt, fila mittunt, non intrinsecus tanquam excrementum, ut Democritus ait, sed extrinsecus de suo corpore veluti corticem, aut more eorum quæ suos villos ejaculantur, ut Hystrices;" and Pliny, lib. 2, c. 24, "orditur telas,

tantique operis materiæ uterus ipsius sufficit; sive ita corrupta alvi natura stato tempore (ut Democrito placet) sive est quædam intus lanigera fertilitas."

These passages, indeed, Mr. L. adds, are, in his opinion, "fair hints for the darting of threads, if it be not absolutely so to be understood; but for these sailing and mounting up into the air, as yet, I find the ancients were silent; and I think I was the first who acquainted you (*i. e.* Mr. Ray) with it; but that is best known to yourself; and I challenge it only by way of emulation, not envy, there being nothing more likely than that several persons, following the same studies, may, many of them, light upon one and the same observation. I am no arcana man; and, methinks, I would have every body free and communicative, that we may, if possible, (considering the shortness of our lives) participate with posterity." We wish that all members of all sects and parties, in science, philosophy, or religion, were prompted by similar feelings and such unselfish principles. It is rather singular, that a learned contemporary, and one of the earliest Fellows of the Royal Society, Mr. Robert Hooke, in noticing "a certain white substance after fogs flying up and down" looking more like to a flake of worsted prepared to be spun (though of its generation or production he professes his utter ignorance,) should have entertained the fanciful idea, "that those great white clouds, that appear all the summer time, may be of the same substance;" little suspecting, that they were the vehicles which his more accurate associate in science had, with better judgment and truth, provided for his flying spiders. Of this extraordinary power and provision of nature much remains to be said before the causes and effects, in all their bearings, can be fully developed. That certain spiders have the power of shooting forth fine threads, of an extremely light and volatile texture, is unquestionable: but by what law or impulse they are able to direct the course of that thread, and immediately springing from their point of contact with a given point, rise rapidly, and almost instantaneously disappear in the air, is a secret at present beyond our ken. We think there are sufficient grounds for suspecting that they are gifted with some faculty (we must not call it an additional sense) by which the course of these minute aërial threads is regulated. We speak with all humility and deference, but we would suggest the possibility of there being some connexion between this strange loco-motive power and polarity, or the influence of some of these invisible but active fluids (whether magnetism or galvanism, we know not,) which are now admitted to take so large a share in the government of matter, and enter so intimately into every process of animal and vegetable economy. Thus, and we mention it as in some measure analogous, it has been

surmised by no mean authority, that the uniform simultaneous motions of the various species of gnat tribe, which must be familiar to almost every person, may be regulated by the controling agency of one of these fluids. For the information of those who have not made natural history their study, it may be desirable to state, that the profusion of what are called gossamer webs, occasionally seen to cover the face of the country, and fill the air in autumn, are the production of small spiders, continuing or terminating their airy voyages; and, therefore, that season of the year may be selected as most favourable for such as feel inclined to investigate the proceedings of these little travellers, and explain how and why these things are.

In dismissing our entomological remarks, we cannot avoid noticing the increased knowledge in the lepidopterous class. Mr. Ray, in mentioning his "*Diurnal English Papilios*," reckons their number at about forty, whereas the present number consists of about eighty-three.

We shall now make a short excursion into the vegetable world. Every body has heard of weeping willows, but few, we believe, are prepared to admit the literal fact, that weeping willows are actually ploratory plants and do really weep. The seventeenth century was, indeed, a hot-bed of factious times, and, perhaps, they "wept over their country's wrongs:" but so it was, for we have the authority of Dr. Robinson, in support of the fact, that in the year 1685, (the very year, be it remembered, of King James the Second's accession, when royal prerogative threatened annihilation to liberty and regeneration to papal power,) "the willows wept so fast at noon day, in the month of March, that Dr. Plucknet, passing on the road, was extremely surprised (and well he might be,) and almost wet to the skin; yet it had been no rain for many weeks before, and the air and other trees were very dry at the same time. I have heard (adds Mr. Robinson, in his letter to Mr. Ray,) this relation confirmed by other persons that observed the same. Trees may, now and then, be subject to bleedings, sweatings, catarrhs, and other extravasations; yet this is no very strong argument (I confess) for the *Arbor aquam fundens*."

At page 207, we find this same Dr. Robinson discussing the nature and character of the Coffee plant; concerning which, their information seems to have been very vague and defective; a strong proof, how little it was used as an article of commerce in those days: tea, in fact, was barely known, and taken more as a medicine than a luxury, having been introduced about twenty-five years preceding the date of this letter (May, 1687,) and about twenty years later than the introduction of coffee into England. This latter article, however, seems to have made a more rapid progress in public estimation, as, in 1650, ten years

after its introduction, we hear of the establishment of a coffee-house, namely, at the sign of the Angel, in Oxford, kept by a Jew. Two years afterwards, an English Turkey merchant opened another in London, which was kept by his Greek servant; but we fear, that its sedative and tranquillising qualities were little valued, and out of vogue, and some more potent beverage patronised in its stead, since, in the short space of five years, viz. in 1657, the Rainbow coffee-house, near Temple bar, was presented as a nuisance to the neighbourhood.

It would seem that, before the time of Ray, the plan of introducing warm air, and thereby producing artificial heat of various temperatures, was unknown in England; for, in 1684, we find no less a person than Sir Hans Sloane describing it as a new discovery. Mr Watts (says he) has a "new contrivance (at least in this country), viz. he makes, under the floor of his green-house, a great fire-place, with grate, ash-hole, &c.; and conveys the warmth through the whole house, by tunnels; so that he hopes, by the help of weather-glasses within, to bring or keep the air at what degree of warmth he pleases, letting in, upon occasion, the outward air by the windows; he thinks to make, by this means, an artificial spring, summer, winter, &c."

Had we space to spare, we should feel disposed to examine, *seriatim*, the various lists of plants, with their habitats given by different correspondents as rare, since the comparison between the present and former knowledge of several, might enable us to draw some relative comparison between the botanical attainments of past and present times, and would be found, we are convinced, to reflect the greatest credit upon the accuracy and diligence invariably displayed by the indefatigable Ray. We are not, indeed, prepared to go all lengths with him, in asserting that certain plants are "peculiar to this or that shire;" though we are ready to grant, that few facts in natural history are more extraordinary than the tenacity with which certain plants attach themselves to particular spots, where they are found to exist for years (we may almost add for ages), withering away whenever attempts are made to transport and naturalize them in other sorts and situations, to all appearance as congenial with their habits and characters. Thus we might mention, as an instance, though, by no means, without its exceptions, the beautiful profusion of pasque flowers (*anemone pulsatilla*), familiar to botanical students, blooming in full luxuriance on a small dry knoll on the Gog Magog hills, near Cambridge; and, again, as another instance, (which, to the best of our knowledge, has no exception,) the almost equal profusion of that rare plant *Saxifraga Herculus*, (yellow marsh saxifrage) known however, and we believe first discovered, by either Ray or one of his associates, on a small marshy spot,

close to the town of Knutsford, in Cheshire, which, together with several other plants, has never been met with by succeeding botanists any where but in the places mentioned by their original discoverers. In making the above remark, Ray pays a well merited, though, on his part, an unintentional compliment to his own diligence; as a further proof of which, we cannot forbear adding the following instance, which is casually introduced, on his noticing some experiments of Lewenhock's, the accuracy of which he presumes to call in question; "for, in those of the seeds of plants, I find him mistaken in some, *v. g.* radish, turnips, and others of that kind, which I have forty times dissected and opened with my hands, and seen clearly with my naked eyes."

It has been long known that seeds, pieces of wood, and other productions, evidently of tropical climates, are occasionally found on the North-western shores of Scotland, Hebrides, and even Orknies; and it is now generally allowed, that the phenomenon admits of easy solution by the ascertained course of the Florida stream, which, sweeping by the banks of Newfoundland, carries with it these floating passengers of West Indian birth. The following letter from Sir Hans Sloane, with Mr. Ray's answer, are, with reference to this subject, worthy of attention. Sir Hans Sloane says, "I have received, after much search, three sorts of beans, from the N. W. islands of Scotland, which are thrown up by the sea from the N. W. great ocean, and gathered in plenty on those N. W. shores, and are such as grow in Jamaica, viz. the bean called, there, cocoons, that called horse-eye bean, and the ash-coloured nickar, or bonduch. There is, also, a fourth sent me thence, which is, I think, *avellana quadrifida*; where its natural place is, I know not; but the others, you may find their countries by the authors which speak of them, for they must come to Scotland by the currents of the sea," &c. Mr. Ray, in answer, says, "what you write concerning the fruits gathered in plenty on the shores of the N. W. Islands of Scotland, is very strange. I have, formerly, read something of it in the philosophical transactions, I think, but gave no great heed to it; but, now, I see there was truth in it. It is very unlikely to me, that they should be brought so far by any current of the sea. I should rather think they came from vessels cast away by shipwreck, near those parts. But it is a thing very well deserves to be further, and more diligently, inquired into, sith the matter of fact is certain."

That they should have been ignorant of the precise course of the Gulph stream, is excusable; but we are rather surprised to find, from a correspondence of Dr. Robinson and Mr. Ray, that the indraught of the Atlantic to the Mediterranean, through

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the Straights of Gibraltar, was by no means a generally acknowledged fact. It was in vain that "our sea officers" asserted, that the "Mediterranean sets out again into the Atlantic" by an "ebbing out (*i. e.* an under current) of the Straights' mouth," it being "scarce reconcilable to the common notions of philosophy, that there should be two contrary declivities, or currents, in the same channel." As an apology for these learned men, a still greater ignorance of more practical importance, perhaps, prevailed, almost within our own memory: as we have heard that, not half a century ago, lime was actually sent from this country to Gibraltar, for the purpose of building; the civil or military engineers not having had philosophy or common sense enough to discover, that the rock was stratified with masses of fine calcareous materials. Upon several other points, connected with general science and local knowledge, we find considerable ignorance, (in using, however, this term, we are far from imputing it as a fault to such men as Ray, &c.; on the contrary, considering the education, manners, and character of the times, our wonder is, rather, that any individual could collect a tithe of the information they possessed.) Thus, Mr. Ray makes it one of his queries to Sir Hans Sloane, on his going to Jamaica, "whether ambergrise be the juice of any sort of metal, or aloe, dropt into the sea, as Tropham would have it;" a substance now generally understood to be a concretion formed in the stomach, or intestines, of the *physeter macrocephalus*, or spermaceti whale. Again, the existence of that wonderful work of nature, the Giant's Causeway, seems to have been known only by vague report; for we find Mr. Lwhyd, an intelligent correspondent of Mr. Ray's, "put in mind of a current report, how that, in the county of Antrim, in Ireland, there are divers large pillars of star stones, able to support a church."

But the most remarkable deficiency in their knowledge relates to their almost utter ignorance of the nature and character of fossil organic remains. It would be unreasonable, indeed, to expect to meet with a Buckland, or a Cuvier, at a period when the vast and important accession of information afforded by these celebrated men might have exposed them, if not to the fate of Galileo, at least to the pains and penalties with which the orthodox priesthood of that day might have overwhelmed them. That the word "beginning," as applied by Moses, (Genesis, ch. i., v. 1,) expressed an undefined period of time, antecedent to the last great change that affected the surface of the earth, and to the creation of its present animal and vegetable inhabitants; and that the days of the Mosaic are not to be strictly construed as implying the same length of

time which is at present occupied by a single revolution of our globe, but periods of a much longer extent;* were assertions reserved as privileges for the more enlightened era of the 19th century, and for which we, who have lived to receive and accept them as allowable truths, cannot be sufficiently thankful. The subject often reverted to in the course of the correspondence, is treated, according to the views and good sense of the writers, with every variety of doubt or caution. It will be perceived, however, that Ray entertained sentiments of a far more enlarged and superior cast to the rest, adopting ideas of the truth, well worthy of his fame and character. Mr. Cole, to Mr. Ray, thus expresses himself: "I have found fossils and figured stones, which would put you out of all doubt, that there are many varieties of naturally formed stones, which never were either animals, or vegetables, or any parts of them, not only because no such shell-fishes were ever found, so far as appears by any known authors, or the collections that I have seen or heard of, (and to suppose any species of creatures to cease cannot consist with the divine providence, and is contrary to the opinion of all philosophers, as well as learned divines;) but it doth evidently appear, by the figure of some of them, that they were never capable of being living creatures;" which he proves from the extreme thinness of the lamina in which they were found. Other stones, "something resembling a nautilus," he found, but so much differing from those he had ever seen, that he is "confident they were never shell-fishes." Mr. Lwhyd is less positive, and, therefore, more rational: he says, "whether (these fossil impressions) were ever the tegumenta of animals, or are only primary productions of nature in imitation of them, I am constrained to leave in Medin, and to confess I find in myself no sufficient ability or confidence to maintain either opinion, though I incline much to the latter. However it be, it seems an extraordinary delightful subject, and worthy the inquiry of the most judicious philosophers. On the one hand, it seems strange, if these things are not *shells petrified;* whence it proceeds, that we find such great variety of them, so very like shells, in shape and magnitude, and some of them in colour, weight, and consistence, and not only resemblances of sea-shells should be found, but also of the *bones* and *teeth* of divers *sea-fish;* and that we only find the resemblance of such bodies, as are in their own nature of a stonelike substance. On the other hand, it seems as remarkable, that we seldom or never find any resemblance of *horns, teeth,* or *bones* of *land animals,* or of *birds,* which might be apt to petrify, if we respect

* Buckland's *Inaugural Lecture*, p. 31-32.

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their consistence; insomuch, that I suspect few formed stones are found (at least in England,) except in some extraordinary petrifying earth, but what a skilful naturalist may (and that, perhaps, deservedly) assimilate to some *marine bodies;* but yet, when we confer them with these bodies they seem most to resemble, they appear but as mock shells and counterfeit teeth; differing from them little less than the works of art do from those of nature, which we endeavour to imitate; as if the earth, in these productions (to speak vulgarly), should only ape the sea. To find out the truth of this question, nothing would conduce more than a very copious collection of *shells,* of the *skeletons* of *fish, &c.,* and of these supposed petrifications."

In another letter to Mr. Ray, with a parcel of fossil leaves, he says, "I heartily wish you may be able to satisfy yourself, upon sight of them, whether they are original productions, or the remains of once real plants, for I must confess that, at present, I cannot acquiesce in the opinion of their having been once mere plants, growing on the surface of the earth." Lastly, we quote Mr. Ray's opinion, as given to Dr. Robinson, respecting some fossil remains from Malta; "which, why we should not esteem to have been originally the shells of fishes, I see no reason; for if, in one and the same place, we find many teeth and bones of fishes entire and unpetrified, and, likewise, stones exactly imitating the shells of other fishes, a great presumption to me it is, that these were originally the things whose shape only they now seem to bear." What would not such men have given for an anticipatory ticket of admission to the cavern of Kirkdale, or for a copy of the *Reliquiæ Diluvianæ,* or *Cuvier's Theory of the Earth.*

Having followed them through their several branches of science, we cannot take our leave, without introducing one more correspondent, of whom we have hitherto not spoken, namely, a certain Rev. Mr. Pasebal, or Pascal, of Queen's College, in conjunction with Mr. Ray and others, as supporter of the atomic theory. Upon so abstruse a subject, in this advanced stage of our article, we cannot be expected to expatiate largely; and it is equally impossible to condense, within a few lines, the essence of theories which have occupied the minds of such men as Cudworth and Boscovich, to say nothing of more ancient and more modern philosophers. The atomic physiology, says the former, supposes that body is nothing else but "extended bulk, and resolves, therefore, that nothing is to be attributed to it, but what is included in the nature and idea of it, viz. more or less magnitude, with divisibility into parts, figure, and position, together with motion or rest, but so as that no part of body can ever move itself, but is always moved by something

else, &c.* Boscovich (and indeed Liebnitz, though with some inconsistencies) maintained, that the very first elements of matter were void of extension, and perfectly simple, under the influence of forces strongly attractive and repulsive, and, by this theory, explained all the most remarkable operations of nature; and being accustomed to contemplate so deeply the universe, and the materials of which it is composed, he soon saw the evident necessity of admitting an all-powerful, intelligent, self-existing being, for the creation of those materials, and for the arrangement of them in their present beautiful forms. Newton's views were, probably, not very remote from those of Boscovich; and, had he lived to be acquainted with, he would, probably, have adopted them. This has been conjectured from what he says in his last question of optics, where, after having mentioned those things which might be explained by an attractive force, succeeded by a repulsive one on a change of the distance, he adds, "and if all these things are so, then will all nature be very simple and consistent with itself, effecting all the great motions of the heavenly bodies by the attraction of gravity, which is mutual between all those bodies, and almost all the less motions of its particles by another certain attractive and repulsive force, which is natural between those particles." This system, differing in no very great degree from the definitions we have briefly given, has lately been introduced into chemistry, as the only means of explaining, on rational grounds, a considerable portion of the phenomena which modern discoveries have brought to light. Thus, Sir H. Davy, in his *Elements of Chem. Philosophy*, 223—503, observes, that if the "sublime idea of the ancient philosophers, which has been sanctioned by the approbation of Newton, should be true, namely, that there is only one species of matter, the different chemical, as well as mechanical, forms of which are owing to the different arrangement of its particles, then a method of analysing those forms may, probably, be found, &c.;" and again, "a few undecompounded bodies, which may, perhaps, ultimately be resolved into still fewer elements, or which may be different forms of the same material, constitute the whole of our tangible universe of things. By experiment, they are discovered, even in the most complicated arrangements; and experiment is, as it were, that chain that binds down the Proteus of nature, and obliges it to confess its real form and divine origin."

We shall now proceed to give Mr. Ray's opinion, "that there are *fixed* and *physically indivisible principles* in nature, I

* Cudworth *Int. Sys.* b. 1., ch. 1.

thus argue:—if there be no such, but bodies are infinitely divisible, how can there be any constancy in generations or productions?" This is followed up by a chain of reasoning which induces him to conclude, that, were bodies infinitely divisible and, consequently, of no certain figure (the minima I mean) "I do not see how we could ever come to such regular concretions, at least to such multitudes and masses of them; but that the world must have continued, as the poets first fancied it, a chaos."

As matter more of curiosity than information, we will now add Mr. Pascal's opinion, though, with the worthy editor of our book, Dr. Denham, we must say, his letters are rather "tedious, by reason the hypothesis is abstruse and somewhat strained." In fact, we are by no means sure, that we have very clear conceptions of the theory he wishes to develope; we can, therefore, only suspect, that if he could have elucidated it, or we could have understood it, the result would have been coincident with those of Mr. Ray, and the others we have alluded to. This opinion forms the sum and substance of a letter from the Rev. Mr. Pascal to Mr. Ray, dated Cedsey, near Bridgewater: the whole of it we shall not insert, leaving it for our readers, if they approve of the specimen, to consult the original in page 274. "There seems to be throughout the universe a *mutual concranitency* between parts central and circumferential; those emitting and propelling outwards; these resisting and repelling inwards:" of this, I have three instances now in my thoughts: we shall only insert the first. 1st. "In this, or any other planetary system, the sun sends forth chiefly by its ecliptic parts; and the ambient fixed stars in their respective æthers, and according to their powers, give bounds, and beat back; from whence proceeds a plenitude as absolute, and entire, and close as the nature of such a fluid can admit of." By these reasons, he thinks he can contribute something towards "an explication of sundry phenomena in nature; such as gravity, the orders and distances of the planets, the *Œstus Atmosphæræ*, or air tides; and, lastly, what he calls *culinary* or *vital fires;* both which kinds move *a centro;* particularly life, as to its nature, original progress, state *sane* or *morbose*, decay, and dissolution, may have some light from a nearer and accurate inspection into these. Sir, my narrow and but late observation, and that much interrupted, supplies me with enough to make a volume upon this subject." We cannot but congratulate ourselves that this volume, never having been published, is not now a Retrospective work, the mysteries of which we, as Retrospective Reviewers, might have felt it our duty to develope.

In page 279, he suggests, that the "globe, in several parts, and times, and states of it, sends forth various *effluvia*, sulphu-

reous, nitrous, aqueous, &c. in great abundance, one or other, or compositions of them, as causes occur." And to the motions and state of the earth, thus actively operative, he attributes some curious effects; for instance, increase of health, depression of spirits, clearness of atmosphere, and internal activity of medicines: for he observes, "I knew one who commonly finds, that if he take but a very gentle *purgative* in a *rising senary* or the former part of a tide, it works not till the *ebbing senary* begins, and then doth very kindly." No doubt, it must have been by a fortunate attention to these senaries, that Mr. Ray experienced so much benefit in a case of jaundice, from rather a curious and novel sort of medicine, (an infusion of stone-horse dung with saffron in ale,) under similar circumstances: we are, however, inclined to agree with Mr. Ray, who adds, "I believe any other medicine (of which, for the disease, there are good store,) if I had been constant to the use of it for some time, would have wrought the same effect." We find, in two letters from Sir Philip Skippon, one of the earliest accounts, probably, of the transfusion of blood. They are without date; but, as we believe the experiments were first introduced in London, on human beings, in 1667, they must have been written about that time. "Yesterday, the transfusion of blood was experimented upon the same body they hired at first; they let out eight or ten ounces of his own, and then transfused of the sheep's arterial blood about fourteen or sixteen ounces. There was a great company present." Unfortunately, public opinion or vulgar prejudice appears to have opposed itself to any accession of knowledge which this novel operation might have afforded; for, in the second letter, he says, "the effects of the transfusion are not seen, the coffee-houses having endeavoured to debauch the fellow, and so, consequently, discredit the Royal Society, and make the experiment ridiculous." In which, by the by, we find a confirmation of the suspicions we before expressed, respecting the any thing but sober and sedate character of the coffee-houses of those days. In a letter from the same person, we meet with an interesting account, which, as it relates to so distinguished a person as the celebrated Dr. Wotton, we insert: "I believe I shall somewhat surprise you with what I have seen in a little boy, Will. Wotton, five years' old the last month, the son of Mr. Wotton, minister of this parish, who hath instructed this child, within the last three quarters of a year, in the reading of the Latin, Greek, and Hebrew languages, which he can read almost as well as English; and that tongue he could read at fourteen years and three months old as well as most lads twice his age."

It would be unpardonable in these our days, when lions hold tournaments, and elephants, renouncing their allegiance, wage

wars with their keepers, and set even military force at defiance, if we did not treat our readers with a true and just account of a tiger-fight which took place in London on the 9th of March, 1698-9, under circumstances nearly similar to the conflicts of Nero and Wallace, at Warwick. It is recorded in a letter from Sir Hans Sloane to Mr. Ray.

"This day, a large tiger was baited by three bear-dogs, one after another. The first dog he killed; the second was a match for him, and sometimes he had the better, and sometimes the dog; but the battle was at last drawn, and neither cared for engaging any further. The third dog had, likewise, sometimes the better, and sometimes the worse of it; and it came also to a drawn battle. But the wisest dog of all was a fourth, that neither by fair means, nor foul, could be brought to go within the reach of the tiger, who was chained in the middle of a large cock-pit. The owner got about £300 for this show, the best seats being a guinea and the worst five shillings. The tiger used his paws very much, to cuff his adversaries with; and, sometimes, would exert his claws, but not often; using his jaws most, and aiming at under or upper sides of the neck, where wounds are dangerous. He had a fowl given him alive; which, by means of his feet and mouth, he, very artfully, first plucked, and then eat; the feathers, and such as got into his mouth, being troublesome. The remainder of his drink, in which he has lapped, is said, by his keeper, to kill dogs, and other animals that drink after him, being by his foam made poisonous and ropy. I hope you will pardon this tedious narration, because I am apt to think it is very rare that such a battle happens, or such a fine tiger is seen here."

As a supplement, though prior in date to this, we annex* an account of a lion-fight which took place in 1603-4, in the tower of London, in the presence of King James I., his queen, son, and courtiers.

"The king's majesty lodging in the Tower of London on the 13th of March, (after he had surveyed all the offices, store-houses, and the mint, where bothe the king and queene coyned money and gave to divers persons there present) being told of the lions, he asked of their being, and how they came thither; for that in England there were bred no such fierce beast;† whereunto was answered, that no mention is made in any record, of lions breeding here: nevertheless, Abraham Ortelius, and other forraine writers, do affirme, that there are in Englande beasts of as great courage as the lion, namely, the mastiffe dog; whereupon, the king caused Edward Alleyn, late servant to the Lord Admirall, now sworn the prince's man and master of the bear

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* Extracted from No. 3 of *Nichols's Progresses of King James.*

† It appears that the king, when in Scotland, had known lions only by report.

garden, to fetch, secretly, three of the fellest dogs in the garden; which being done, the king, queene, and prince Henry, and four or five lords, went to the lion's towre, and caused the lustiest lion to be separated from his mate, and put into the lion's den one dog alone; who, presently, flew to the face of the lion, but the lion suddenly shooke him off, and grasped him fast by the neck, drawing the dog up staires and down staires. The king now perceiving the lion greatly to exceed the dog in strength, but nothing in noble heart and courage, caused another dog to be put into the denne, who proved as hot and lusty as his fellow, and tooke the lion by the face; but the lion began to deale with him as with the other; whereupon the king commanded the third dog to be put in before the second was spoiled, which third dog, more fierce and fell than eyther of the former, and in despite eyther of clawes or strength, tooke the lion by the lip; but the lion so tore the dog by the eyes, head, and, face, that he lost his hold, and then the lion tooke the dog's necke in his mouth, drawing him up and downe as he did the former, but, being wearied, could not bite so deadly as at the first. Now, whilest the last dog was thus hand to hand with the lion in the upper roome, the other two dogs were fighting together in the lower roome, whereupon the king caused the lion to be driven downe, thinking the lion would have parted them; but when he saw he must needs come by them he leaped cleane over them both, contrary to the king's expectation, the lion fled into an inward den, and would not, by any means, endure the presence of the dogs, albeit the last dog pursued eagerly, but could not finde the way to the lion. You shall understand, the two last dogs, whilest the lion held them both under his pawes, did bite the lion by the belly, whereat the lion roared so extremely that the earth shooke withall, and the next lion ramp't and roared as if he would have made rescue. The lion hath not any peculiar or proper kinde of fight, as hath the dog, beare, or bull, but only a ravenous kinde of surprizing for prey. The two first dogs dyed within a few dayes, but the last dog was well recovered of all his hurts, and the yong prince commanded his servant, E. Alleyn, to bring the dog to him to St. James, where the prince charged the said Alleyn to keepe him, and make much of him, saying, 'he that had fought with the king of beasts should never after fight with any inferior creature.' "

Viewing the above exhibitions solely with reference to the characters and modes of defence adopted by the animals, we would compare them with the combats at Warwick, on July 26 and July 30, 1825; where, on the evening of the former day, Nero was matched against six dogs, and, on the evening of the latter, Wallace was exposed to the same number. Both of these noble animals were born in confinement, in Edinburgh, Nero being 5½ years old, and Wallace six. The mother of the latter dying when he was two days old, the whelp was suckled and reared by a bull-bitch. Nero, in no part of his defence, attempted to bite; but, with his paws,

and occasional use of talons, swept the dogs off, as they clung to him, three being sent in at each attack, and frequently striking his claws into their skins, inflicted deep wounds. Wallace, who manifested a much greater degree of ferocity and courage, was attacked by two dogs at a time; the first which came within his reach, he drew into his den with his paw, and, immediately seizing him in his mouth, carried him round the arena (like King James's lion) for several minutes, with as much ease, and pretty much in the same manner, as a cat would carry a mouse, and then, dropping him half dead, repeated the same process with his companion, and would have despatched him in a very short time, had not the temptation of a piece of raw meat induced the royal gourmand to let go his hold. The next two dogs met with nearly a similar reception; for, unlike Nero, Wallace used his teeth in preference to his claws, with irresistible effect. We may add, that the greater part of the dogs, engaged in these contests, died of their wounds; whereas Nero suffered in a trifling degree, from bites about his lips and nose; and Wallace, we believe, received no injury whatever. The keepers in this and the tiger fight seem to have profited, in no small degree, by public curiosity, the prices for places at Warwick varying from three sovereigns to ten shillings.

And thus, having taken as wide a range as our limits would allow, of the interesting work before us; having smiled, praised, or criticised, as the case demanded, in our peristrephic view of the natural world and all that is therein, as here exhibited; it remains for us to conduct our readers but one step farther, and that step to the death-bed of our most respected author. It is not often that we are enabled to judge of the last hours of human existence, by an appeal to documents expressing the feelings entertained when the hand of death is closing upon its victim; or a reference to a calm and dispassionate confession of opinions connected with the past, the present, and the future. But Mr. Ray has, in his own case, enabled us so to do; and we know not how to conclude an article dedicated to his memory, more appropriately, than by devising them as a bequest from so invaluable a member of society, and so perfect a pattern of a Christian, in mind and manner of life.

"The last letter which Mr. Ray wrote, which was to Sir Hans Sloane, and bears the marks of a dying hand in every letter.

"Dear Sir,—The best of friends. These are to take a final leave of you as to this world: I look upon myself as a dying man—God requite your kindness expressed any ways towards me an hundred

fold,—bless you with a confluence of all good things in this world, and eternal life and happiness hereafter; grant us an happy meeting in heaven.

I am, Sir,

Black Notley, Jan. 1704. Eternally yours, JOHN RAY.

"Postscript.—When you happen to write to my singular friend, Dr. Hotton, I pray, tell him I received his most obliging and affectionate letter; for which I return thanks, and acquaint him that I was not able to answer it." Note added by Dr. Denham.—"His strength failing, as I perceive by his writing, (which was scarcely legible in this postscript) he was forced to break off abruptly."

"Mr. Ray's *dying words* and *behaviour*, before the Rev. Mr. Pyke, Rector of Black Notley, and Prebendary of Norwich.

"'I am a priest of the Church of England, ordained by Dr. Sanderson, then Bishop of Lincoln. That I did not follow the peculiar duties of my function more, is now the greatest concern and trouble to me. I do here profess, that, as I have lived, so I desire, and, by the grace of God, resolve to die, in the communion of the Catholick Church of Christ, and a true, though unworthy, son of the Church by law established in this kingdom. I do think, from the bottom of my heart, that its *doctrine is pure, its worship decent and agreeable to the word of God;* and, in the most material points of both, conformable to the faith and practice of the Godly churches of Christ, in the primitive and purer times. I am not led to this persuasion, so much from force of custom and education, as upon the clear evidence of truth and reason; and, after a serious and impartial examination of the grounds thereof, I am fully persuaded, that the scruples men raise against joining in communion with it, are unreasonable and groundless, and that the separation which is made, may, very justly, be charged upon the dissenters themselves, as the blame-worthy authors of it.' He then desired me to read to him the prayers of the church, which, in the visitation of the sick, are appointed to be used by us; and the *absolution*, in particular, he requested me to read: which I having pronounced to such a true, penitent, devout, and humble soul, I could not but have these comfortable thoughts, that what was thus declared remitted upon earth, would be remitted in heaven also. After this I gave him the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, which, as it is men's duty often to receive in the time of health, so, at the hour of death, he said, it was a necessary *viaticum*, he thought, for the great journey he was now a going."

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ART. II.—*The Present State of Russia, in a letter to a Friend at London: written by an eminent Person residing at the Great Tzar's Court of Mosco, for the space of nine years;* [Dr. Collins]. *Illustrated with many Copper Plates.*

> O utinam ars mores animumque depingere posset,
> Pulchrior in terris nulla tabella foret.

London, 1671.—12*mo*.

The change in the times, between the date of the publication of this little volume and the present year, is scarcely shewn in any thing more conspicuously than in the outward form and appearance of this book. Had the materials of this work been imported from Russia by a learned physician of the year 1826, his notes and memoranda would have been put into the hands of a fashionable publisher, and by him into those of a professional arranger and digester of chapters, indices, and prefaces. The paper-manufacturer and printer would then have been required to perform their parts; engravers and artists would have been set to work; and just as the winter was commencing, the result of their labours would have been ushered into the world, amidst a well-maintained fire of puffs and advertisements, in the shape of a huge bulk of hotpressed paper, brilliant type, and luculent pictures, price six guineas. In the year 1671, Doctor Collins, or his friends, supplied to a bookseller in the Poultry the contents of this work, who, as in the present day, procured a crafty person to write the preface and divide it into chapters; but here his art ended. The book is not so large as one of the volumes of a consumptive novel, containing but one hundred and forty one pages, printed in the homeliest manner; adorned by a few rude engravings, and sold, probably, at the price of two shillings and sixpence. If the real information usually contained in these two forms were to be compared, we rather imagine the balance would not be found so decidedly in favour of the luxurious quarto, as might at first be imagined. In the present instance, we can answer for the little 12mo, comprising a fund of amusing matter, infinitely more copious than many very large and fine works, and that upon not very dissimilar subjects. Our readers shall have the means of judging of the truth of this remark.

The preface, written, we suppose, by the chapter-maker, opens with an assurance, that the author of this subsequent relation was "a gentleman of large parts, and had an esteem, proportionably, amongst those to whom he was willing to impart his sentiments of things, and those were many, not only in his native country, England, but in France, Italy, Holland, Germany, Flanders, Russia, &c. In which last place, he con-

tinued nine years, in an honourable employ, under that great emperor. His genius led him to be curious and inquisitive, mostly after those things that were difficult to be attained to; and, perhaps, he found the means of gathering these few papers together as hard and uneasy as any thing that he endeavoured after in all his travels." He had, it seems, the honour of being a favourite to the Czar Alexis Michaelovitch, who was contemporary with our Charles II.; and, "it may be," says the preface, "has made a farther discovery of the Russ affairs than any stranger has been capacitated to do, before or since." The matter of this volume was collected in Moscow, and designed, on his return, to form a part of a more extensive work, under the title of Ivan Vasilovitch. Unfortunately, however, "an acute and unkind disease put a period to that and his life." So much for the preface.

The first chapter relates to "the Russians' nature in general, their contempt of learning, their clergy, liturgy, churches, ceremonies in devotion, hours of prayer, the priests' names, habit, wives, baptism, the unnatural death of apostates."

The author commences by speaking of himself and his design.

"As for the situation of Russia, it is so well known, that it would be a needless labour for me to set it down; my design at present is to survey the religion and manners of the inhabitants. And, to this purpose, I have made a slender essay, the truth whereof, I hope, will excuse the plainness of the dress; the stuff is coarse, and the thread not fine, but the matter I conceive will be both pleasant and profitable. Having had, therefore, fair opportunities, and good intelligence, I am the more willing to give you an account of this empire. Indeed, hitherto, no man of parts or abilities has been suffered to travel the country; for the people are very jealous, and suspect those who ask them any questions concerning their policy, or religion, they being wholly devoted to their own ignorance, and education, (which is altogether illiterate, and rude, both in civil and ecclesiastical affairs,) look upon learning as a monster, fear it no less than a ship of wild-fire; and thus they verify the old saying, *Ars nullum habet inimicum præter ignorantem.*"

He then gives an account of the introduction of Christianity among the Russians, and of the manners of their priests.

"This nation received the Christian faith, about six hundred years since, from a certain priest of Chioff, who is said to cure one of the dukes of Musco by prayer, upon which miracle he and all his people were baptized. They borrow their liturgy from the Greek church, which is written in the Sclavonian language, and used in their devotion with as much knowledge, as the Latin amongst the Papists. They follow the Greeks, though lamely, in the architecture of their churches,

whose chief ornaments are images, adorned with rich stones and pearls, wherein they admit no sculpture but only painting; for they look upon the Romish statue-worship as idolatry. They kneel not in their devotions, but lie prostrate; and upon some great vigils they stay all night in their churches, at certain times prostrating and crossing themselves, and knocking their heads against the ground. At certain intervals they discourse of business, and most commonly the emperor dispatches the affairs in the time of their service, where he is attended with all his nobility; and if he miss any, he makes inquiry after them. At Whitsuntide they fall prostrate upon sycamore branches (our maple, which they call sycamore with us, but falsely,) wherewith their churches are strewed, upon a fond persuasion that the Holy Ghost descends upon these leaves, as manna upon oak leaves. They have no instrumental music, for the last Patriarch abrogated it, because the Papists used it. In their prayers, three hours after sunrising, they call *Obedny;* at the sun-set *Vecherney;* about one o'clock in the morning, *Zaoutrinys. Miserere mei Domine* (which they call *Hospody pemele)* they repeat an hundred times; and that priest is counted the best fellow that can mumble most in a breath. You shall have five or six reading confusedly together, one a chapter, another a psalm, a third a prayer, &c.

"A parish-priest they call a pope; as pope Petro, pope Juan; a bishop Metropolite; a chief pope Protopope. The popes go most commonly in purple, some in green, others as they fancy, only distinguished with two flaps on both sides their breast, and a purple scull-cap to cover their shaven crowns. They never cut the hairs of their heads or beards; a thing not observed by any other clergy in the world. A pope must be a married man, and the husband but of one wife; grounded on that text, 'a bishop must be the husband of one wife.' Hereby it appears, the pope's priesthood is wrapped up in his wife's smock; for, when she dies, he must officiate no longer, which makes them indulge their wives more than ordinary for their office sake. They marry young, that they may come early into a livelihood; their wives are also distinguished from others by a flap on each side their breast. Their baptism differs not from the Romish, but only in dipping all over. He that takes up the Russian faith, be he lutheran or papist, must first renounce his former baptism, curse father and mother, and spit thrice over his shoulder. It was a custom to hire strangers to christen the Russians, but now they are grown wiser than to buy souls at that rate. It is observed by some old standers here, that of two hundred English, Scotch, and Dutch, who have renounced their religion, few, or none, have died a natural death."

Chapter II. relates to the ceremonies of marriage among the Russians, many of which are curious enough.

"The bridegroom has his whip in one boot, and a jewel, or some money, in the other; he bids the bride pull them off: if she happens upon the jewel, he counts her lucky, and bestows it upon her; but if

she lights upon the boot with the whip in it, she is reckoned amongst the unfortunate, and gets a bride-lash for her pains, which is but the earnest-penny of her future entertainment. The Russians' discipline to their wives is very rigid and severe, more inhumane in times past than at present. Yet, three or four years ago, a merchant beat his wife as long as he was able, with a whip two inches about, and then caused to put on a smock dipt in brandy three or four times distilled, which he set on fire, and so the poor creature perished miserably in the flames: certainly, this person was a monster, not a man, born of a tygress not a woman, and in no wise deserved the epithet of good or wise."

The marriage-articles of a modern Russian pair, it is to be hoped, contain very different provisoes from those formerly insisted on, when it was necessary to be more particularly cautious that the bride should be protected from whipping and kicking beyond her strength to bear, or from being served with meat too stinking for her delicate organs of sense.

"Some of these barbarians will tie up their wives by the hair of the head, and whip them stark naked. But this severity is not commonly used, unless it be for adultery or drunkenness: and I perceive it begins to be left off, or at least the parents endeavour to prevent it, by their cautious contracting their daughters; for in their jointures they oblige their husbands to find them with clothes suitable to their quality, to feed them with good wholesome meat and drink, to use them kindly without whipping, striking, or kicking them; many more terms and tautologies they use, not unlike the common laws of England. Upon forfeiture they put this in execution, which is determined in one court, but not without bribery, as all other suits are. I wish the English had more of the former (I mean their expedition,) and less of the latter, viz. their corruption. Seldom a wedding passes without some witchcraft, (if people of quality marry,) chiefly acted, as it is thought, by nuns, whose prime devotion tends that way. I saw a fellow coming out of the bride-chamber, tearing his hair as though he had been mad; and being demanded the reason why he did so, he cried out "I am undone, I am bewitched." The remedy they use, is to address themselves to a white witch, who, for money, will unravel the charm, and untie the codpiece-point, which was this young man's case; it seems, some old woman had tied up his codpiece-point. The ecclesiastical law commands their abstinence from venery three days a week, viz. Monday, Wednesday, and Friday. After coition, they must bathe before they enter the church. A man that marries a second wife is debarred the church, but not the church-porch; if a third, the communion. If a man thinks his wife barren, he will persuade her to turn nun, that he may try another; if she refuses, he will cudgel her into a monastery. If the empress had not brought a second Czaroidg, or Prince, born June 2nd, 1661, after four girls together, it is thought she would have been sent to her devotions. His imperial majesty intending to marry, had several young ladies brought before him; at last he

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liked one, (which they say is very beautiful still;) but his chief confessor had a mind to persuade him to another, who had a younger sister: so when this fair lady was brought, they found his majesty's inclinations so strong for her, as they feared she would get the crown, and indeed so she did; it being a ceremony, upon his liking, to tie the crown upon her head: but the plot was so laid, that the women should tie up her hair so hard as to put her into a swoon, which they did, crying out she had the falling sickness. Upon this, her father was accused of treason for proposing his daughter, whipt, and sent with disgrace into Siberia, where he died. The maid remains still a virgin, and never had any fit since. The emperor being conscious of the wrong he had done her, allows her a very great pension. The king's father-in-law, Eliah the son of Daniel, dares not say the empress is his daughter, nor dare any of her kindred own themselves to be so; nor dare Juan Paoloidg Martischa say he is his uncle. None are suffered to see the Czaroidg; but, at fifteen years old, he is exposed to public view, though not seen by any before, but his chief tutor, and some family servants. Only relations may see young children among the Russians, for they will seldom permit any strangers to look upon them, for fear they should cast some ill aspect upon them.

"Their children are commonly strong and hardy; they give them suck not above a month or two, at most; after which, they feed them with a horn, or silver cup made horn-wise, with a dried cow's dug tied to the small end, through which they suck. At two years old, they observe their fasts, which are severe; they have four in a year; and in Lent, upon Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, they eat no fish, but feed on cabbage and cucumbers, and coarse rye bread, and drink quasse, which is liquor one degree below our small beer."

Chapter III. contains an account of the Patriarch.—There is nothing very remarkable in it, except the following trait of manners, which seems scarcely placed with propriety in a chapter on the venerable Patriarch of the Greek Church.

"Their greatest expression of joy, upon festivals, is drinking: and the greater the day is, the greater are their debauches. To see men, women, and popes, reeling in the streets, is counted no dishonour. After a very great entertainment, or poctivat, among the grand ladies, the lady of the feast sends her chief gentleman, the next day, with an 'how do you' to her guests, to inquire of their health, and if they got well home, or slept well. The lady answers, 'I thank thy lady for her good cheer, which made me so merry, (*pian*-drunk,) that indeed I know not how I got home;' a fine commendation, indeed, for her ladyship. The mother many times gives her child a love name, by which he is called, as Almaus my Diamond; the Diack of Prosolsky Precaus, is called Boris Ivanoidg; but his right name is Eliah Ivanoidg."

Chapter IV. treats of Russian burials and the ceremonies attending them. Their funerals resemble the Irish.

"The Russians count that the greatest funeral where there are most women-mourners; such were the Præficæ among the old Romans. These, therefore, in a doleful tone, cry out (as the wild Irish do, O hone,) 'Timminny dooshinca; alas, my dear, why hast thou left me? Was I not obedient to thee in all things? was I not careful of thy house? did I not bring thee fine children? hadst thou not all things in abundance?' Or thus, 'why wouldst thou die? hadst thou not a fair wife, pretty children, much goods, good clothes, and brandy-wine enough?' As soon as one is dead, they open the windows and set a basin of holy water for the soul to bathe in, and a bowl of wheat at the head of the corps, that he may eat, having a long journey to go. After this, they put on his feet a pair of black shoes, and some copeakes, or pieces of money, in his mouth, with a certificate in his hand (from the Metropolite of the place,) to St. Nicholas, of his life and conversation."

The Carnival produces a huge harvest of funerals.

"Some of these going home drunk, if not attended with a sober companion, fall asleep upon the snow, (a sad cold bed,) and there they are frozen to death. If any of their acquaintance chance to pass by, though they see them like to perish, yet they will not assist them, to avoid the trouble of examination, if they should die in their hands; for those of the Zemsky Precaus will extort something out of every body's purse, who comes to their office. It is a sad sight to see a dozen people brought upright in a sledge, frozen to death; some have their arms eaten off by dogs, others their faces, and others have nothing left but bones. Two or three hundred have been brought, after this manner, in the time of Lent. By this, you may see the sad consequence of drunkenness, the epidemic distemper, not only of Russia, but of England also."

Chapter V. treats of their images, and is very amusing.

"Their imagery is very pitiful painting, flat and ugly, after the Greek manner; I asking why they made their gods so deformed, they answered me, they were not proud. When a picture is worn out, they bring it into the god-market, where, laying it down, they chuse out a new one, and deposit money for the exchange, (for they must not be said to buy it;) if the money be not enough, the god-maker shoves it back, and, then, the Devoto adds more, till the other be satisfied. An obliterate image they put into the river, and crossing themselves, bid it *prosti*, *i.e.* Farewell, brother. And if any of their brethren meets with Jove, he turns in to Neptune, and they, crossing themselves, cry, *prosty bradt*, God be with you, brother. In time of fire they strive, above all things, to save their images: but if they escape not the conflagration, they must not be said to be burnt, but gone up. If a church be burnt, they say it is ascended; they must not say burnt. These are their pretty ridiculous distinctions; it is a wonder they do not, with Anaxagoras, affirm snow to be black.

"Sometimes, they will hold their gods to the fire, trusting they can help them if they will. A fellow, thinking to have staid the fire by that

means, held his Micola so long that he had like to have been burnt himself; and seeing he did him no good, he threw him into the midst of the fire with this curse, *noo chart*, *i.e.* The devil take thee. They bestow jewels upon them of a great value. This year a woman who had formerly adorned her Micola with some pearls, being necessitated, came to the church and prayed Micola to lend her some of his jewels, for she was at present in great want; the dumb brute not speaking any thing to the contrary, she (thinking silence gave consent) made bold to take a ruby or two of him; but the pope, spying her, complains to the justice, who commanded both her hands to be cut off, which was done three months since. In their private houses, they do ordinarily give and take, as they thrive in their business; for if they have any great losses, they will come home and rob Micola to his shirt."

Chapter VI. is "the tragical relation of a monkey, and how he threw down the images and scared the priest;" an adventure which we shall altogether omit.

Chapter VII. is a lively account of Russian music.

"Their cadences and closes are so unexpected, that they seem frighted into them, as our fiddlers are when a constable comes in the midst of a lesson. Sometimes they will run hard upon a scent, as though they meant to imitate the Italian recitative music. Finally, when they have brought up these children to a perfection, what with bases, tenors, contratenors, and trebles, you shall hear as good a concert as ever was sung at Cats' Vespers. They have but little instrumental music, it being prohibited by the Patriarch, in opposition to the Romish church. And it has also been thought state policy to forbid all music or jollity among the commons, to prevent effeminacy. They have bagpipes, and small fiddles with bellies like lutes, wherewith they play four or five notes.

"As for their warlike music, they have kettle drums, whose dull sound does well agree with the Russian saturnine genius; and the trumpet, which I think has not been long used, for they can hardly blow it so well as a sow-gelder does his horn. In their hunting, they use brass bugles, which altogether make an hideous noise. In short, if you would please a Russian with music, get a concert of Billingsgate nightingales, which, joined with a flight of screech owls, a nest of jackdaws, a pack of hungry wolves, seven hogs in a windy day, and as many cats with their corrivals, and let them sing Lacrymæ, and that will ravish a pair of Russian luggs better than all the music in Italy, light airs in France, marches of England, or the jigs of Scotland."

It cannot be said that the chapter-maker has shewn much skill in the division of the work; for, although Chapter II. treats of marriages, we do not arrive at "nuptial proceedings" till Chapter VIII. In these said proceedings, the Russ does not seem to differ very much in his practice from other men,

unless it be in the point of his procuring his wife by brokerage, as the good Doctor terms it.

"They do most by brokers; and the young man seldom sees his wife till they come into the bride's chamber; if she be ugly, she pays for it soundly, it may be, the first time he sees her. To prevent future mistakes, the bridegroom's friends, viz. five or six women, see the bride stark naked, and observe whether she has any defect in her body; if but the least pimple appear, she must be cured of it before she marries."

Chapter IX. relates a "merry story of a great fish, which the friars took to be a devil," but which would neither please nor scare our readers. Chapter X. jumps to *Chircass*, as the Doctor calls the country of the Cossacks, but it contains nothing worth extracting.

Chapter XI. reverts to the Russian Government, of which he writes:—

"The Russian Government is perfectly monarchical; it has offices called Precauses: the dispensation of their justice is commonly arbitrary, for they have very few written laws; they go much upon precedents (but money is their best precedent, which overthrows all the former); they waste abundance of paper in writing down things at large (as our common-law clerks do), all in rolls of a great length; and although they have a table before them, they cannot write but upon their knees, after the old fashion that St. Jerom is pictured."

A melancholy picture is given of the state of the country.

"Thus much I know: this empire is impoverished, depopulated, and spoiled, so much in ten years, as it will not recover its pristine prosperity in forty. Seven years ago, the plague carried away 7 or 800,000 people: and three years since, the Crim carried away captive out of the borders, 400,000 souls into perpetual captivity, besides 300,000 were consumed and killed by dint of sword in several armies; the best of the land is harassed, the rest untilled for want of men; for, in five hundred versts' travel up the river, you may see ten women and children for one man. All things are there become scarce; every thing six times the rate that it was formerly; and copper money is not valued."

Chapter XII. gives a sketch of the rise and progress of the family of Romanoff, and contains some curious anecdotes of the celebrated Ivan Vasclowitch, the contemporary of our Queen Elizabeth.

"Juan Vasilowidg (that is called the tyrant) was a stout prince, but had many strange humours. One day he came to his Diac, and gave him a petition, desiring him that he would be pleased to

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make ready 200,000 men and arms by such a time, and he should be very thankful to him, and pray for his health, and so he subscrib'd himself, Thy humble servant, Jocky of Moscua. In this expedition he conquered Casan, a thousand versts down the river Volga, and Astracan *(quasi civitas)* the imperial city, two thousand versts hence; took Siberia, three thousand versts distant, and one of the best flowers of the empire. The people loved him very well, for he treated them kindly, but chastised his boyars. He had a staff, with a very sharp spike in the end thereof, which, in discourse, he would strike through his boyars' feet, and if they could bear it without flinching, he would highly prefer them.

"He once sent to Vologda for a colpack of fleas, and, because they could not bring him full measure, he fined them.

"On a festival, he played certain mad pranks, which caused some strangers, viz. Dutch and English women, to laugh; he, taking notice thereof, sent for them all to his palace, and had them stripped stark naked before him in a great room; then he commanded four or five bushels of pease to be thrown down before them, and made them pick them all up, when they had done he gave them some wine, and bade them take heed how they laughed before an emperor again. He sent for a nobleman of Casan, who was called Plesheare, which is bald; and the vayod mistaking (as the Russians say), thought he had sent for an hundred and fifty baldpates,—Polteraste, sounding like his name, signified so many. He, therefore, got together about eighty or ninety, and sent them up speedily, with an excuse that he could find no more in his province, and desired pardon. The emperor seeing so many baldpates, wondered what it meant, and crossed himself: at last, one of the chief delivering the letter, he asked his diack what he wrote to the vayod, who shewed him the copy, by which he found out the mistake, and so, making the baldpates drunk for three days, he sent them home again. Another vayod had taken a goose for a bribe, stuffed full of ducats, and being complained of, he took no notice of him, till, one day, passing through the Poshiarr (an open place like Smithfield, where execution was used to be done), he commanded the hangman to cut off his arms and his legs; and, at every blow, the hangman asked him whether goose was good meat.

"He courted Queen Elizabeth very much to marry her, and was a great friend to the English. Once, upon a suspicion of treason, he fortified Vologda, and drew all his treasure thither, and, as some think, upon extremity, intended his flight for England. This emperor erected the best buildings in all Moscua.

"This Juan Vasilowidg nailed a French ambassador's hat to his head. Sir Jerom Boze, a while after, came as ambassador, and put on his hat, and cocked it before him; at which, he sternly demanded how he durst do so, having heard how he chastised the French ambassador. Sir Jerom answered, he represented a cowardly King of France, but I am the ambassador of the invincible Queen of England, who does not vail her bonnet, nor bare her head, to any prince living; and if any of her ministers shall receive any affront abroad, she is able to revenge her own quarrel. Look you there (quoth Juan Vasilowidg, to his boyars);

there is a brave fellow, indeed, that dares do and say thus much for his mistress; which whoreson of you all dare do so much for me, your master? This made them envy Sir Jerom, and persuade the emperor to give him a wild horse to tame; which he did, managing him with such rigour, that the horse grew so tired and tamed, that he fell down dead under him; this being done, he asked his majesty if he had any more wild horses to tame. The emperor afterwards much honoured him, for he loved such a daring fellow as he was, and a mad blade to boot."

Chapter XIII. relates to Alexis Michaelovitch, the Emperor, with whom the author found favour at his court.

"The Czar marries not out of his own dominions, but takes a wife where he pleases, though seldom out of the nobility. When she dies, all the interest of her kindred and relations dies with her. Eliah, the present emperor's father-in-law, was of so mean account, that, within this twenty years, he drew wine to some Englishmen, and his daughter gathered mushrooms, and sold them in the market. The other, which he should have had, was a captain's daughter. The imperial palace is built of stone and brick, except some lodgings wherein his majesty sleeps and eats all the winter; for they esteem wooden rooms far wholesomer than stone; and they have some reason to think so, because their stone rooms, being arched thick, reverberate a dampness when the stove is hot. The emperor lodges three story high. His drink is brague, made of oats. His bread is made of rye, which the Russians esteem a stronger nourishment than wheat. The Czar lies in no sheets, but in his shirts and drawers, under a rich sable coverlid, and one sheet under him. His recreations are hunting and hawking. He keeps above three hundred falconers, and has the best ger-falcons in the world, which are brought from Siberia; he flies at ducks, or other fowl. He hunts the bear, wolf, tiger, fox, or rather baits them at his pleasure.

"Whensoever he goes forth, the East gate of the inner wall of the City is shut till he returns. He seldom visits any subject; yet the last year he did, but went not in the common way, for the side of a wall was pulled down."

Chapter XIV. describes the emperor's revenues, and touches upon other miscellaneous matter. Chapter XV. treats of the City of Moscow, and contains a summary of the difference in manners between the Russians of that day and the inhabitants of other countries.

"The Russians are a people who differ from all other nations of the world, in most of their actions.

"Their shirt they wear over their drawers, girded under the navel (to which they think a girdle adds strength). None, neither male or female, must go ungirt, for fear of being unblest. They whistle not with their lips (that they count prophane), but through the teeth; a

strange way of whistling, indeed. When they spit on any thing to wipe it (as shoes, &c.), they do use an action not unlike sneezing. In cases of admiration or incredulity, instead of a shrug, they wave their heads from one shoulder to another. Their very speech and accent, also, differs from other nations.

"In our clock-dials, the finger moves to the figure; in the Russian, *e contra*, the figures move to the pointer. One Mr. Holloway, a very ingenious man, contrived the first dial of that fashion; saying, because they acted contrary to all men, it was fitting their work should be made suitable. Because the Roman Catholics kneel at their devotion, they will stand, for they look upon kneeling as an ignoble and barbarous gesture. Because the Polonians shave their beards, they count it sinful to cut them. Because the Tartar abhors swines' flesh, they eat it rather than any other flesh, although its food is most *pogano*, or unclean, of any beast. They count it a great sin for a Russ to lie with a Dutch woman or English woman; but a venial peccadillo for a Russ woman to prostitute herself to a stranger, for they say her issue will be educated in the true ancient faith, but a Russ gets an uncircumcised child of a stranger. They prefer rye above wheat, and stinking fish above fresh. They count their miles by nineties, and not by hundreds. Their new year's day is the first of September. From the Creation they reckon 7060 and odd years. To things improbable they easily give credit, but hardly believe what is rational and probable.

"In their salutes, they kiss the woman's right cheek. Lands 25 of inheritance are entailed upon the youngest brother.

"They write upon their knees, though a table stand before them.

"They sew with the needle towards them, and thrust it forward with their fore-finger; it should seem they are bad tailors.

"They know not how to eat pease and carrots boiled, but eat them, shells and all, like swine. They do not pick their pease, but pull them up by the roots, and carry them into the market to be sold.

"They know not the name of Cornuto; but, of a cuckold, they say, He lies under the bench.

"They will sooner take the word of a man who has a beard, than the oath of one who is beardless.

"The beauty of women they place in their fatness, *juxta illud Italicum.* '*Dio mi faccia grassa, io mi faro bella.*' God make me fat, and I'll make myself beautiful.

"Their painting is no better than that of our chimneys in the summer, viz. red oaker and Spanish white.

"They paint or stain their teeth black, upon the same design that our ladies wear black patches: or, it may be, their teeth being spoiled by mercurial painting, they make a virtue of necessity, and cry up that for an ornament which is really a deformity. Low foreheads and long eyes are in fashion here; to which purpose, they strain them up so hard under their tyres, that they can as ill shut them, as our ladies lift their hands to their heads. They have a secret amongst them, to stain the very balls of their eyes black. Narrow feet and slender waists are alike ugly in their sight.

"A lean woman they account unwholesome; therefore, they, who are inclined to leanness, give themselves over to all manner of epicurism, on purpose to fatten themselves, and lie a-bed all day long, drinking Russian brandy, (which will fatten extremely;) then they sleep, and afterwards drink again, like swine, designed to make bacon. These are their odd customs, which we may justly censure, as the satyrist did the debauched Romans in his time, saying, *Dum vitant stulti vitia in contraria currunt.* And, indeed, to say truth, their madness is so great, that all the hellebore in Anticyra cannot purge it away."

Chapter XVI. gives an account of their judiciary proceedings, and a particular one of their manner of roasting, pinching, carbonadoing, and otherwise torturing their criminals.

"The accused cannot be condemned, although a thousand witnesses come in against him, except he confesses the fact; and, to this end, they want not torments to extort confessions; for, first, they put them upon the strappado; if this does not, they, secondly, whip them; and, herein, their hangmen are very exquisite: for it is said, at six or seven lashes, they are able to kill a man. Sometimes, the confederate will fee the enemy to execute such a piece of his office, to prevent farther mischief.

"They can strike to an hair's breadth, and, with a sharp kind of iron, pierce through the very ribs; they will slice down a man's back like a chine of pork; and, when that's done, they will salt the raw place, bind his hands and legs, and, putting a cowlstaff through them, hold him over the fire, and carbonadoe him. If he persists (for may be the party has nothing to confess), they let him loose, and the hangman sets his shoulders, and lets him rest twenty days, till he be almost well, and then repeats the former torments, and, perhaps, pull out a rib or two with a pair of hot pincers; if all this will not do (for some will outstand all these tortures), they will then shave the crown of his head, and drop cold water upon the bare place, which some, that have felt, acknowledge to be the quintessence of all torments; for every drop strikes like a dart to the very heart. All this is done where the hangman is not bribed, for he will then cut deep. I have seen some whose backs have been scarified like the bark of a tree, which afterwards were healed, but they could never wear out the scars and marks thereof.

"The punishment of coiners is to melt some of the coin, and pour it down their throat. *Neque enim lex justior ulla est, quam necis artifices arte perire sua.*"

Chapters XVII. and XVIII. relate to Siberia, but do not say any thing worth extracting, of that vast unknown province, as the author terms it. 'Having fetched this compass,' the Doctor thinks fit to touch upon Tartary, which is the subject of Chap. XIX. The Tartarian rebuke of the Russians, for idolatry, is particularly good.

"They break the noses of their children being new born; saying, it is a foolish thing to wear a nose, that stands in a man's sight. They are all Mahometans, and laugh at the Russians for worshipping a painted piece of board, and say, it is better to worship the sun, because he has a glorious body, does the world much good, and none can injure him as they may a wooden idol. 'Your Gods (say they to the Russes), in a short time grow blind, (*i. e.* obliterate;) and then you throw them into the river with a copeak or two, and a piece of olibanum tied up in a string, and so commit them to the Volgian stream, which runs into the Caspian sea, and we take them up, and broil a piece of horseflesh upon them. What is that for a God, which is no better than a gridiron, and cannot resist the hands of them that destroy it? Most rationally spoken. *Moscovitæ non possunt respondere argumento.*"

Chapter XX. wanders to Poland. The diseases of the Poles, especially the horrid disorder termed *Plica Polonica*, is discussed in XXI., with divers other subjects.

Chapter XXII. turns back to the Court of Russia, and gives a further account of the Czar, and a sketch of his ministers, with anecdotes of them, which are continued through Chapters XXIII., XXIV., and XXV. The minister Vaslogki is said to have been a favourer of the English, and to have complained of our bills of mortality as being in the way of our trade. He takes a view of them that could hardly be expected from any one but the minister of an absolute monarch.

"He is the only patron the English have. Being solicited to admit of English goods, he produced the London bill of mortality, wherein very few died of the plague; notwithstanding (said he), how do we know but the goods may be brought out of some of the infected houses, and one spark of fire will kindle a whole sack of charcoal. It is a strange custom to publish your infirmities. Beggars, indeed, expose their ulcers to raise commiseration, and to get relief. But they who proclaim the pest, give a caveat against all commerce of them, as men set up lights to keep ships off their coasts."

The account of the Czar's country residence, and behaviour there, presents a curious picture.

"Every year, towards the latter end of May, the Czar goes three miles out of Mosco, to an house of pleasure, called Obrasauksky: in English, Transfiguration, being dedicated to the Transfiguration in the Mount. And, according to that, 'Master, it is good for us to be here, let us make three tabernacles;' so, the emperor has most magnificent tents, his own is made of cloth of gold, lined with sables. His Czaritsa's with cloth of silver, lined with ermines. The princes, according to their degree. His and Czaritsa's, with those of his eleven children, and five sisters, stand in a circle with the church tent in the

middle, the most glorious show in its kind that ever I saw. There are rails and guards set musquet shot from them, beyond which no man may pass without order; for the Czar will have none of the vulgar people to be eye-witnesses of his pastimes. Indeed, the too near approaches of the common rabble make discoveries of princes' infirmities, not to say vanities; majesty is jealous of gazers. This made Montezume, King of Mexico, keep his subjects at such a distance, that they durst not behold him; familiarity breeds contempt; when princes expose themselves too much unto public view, they grow cheap, and are little regarded. Therefore, in a theatre, the stage is railed in, that the spectators may not crowd upon the scenes, which shew best at a distance. And so it fares with princes,—the more they are reserved, the more they are observed; the more implored, the more adored; otherwise, they run a great hazard of being contemned, and reckoned no better than their subjects, seeing, an equal mortality and frailty of flesh attends all men. When the Czar goes into the country or fields, to take his pleasure, he gives strict charge that none should interrupt him with petitions. A captain of White Russia, and native of that country, being three years without pay, and finding no redress from Peter Solticove, lord of that province, came and pressed too near the Czar's coach; the Czar, perceiving no petition in his hand, suspected he might be an assassinate, and with his staff (once Czar Juan's), not unlike a dart, intending to push the fellow away, he struck him to the heart, and he died. The nobility rode up to the coach, and searching what arms the man had, found nothing but a wooden spoon, and a petition for three years' arrears, whereupon the Czar smote his breast, saying, I have killed an innocent person; but Peter Solticove is guilty of his blood, whom God forgive; and immediately sending for him, after a severe check, he turned him out of his place, banished him from the court, and appointed Nashockin, that great minister of state, to take his office, and examine, and find out, the misdemeanours thereof. This happened in June last; and this action was but whispered, and that, too, with much peril of a man's tongue."

Chapter XXVI. speaks of the trade of Russia, more especially with reference to England. The summer before the book was written, there appears to have prevailed a 'panic' in Moscow, accompanied by a very considerable "fluctuation of the currency."

"The trade, last summer, was very low in Moscow, by reason of their late war; which had drained them of two-fifths, besides the raising of their customs, and taking their goods by force for copper money, which fell from an hundred to one, till at last it was called in, to the undoing of many men. Divers hanged themselves, others drank away the residue of their states, and died with drinking."

In the times of Charles II., the Dutch were our rivals in trade, and seem, in Russia, to have been much more venturous negotiators. The complaint of the author, that the Dutch succeeded in making the Russ believe that we were very

poor and contemptible, as well as the Doctor's suggestion of a remedy, are equally amusing at this time of day.

"As I have nothing to say against the magnificence, splendour, clemency, and virtue of the Czar's own person, so I have no reason to recommend the Russes' integrity, for the generality of them are false, truce-breakers, subtile foxes, and ravenous wolves, much altered, since their traffic with the Hollander; by whom, they have much improved themselves in villainy and deceit.

"The Dutch, like locusts, swarm in Mosco, and eat bread out of the Englishmen's mouths; they are more in number, and richer, and spare no gifts to attain their ends; whereas, the English, depending on their old privileges, think it is enough to say with the Jews, 'We have Abraham to our father, we are Englishmen, do us right, or we will complain:' but the Russians are of Solomon's opinion, that money answers all things.

"If we would outdo the Dutch trade, it must not be driven on by such as take up goods upon trust and time, as it has been these twenty years last past. At present, they come like locusts out of the bottomless pit, and so they do all the world over, where there is a sunshine of gain. In Russia, they are better accepted than the English, because they gratify the nobility with gifts, which they have if they lend any assistance.

"The Hollanders have another advantage, by rendering the English cheap and ridiculous by their lying pictures, and libelling pamphlets; this makes the Russians think us a ruined nation. They represent us by a lion, painted with three crowns reversed, and without a tail, and by many mastive dogs, whose ears are cropt, and tails cut off; with many such scandalous prints, being more ingenious in the use of their pencils than pens. These stories take much with barbarous people, when nobody is present to contradict them.

"It would not be impertinent, in my opinion, if some intelligent person in Moscua should represent the state of his Majesty of Great Britain's kingdoms, forces, and territories to the best advantage, and also his colonies in the West Indies, with all their revenues; and drawing a map of the aforesaid places, present it to Afanasy Nashockin, to breed in him an opinion of his British Majesty's real greatness, which the Dutch have so much extenuated. Bogdan Matfoidg, the chamber favourite, should not be neglected neither. He fancies rarities, and therefore should be presented with some. For, as Nashockin maintains reason of state, so Bogdan must be the man to procure the Czar's personal affection towards his Majesty of Great Britain."

The two last chapters contain some scraps of natural history, chiefly relating to the Beluga, from the roe of which Caviare is made.—We shall conclude our extracts with an account of this fish.

"Having elsewhere mentioned Caviare, I shall now give you a full account thereof. It is made at Astracan, of the roes of sturgeon

and belluga. The belluga is a large fish, about twelve or fifteen feet long, without scales, not unlike a sturgeon, but more luscious and large; his flesh is whiter than veal, and more delicious than marrow. Of these two fishes, they take great numbers, only for their roes' sake, which they salt and press, and put up into casks; some they send unpressed, and a little corned with salt, being accounted a great dainty. Caviare is of two sorts; the first made of the sturgeon's spawn; this is black, and small grained, somewhat waxy, like potargo, and is called eekra by the Russians: the Turks make this. The second sort is made of the belluga's row, in whose belly is found an hundred and fifty, and two hundred weight of spawn; it is a grain as large as a small pepper corn, of a darkish grey. The belluga lies in the bottom of the river, and swallows many large pebbles, of an incredible weight, to ballast himself against the stream of Volga, augmented by the snow's melting; when the waters are assuaged, he disgorges himself. His spawn is called arminska eckra, perhaps the Armenians were the first makers of caviare. This they cleanse from its strings, salt it, and lay it upon shelving boards to drain away the more oily part, and the more unctuous fatty substance; this being done, they put it into casks, and press it very hard, till it becomes indurate."

"Thus, reader," to use the language of the closing sentence of the book, "thou hast had a brief and pleasant narrative of Russia."

This little book is one of those which is seldom met with, but which is not highly prized by the bibliographer, because its merits have still preserved too many copies to entitle it to the character of 'very rare'. At present, it does not much matter how soon the moths and the worms precipitate into dust such exemplars as remain of the Present State of Russia: for we believe that we have transferred to our pages all that is valuable of the labours of Dr. Collins.

ART. III.—1. *The Whitgreaves Manuscript, (never before printed,) of the concealment of Charles II. at Moseley and Boscobel House, September,* 1651.

2. *Boscobel: or, The History of His Sacred Majesties most miraculous preservation after the battle of Worcester, 3 Sept.* 1651. *London. Printed for Henry Seile, Stationer to the King's most excellent Majesty,* 1660. 12*mo. pp.* 55.

3. *Boscobel: or the compleat History of his Sacred Majesties most miraculous preservation after the battle of Worcester, 3 Sept.* 6151, *introduced by an exact relation of that battle: and illus-*

trated with a map of the city. London. Printed for A. Seile, over against St. Dunstan's Church, in Fleet street, 1662. 12*mo. pp.* 71.

4. *Boscobel: or the History of his Sacred Majesties most miraculous preservation after the battle of Worcester,* 3 *Sept.* 1651. *The second part. London. Printed for A. Seile, &c.* 1662. 12*mo. pp.* 38.

5. *Boscobel: or the compleat History, &c. The third edition with addition. London. Printed by M. Clark, and to be sold by H. Brome and C. Harper, at their shops in St. Pauls Church Yard and Fleet Street,* 1680. 12*mo. pp.* 81.

6. *Boscobel: &c. the second part. London. Printed by M. Clark, &c.* 1681. 12*mo. pp.* 42.

7. *Claustrum Regale Reseratum, or the King's Concealment at Trent. Published by A. W. In umbra alarum tuarum sperabo donec transeat iniquitas. London. Printed by M. Clark, for H. Brome in St. Pauls Churchyard, and C. Harper, in Fleet Street,* 1681. 12*mo. (from p.* 45 *above to p.* 90.*)*

8. *Boscobel; or the compleat History of the most miraculous preservation of King Charles II. after the Battle of Worcester, September the* 3*d,* 1651; *to which is added, Claustrum Regale Reseratum; or the King's Concealment at Trent. Publish'd by Mrs. Anne Wyndham. The Fourth Edition, adorn'd with cuts. With a supplement to the whole. London. Printed for J. Wilford, at the Three Golden Flower-de-Luces, in Little Britain. M.DCC.XXV.* 12*mo. pp.* 189.

9. *An Account of the Preservation of King Charles II. after the Battle of Worcester, drawn up by himself. To which are added, his letters to several persons. Glasgow. Printed by Robert and Andrew Foulis, and sold by John Balfour, Bookseller, in Edinburgh. M.DCC.LXVI. Small octavo, pp.* 190.

10. *Same sheets with a new title. Imprint "Edinburgh; Printed for Archibald Constable, by J. Moir. Royal Bank Close,* 1801." *With plates of Charles II., Richard Pendrell, Boscobel House, Mrs. Jane Lane, and Lieftenant General Thomas Dalyell.*

In the excellent and witty "Historical and Political Discourse of the Laws and Government of England, collected from the manuscript notes of John Selden, by Nathaniel Bacon of

Gray's Inn," a work zealously prosecuted and destroyed during the times of the Stuarts, it is written, "that amongst those people in Germany, that had kings, their kings had a defined power, and were not *supra libertatem:* nor was this a dead word, for the people had formerly a trick of deposing their kings, when they saw them peep above the ordinary reach; and this was an easy work for them to do, whenever neighbouring princes of their nation watched for the windfalls of crowns: this made the monarchical crown in this land (England,) to walk circuit into all parts of the country, to find heads fit to wear it."

The remarkable events of the last half century have familiarised Europe with the adventures of fugitive monarchs: their sudden banishment from rebellious or conquered countries, and their equally sudden return to penitent subjects, has been contemplated with scarcely more attention than the migration and advent of birds of passage. No stories of fiction, in this "line of life," can equal the tales "founded on fact." The histories of the Cromwells, and the Bonapartes, present memorable examples of reverse of fortune and popular inconsistency. It is well said, in the "Merchant of Venice,"—"A substitute shines brightly as a king, until a king be by."—The restoration of deposed monarchs is a common occurrence: the elements of revolution once in agitation, no one can direct the whirlwind, or predict from what point of the compass the political storm will ultimately rage. However great the grievances which may have caused the suspension of the royal power, the great mass of the people have been hitherto so little enlightened, as to prevent anticipated benefits being realized. In civil contentions, all the existing relations of society are dislocated; commercial embarrassments invariably accompany change of government; a reaction of public opinion speedily takes place; apathy succeeds a state of high political and national excitement; the fallen party rally, and the banished sovereign returns in triumph to his welcoming subjects: promises are easily made, and past sufferings as readily forgotten.

The adventures and history of a royal exile are always singularly interesting and romantic. The sudden and trying reverse of fortune; the fortitude in adversity; the loyal devotion and generosity of Cavalier adherents; the whirlwind of revolution; the return of the deposed monarch, and his final restoration to "the throne of his ancestors;" constitute the rich materials of the historical novel writer: "revolution lowering does become the opposite of itself."

The most remarkable of European royal migrations and adventures are those of the Stuarts, particularly to English readers; and among the interesting circumstances of the Com-

monwealth times, the wanderings and hair-breadth escapes of Prince Charles, afterwards Charles II., are perhaps the most remarkable; and of these, none more so than his contest with Cromwell at the battle of Worcester, September the third, 1651, and his subsequent escape from the centre of a hostile country.

On the captivity and execution of his unfortunate father, the prince retired to Paris to his mother. He was afterwards proclaimed king by the Scots, ever the most constant Jacobites; and, removing to Holland, treated with the Scotch commissioners at Breda. His subsequent journey to Scotland, the declaration he was there forced to publish, and his signature of the twelve articles of repentance, are well known, and warranted in our popular histories. After his coronation at Scone, he was uncourteously reproved by a committee of presbyterian ministers for his gallantries, and would fain have escaped from his new but perilous honours. Charles was far from being deficient in *tact*, for, finding the Scottish army and country divided by their fanatic clergy into two frantic parties, under the Christian names of the *Protesters* and *Resolutioners;* and calculating, also, on the hatred of the English to the subservient parliaments of the military and Cromwell; he influenced the Scottish generals to the bold and politic measure of a sudden advance into the heart of England. We must not always judge of human actions by their conclusions. Under the existing state of parties, and the discontented and disappointed spirit of the people, this Napoleon movement might reasonably have been expected to terminate in the reverse of its unfortunate and fatal issue. Charles would have had a better chance of success, had he planted the royal standard in the Northern counties, accompanied at first by his English partisans alone:—the inroad was too *Scottish* for the national antipathy.

On the 5th of August, 1651, in passing the borders, Charles issued a proclamation of pardon and oblivion to such as would immediately return to their allegiance,—excepting only Cromwell, Ireton, Bradshaw, Cook, and those directly concerned in the imputed murder of his father. He sent a copy of this declaration, with a "gracious letter," to Thomas Andrews, then lord mayor of London, and to the corporation, which the parliament ordered to be publicly burnt at the old Exchange, and "Charles Stuart," and his abettors, to be there declared traitors and rebels.

With only a slight opposition at Warrington, in Lancashire, and after a rapid but tedious march, the prince, with his army, possessed himself of the city of Worcester, on the 22nd of August.

Lord Derby, to whose case the royalist interests had been

committed in the Northern counties, having been defeated by Lilburn, made his way, with a small number of men, towards Worcester. Mr. Snead, a Shropshire country gentleman, secreted the earl at Boscobel House, an obscure habitation between Tong Castle and Brewood, in Shropshire, but adjoining the county of Stafford. William Penderel, the tenant, a humble Catholic farmer, with his wife and housekeeper, concealed his lordship from Friday, August the 29th, till the following Sunday, when he was safely conducted to Charles, at Worcester.

The celebrity of this rustic and secluded tenement has made the etymology of its name an object of curiosity. Mr. Giffard, who first built the house, having invited a large party of friends to the house-warming, requested that they would give the mansion a name, when Sir Basil Brook, from the circumstance of its situation in the midst of woods, not inaptly christened it Boscobel, from the Italian *Bosco-bello*, signifying *fair wood*.

On Saturday, the 23rd of August, the day after Charles's arrival in Worcester, he was proclaimed king; the mayor of the city, with the sheriff, assisting in the ceremony. On the same day, he published the following manifesto or declaration:

"Charles, by the grace of God, King of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, Defender of the faith, &c. To all whom it may concern, greeting. We desire not the effusion of blood, we covet not the spoil or forfeiture of our people, our declaration at our entry into this kingdom, the quiet behaviour and abstinence of our army throughout this long march, and our own general pardon declared to all the inhabitants of this city, without taking advantage of the opposition here made us, by a force of the enemy over-mastering them, until we chased them away, have sufficiently certified both; what we seek is, only that the laws of England (which secure the right both of king and subject) may henceforth recover their due power and force, and all past bitterness of these unnatural wars be buried and forgotten. As a means whereunto, we have by our warrants of the date hereof, and do hereby summon, upon their allegiance, all the nobility, gentry, and others, of what degree and condition soever, of our county of Worcester, from sixteen to sixty, to appear in their persons, and with any horses, arms, and ammunition, they have or can procure, at Pitchcroft, near the city, on Tuesday next, being the 26th of this instant month, where ourself will be present that day (and also the next, in case those of the further parts of the county should not be able to come up sooner,) to dispose of such of them as we shall think fit, for our service in the war, in defence of this city and county, and to add unto our marching army, and to apply others, therein versed, to matters of civil advice and government. Upon which appearance we shall immediately declare to all present, and conforming themselves to our royal

authority, our free pardon, not excluding from this summons or the pardon held forth, or from trust and employment in our service, as we shall find them cordial and useful therein, any person or persons heretofore or at this time actually employed in opposition to us, whether in the military way, as governors, colonels, captains, common soldiers, or whatsoever else: or in the civil, as sheriffs, undersheriffs, justices of the peace, collectors, high constables, or any other of higher or lower quality; for securing of all whom before mentioned, in their addresses, and performances, besides our army, (more than once successful since our entrance,) which will be between them and the enemy, and the engagement of our own person in their defence, we have directed this city to be forthwith fortified, and shall use such other helps and means as shall occur to us in order to that end; but on the other side, if any person of what degree or quality soever, either through disloyalty, and disaffection, or out of fear of the cruel usurpers and oppressors, accompanied with a presumption upon our mercy and goodness, or lastly, presuming upon former service, shall oppose or neglect us at this time, they shall find, that as we have authority to punish, in this life, liberty and estate, so we want not now the power to do it, and, if overmuch provoked, shall not want the will neither, and in particular unto those who have heretofore done and suffered for their loyalty, we say, it is now in their hands either to double that score, or to strike it off; concluding with this, that although our disposition abound with tenderness to our people, yet we cannot think it such to let them lye under a confest slavery and false peace, when, as we well know, and all the world may see, we have force enough, with the conjunction of those that groan under the present yoke, we will not say to dispute, for that we shall do well enough with those we have brought with us, but clearly without any considerable opposition, to restore together with our self the quiet, the liberty, and the laws of the English nation.

Given at our city of Worcester the 23rd of August, 1651, and in the third year of our reign."

On the 26th of August, a grand rendezvous and review took place on the Pitchcroft, the plain of verdant meadows between the city and the river Severn. There appears to have been collected an army of 10,000 Scots and 2000 English, well armed but badly provided with ammunition. On Thursday, the 29th, Cromwell bivouacked within a mile of the city. At a council of war held on that day, Charles had determined that a select party of 1,500 horse and foot should attempt a surprise of the Parliament forces, wearing their shirts over their armour, as a mark of distinction in the deadly and confused warfare of a camp stormed at midnight: the design, however, proved abortive, being previously betrayed to Cromwell by a tailor, who, for his patriotism or treachery, was hanged the day following in the royalist camp.

A general engagement took place outside the city on the 3rd of September, in which, after a sanguinary conflict, the

king's forces were signally defeated. Charles displayed great personal courage, charging at the head of the Highlanders, who, having exhausted their ammunition, fought with the butt ends of their muskets. The whole Scottish army was annihilated, and the few who escaped the field of battle were "put out of the way" by the country people; the streets of the city were strewed with the bodies of the dead and dying; and it was with difficulty that Charles escaped from the town. Some fruitless attempts were made to rally the fugitives who accompanied him, and the few military officers of rank who had effected their escape. A royalist writer, in the scripture language of the times, narrates, that Charles, following the steps of king David in similar circumstances, (2 Samuel, 15, 14,) "said to all his servants that were with him at Jerusalem, 'arise and let us flee, for we shall not else escape from Absalom; make speed to depart, lest he overtake us suddenly, and bring evil upon us, and smite the city with the edge of the sword.'"

On the 10th of September, a black-letter proclamation was issued by the Parliament, and dispersed throughout the kingdom, for the apprehension of the king, as follows:

"By the Parliament.

"A Proclamation for the discovery and apprehending of Charles Stuart, and other traitors, his adherents and abettors.

"Whereas, Charles Stuart, son of the late tyrant, with divers of the English and Scottish nation, have lately in traitorous and hostile manner, with an army, invaded this nation, which, by the blessing of God upon the forces of this Commonwealth, have been defeated, and many of the chief actors therein slain and taken prisoners; but the said Charles Stuart is escaped: for the speedy apprehension of such a malicious and dangerous traitor to the peace of the Commonwealth, the Parliament doth straightly charge and command all officers, as well civil as military, and all other the good people of this nation, that they make diligent search and inquiry for the said Charles Stuart, and his abettors and adherents in this invasion; and use their best endeavours for the discovery and arresting the bodies of them, and every of them; and, being apprehended, to bring and cause to be brought forthwith and without delay, in safe custody, before the Parliament or council of state, to be proceeded with, and ordered, as justice shall require; and if any person shall knowingly conceal the said Charles Stuart, or any of his abettors or adherents, or shall not reveal the places of their abode or being, if it be in their power so to do, the parliament doth declare that they will hold them as partakers and abettors of their traitorous and wicked practices and designs: and the Parliament doth further publish and declare, that whosoever shall apprehend the person of the said Charles Stuart, and shall bring, or cause him to be brought to the Parliament, or council of state, shall have given and

bestowed on him, or them, as a reward for such service, the sum of one thousand pounds: and all officers, civil and military, are required to be aiding and assisting unto such person and persons therein. Given at Westminster this tenth day of September, one thousand six hundred fifty one.

"Order'd by the Parliament, that this Proclamation be forthwith printed and published.

"Hen. Scobel, Cler. Parl.

"London, Printed by John Field, Printer to the Parliament of England, 1651."

Of the extraordinary and eventful escape of Charles from the centre of a hostile country, and the indefatigable pursuit of the Republicans, Hume has afforded but a meagre account in three pages, and Clarendon (Rebellion, b. xiii.) says, "it is a great pity that there never was a journal made of that miraculous deliverance, in which there might be seen so many visible impressions of the immediate hand of God." Clarendon has given an interesting history of the royal escape, supposed to have been received from the king himself;* and the manuscript and publications at the head of this review complete the detail of Charles's adventures.

The two tracts entitled *Boscobel*, which, with all the plates, are among the most scarce and high-priced historical pamphlets of the seventeenth century, were written by Thomas Blount, the author of the *Glossographia*, the *Fragmenta Antiquitatis*, or Ancient Tenures of Land, and various other publications. He was a member of the Inner Temple, a Catholic, and an eye-witness of the battle of Worcester, having held a command in the king's army. The narrative is brief and correct, but not a little interlarded with the popular spice of servility, at the period of the Restoration in fashionable use.

A more modern publication appeared in 1766, purporting to be drawn up by Charles himself. It was published as the king's, on the authority of the Pepys' manuscripts, in Magdalen College, Cambridge, among which is one by Pepys, entitled "an account of his Majesty's escape from Worcester, dictated to

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* The slavish copying of Clarendon is not generally known: in all party narratives, his partiality is duly allowed for. In this account he is greatly indebted to a quarto tract of eight pages, the earliest printed report of the campaign and royal escape, entitled "A true Narrative and Relation of his most sacred Majesty's miraculous escape from Worcester, on the third of September, 1651, till his arrival at Paris. Printed at London, for G. Colborn, 1660." It is reprinted in the Harleian Miscellany.

Mr. Pepys, by the king himself." Independent of this respectable authority, the minute and personal character of the narrative, and its lively and careless style, with the careful collation of it with the other accounts, concur in proving it to be the composition of Charles II. To this narrative Mr. Pepys has subjoined his own remarks, and many corrections and additions subsequently obtained from the king, from Father Huddlestone, and from Colonel Philips. These are inserted in the form of notes, and are respectively distinguished by the initial letters of K. P. H., and Ph.

With these observations on the unquestionable genuineness of the account attributed to the king himself, we will extract, although at considerable length, his own personal narrative of the first few days of his escape.

" After that the battle was so absolutely lost, as to be beyond hope of recovery, I began to think of the best way of saving myself; and the first thought that came into my head was, that, if I could possibly, I would get to London, as soon, if not sooner, than the news of our defeat could get thither: and it being near dark, I talked with some, especially with my Lord Rochester, who was then Wilmot, about their opinions, which would be the best way for me to escape, it being impossible, as I thought, to get back into Scotland. I found them mightily distracted, and their opinions different, of the possibility of getting to Scotland, but not one agreeing with mine, for going to London, saving my Lord Wilmot; and the truth is, I did not impart my design of going to London to any but my Lord Wilmot. But we had such a number of beaten men with us, of the horse, that I strove, as soon as ever it was dark, to get from them; and though I could not get them to stand by me against the enemy, I could not get rid of them, now I had a mind to it.

" So we, that is, my Lord Duke of Buckingham, Lauderdale, Derby, Wilmot, Tom Blague, Duke Darcey, and several others of my servants, went along northward towards Scotland; and at last we got about sixty that were gentlemen and officers, and slipt away out of the high-road that goes to Lancastershire, and kept on the right-hand, letting all the beaten men go along the great road, and ourselves not knowing very well which way to go, for it was then too late for us to get to London, on horse-back, riding directly for it, nor could we do it, because there was yet many people of quality with us that I could not get rid of.

" So we rode through a town short of Woolverhampton, betwixt that and Worcester, and went thro', there lying a troop of the enemies there that night. We rode very quietly through the town, they having nobody to watch, nor they suspecting us no more than we did them, which I learned afterwards from a country-fellow.

" We went that night about twenty miles, to a place called White Ladys, hard by Tong-Castle, by the advice of Mr. Giffard, where we stopt, and got some little refreshment of bread and cheese, such as we could get, it being just beginning to be day. This White Ladys was a

private house that Mr. Giffard, who was a Staffordshire man, had told me belonged to honest people that lived thereabouts.

"And just as we came thither, there came in a country-fellow, that told us, there were three thousand of our horse just hard by Tong-Castle, upon the heath, all in disorder, under David Leslie, and some other of the general officers: upon which there were some of the people of quality that were with me, who were very earnest that I should go to him and endeavour to go into Scotland; which I thought was absolutely impossible, knowing very well that the country would all rise upon us, and that men who had deserted me when they were in good order, would never stand to me when they have been beaten.

"This made me take the resolution of putting myself into a disguise, and endeavouring to get a-foot to London, in a country-fellow's habit, with a pair of ordinary gray-cloth breeches, a leathern doublet, and a green jerkin, which I took in the house of White Ladys. I also cut my hair very short, and flung my cloaths into a privy-house, that nobody might see that any body had been stripping themselves. I acquainting none with my resolution of going to London but my Lord Wilmot, they all desiring me not to acquaint them with what I intended to do, because they knew not what they might be forced to confess; on which consideration, they, with one voice, begged of me not to tell them what I intended to do.

"So all the persons of quality and officers who were with me, (except my Lord Wilmot, with whom a place was agreed upon for our meeting at London, if we escaped, and who endeavoured to go on horseback, in regard, as I think, of his being too big to go on foot,) were resolved to go and join with the three thousand disordered horse, thinking to get away with them to Scotland. But, as I did before believe, they were not marched six miles, after they got to them, but they were all routed by a single troop of horse; which shows that my opinion was not wrong in not sticking to men who had run away.

"As soon as I was disguised I took with me a country-fellow, whose name was Richard Penderell, whom Mr. Giffard had undertaken to answer for, to be an honest man. He was a Roman Catholic, and I chose to trust them, because I knew they had hiding holes for priests, that I thought I might make use of in case of need.

"I was no sooner gone (being the next morning after the battle, and then broad day) out of the house with this country-fellow, but, being in a great wood, I set myself at the edge of the wood, near the high-way that was there, the better to see who came after us, and whether they made any search after the run-aways, and I immediately saw a troop of horse coming by, which I conceived to be the same troop that beat our three thousand horse; but it did not look like a troop of the army's, but of the militia, for the fellow before it did not look at all like a soldier.

"In this wood I staid all day, without meat or drink; and by great good fortune it rained all the time, which hindered them, as I believe, from coming into the wood to search for men that might be fled thither. And one thing is remarkable enough, that those with whom I have since spoken, of them that joined with the horse upon

the heath, did say, that it rained little or nothing with them all the day, but only in the wood where I was, this contributing to my safety.

"As I was in the wood I talked with the fellow about getting towards London, and asking him many questions, about what gentlemen he knew; I did not find he knew any man of quality in the way towards London. And the truth is, my mind changed as I lay in the wood, and I resolved of another way of making my escape; which was, to get over the Severn into Wales, and so to get either to Swansey, or some other of the sea-towns that I knew had commerce with France, to the end I might get over that way, as being a way that I thought none would suspect my taking; besides that, I remembered several honest gentlemen that were of my acquaintance in Wales.

"So that night, as soon as it was dark, Richard Penderell and I took our journey on foot towards the Severn, intending to pass over a ferry, half way between Bridgenorth and Shrewsbury. But as we were going in the night, we came by a mill where I heard some people talking, (Memorandum, that I had got some bread and cheese the night before at one of the Penderell's houses, I not going in,) and as we conceived it was about twelve or one o'clock at night, and the country fellow desired me not to answer if any body should ask me any questions, because I had not the accent of the country.

"Just as we came to the mill, we could see the miller, as I believed, sitting at the mill door, he being in white clothes, it being a very dark night. He called out, "Who goes there?" Upon which Richard Penderell answered, "Neighbours going home," or some such like words. Whereupon the miller cried out, "If you be neighbours, stand, or I will knock you down." Upon which, we believing there was company in the house, the fellow bade me follow him close; and he run to a gate that went up a dirty lane, up a hill, and opening the gate, the miller cried out, "Rogues! rogues!" And thereupon some men came out of the mill after us, which I believed was soldiers: so we fell a running, both of us, up the lane, as long as we could run, it being very deep, and very dirty, till at last I bade him leap over a hedge, and lye still to hear if any body followed us; which we did, and continued lying down upon the ground about half an hour, when, hearing nobody come, we continued our way on to the village upon the Severn; where the fellow told me there was an honest gentleman, one Mr. Woolfe, that lived in that town, where I might be with great safety; for that he had hiding-holes for priests. But I would not go in till I knew a little of his mind, whether he would receive so dangerous a guest as me? and therefore stayed in a field, under a hedge, by a great tree, commanding him not to say it was I; but only to ask Mr. Woolfe, whether he would receive an English gentleman, a person of quality, to hide him the next day, till we could travel again by night, for I durst not go but by night.

"Mr. Woolfe, when the country-fellow told him that it was one that had escaped from the battle of Worcester, said, that for his part, it was so dangerous a thing to harbour any body that was known, that he would not venture his neck for any man, unless it were the king himself. Upon which, Richard Penderell very indiscreetly, and with-

out any leave, told him that it was I. Upon which Mr. Woolfe replied, that he should be very ready to venture all he had in the world to secure me. Upon which Richard Penderell came and told me what he had done. At which I was a little troubled, but then there was no remedy, the day being just coming on, and I must either venture that, or run some greater danger.

" So I came into the house a back way, where I found Mr. Woolfe, an old gentleman, who told me he was very sorry to see me there; because there was two companies of the militia foot, at that time, in arms in the town, and kept a guard at the ferry, to examine every body that came that way, in expectation of catching some that might be making their escape that way, and that he durst not put me into any of the hiding-holes of his house, because they had been discovered, and consequently, if any search should be made, they would certainly repair to these holes; and that therefore I had no other way of security but to go into his barn, and there lye behind his corn and hay. So after he had given us some cold meat, that was ready, we, without making any bustle in the house, went and lay in the barn all the next day; when towards evening, his son, who had been prisoner at Shrewsbury, an honest man, was released and came home to his father's house. And as soon as ever it began to be a little darkish, Mr. Woolfe and his son brought us meat into the barn; and there we discoursed with them, whether we might safely get over the Severn into Wales; which they advised me by no means to adventure upon, because of the strict guards that were kept all along the Severn, where any passage could be found, for preventing any body's escaping that way into Wales.

" Upon this, I took resolution of going that night the very same way back again to Penderell's house, where I knew I should hear some news, what was become of my Lord Wilmot, and resolved again upon going for London.

" So we set out as soon as it was dark. But, as we came by the mill again, we had no mind to be questioned a second time there; and therefore asking Richard Penderell, whether he could swim or no? and how deep the river was? He told me, it was a scurvy river, not easy to be past in all places, and that he could not swim. So I told him, that the river being but a little one, I would undertake to help him over. Upon which we went over some closes to the riverside, and I entering the river first, to see whether I could myself go over, who knew how to swim, found it was but a little above my middle; and thereupon taking Richard Penderell by the hand I helped him over.

" Which being done, we went on our way to one of Penderell's brothers, (his house being not far from White Ladys) who had been guide to my Lord Wilmot, and we believed might, by that time, be come back again; for my Lord Wilmot intended to go to London upon his own horse. When I came to this house, I inquired where my Lord Wilmot was; it being now towards morning, and having travelled these two nights on foot, Penderell's brother told me, that he had conducted him to a very honest gentleman's house, one Mr. Pitchcroft, not far from Woolverhampton, a Roman Catholic. I asked him, what

news? He told me, that there was one Major Careless in the house that was that country-man; whom I knowing, he having been a major in our army, and made his escape thither, a Roman Catholic also, I sent for him into the room where I was, and consulting with him what we should do the next day. He told me, that it would be very dangerous for me either to stay in that house, or to go into the wood, there being a great wood hard by Boscobel; that he knew but one way how to pass the next day, and that was, to get up into a great oak, in a pretty plain place, where we might see round about us; for the enemy would certainly search at the wood for people that had made their escape. Of which proposition of his, I approving, we (that is to say, Careless and I) went, and carried up with us some victuals for the whole day, viz. bread, cheese, small beer, and nothing else, and got up into a great oak, that had been lopt some three or four years before, and being grown out again, very bushy and thick, could not be seen through, and here we staid all the day. I having, in the mean time, sent Penderell's brother to Mr. Pitchcroft's, to know whether my Lord Wilmot was there or no; and had word brought me by him, at night, that my Lord was there; that there was a very secure hiding-hole in Mr. Pitchcroft's house, and that he desired me to come thither to him.

"Memorandum, That while we were in this tree we see soldiers going up and down, in the thicket of the wood, searching for persons escaped, we seeing them, now and then, peeping out of the wood.

"That night, Richard Penderell and I went to Mr. Pitchcroft's, about six or seven miles off, where I found the gentleman of the house, and an old grand-mother of his, and Father Hurlston, who had then the care, as governor, of bringing up two young gentlemen, who I think were Sir John Preston and his brother, they being boys.

"Here I spoke with my Lord Wilmot, and sent him away to Colonel Lane's, about five or six miles off, to see what means could be found for my escaping towards London; who told my Lord, after some consultation thereon, that he had a sister that had a very fair pretence of going hard by Bristol, to a cousin of hers that was married to one Mr. Norton, who lived two or three miles towards Bristol on Somersetshire-side, and she might carry me thither as her man; and from Bristol I might find shipping to get out to England."

The king is mistaken in calling Mr. Whitgreave Mr. Pitchcroft. The Pitchcroft is the name of the meadow, contiguous to the city of Worcester, on which the troops were encamped on the night before the battle. It is not surprising that, after an interval of twenty-nine years, Charles should have mistaken the name of a place for that of a person: and it affords a satisfactory proof of the authenticity of the narrative, since, as several printed accounts of the circumstances were in circulation, had this attributed to the king been spurious and forged, it would, doubtless, have been correct in the instance of Mr. Whitgreave's name.

The various incidents of this perilous escape are much more minutely collected and recorded in the Boscobel narrative, by Mr. Blount: we have not space, however, to extract his account; but, on a careful perusal and collation, the reader will find it remarkably corroborative of the king's own history of his adventures, above quoted. There were six brothers of the Penderells, who all appear to have known the secret of the king's concealment, but Richard and William were chiefly instrumental in aiding him. The former was known by the name of *Trusty Richard.* Some of the brothers were taken into the royal service; and Humphrey, the miller, in 1680, was footman to the queen, at Somerset House. From the numerous engravings of William and Richard Penderell, noticed in Granger, under the class of "persons remarkable for a single circumstance in their lives," it is evident, that they were popular characters, and, probably, well known in London. Richard died in the metropolis, and lies buried in the church of St. Giles's in the fields, where a monument is erected to his memory, bearing the following epitaph, "Here lieth the body of RICHARD PENDERELL, Preserver and Conductor to his Sacred Majesty King Charles of Great Britain, after his escape from Worcester Fight, in the year 1651, who died Feb. 8, 1671:

"Hold, Passenger, here's shrouded in this Herse,
Unparrallell'd PEN'D'RELL, thro' the Universe;
Like when the Eastern Star from Heav'n gave Light
To three lost Kings, so he, in such dark night,
To Britain's Monarch, lost by adverse War,
On Earth appear'd a second Eastern Star;
A Pole astern, in her rebellious Main,
A Pilot to her Royal Sovereign;
Now to triumph in Heav'n's eternal sphere,
He's hence advanc'd for his just steerage here;
Whilst Albion's Chronicle, with matchless Fame,
Embalms the story of Great PEND'RELL's name."

Charles used, jocosely, to say, in afterwards "fighting over again his battles by the fire-side," that the rustling of Richard's calves-skin breeches was the best guide for him in that dark night when he followed his faithful subject. Mrs. Woolf discoloured his majesty's hands with walnut-tree leaves, as suitable to his other disguise. William Penderell's wife regaled him with an old English posset of skimmed milk and small beer,—homely fare for a British monarch; and as his host could find no other shoes to change for those taken from the monarch's dripping feet, the "good wife" put some hot embers in them, to evaporate the damp. William Penderell then shaved the king, and cut his hair off his head as short as the scissors

would shear it, but leaving some about his ears, according to the evangelical fashion of the country people. The king enjoined William to burn the hair which he cut off; but Blount says, the peasant disobediently secreted it, "wherewith he has since pleasured some persons of honour:" be this as it may, William had, doubtless, sagacity enough to find (like the retailers of the Royal Oak and the Shakspeare mulberry-tree,) sufficient hair for the accommodation of all those whose loyalty demanded it.

On the following Sunday, the royal party set out for Moseley, to place the king under the protection of Mr. Thomas Whitgreave, (miscalled Pitchcroft.) Their progress was not a little grotesque. Humphrey Penderell (the miller of White-Ladies Mill) got his mill-horse up from grass, and accoutred him, not with state trappings and goodly furniture, but with "a pitiful old saddle and a worse bridle." The king, not being recovered from the sore effects of his foot-journey, then mounted the beast, and rode towards Moseley, attended by all the brothers, William, John, Richard, Humphrey, and George Penderell, and Francis Yates, who had married one of the sisters, and whose coarse shirts the king wore. His majesty was habited in old clothes of William Penderell's, who, being a tall man, the breeches the king had on came considerably below his majesty's knees. Colonel Careless being well known in that part of the country, thought it prudent to quit the party, and trust his royal charge to this rustic and singular body-guard. The procession then moved towards Moseley, much in the manner of a deserter's march; two marched before, and one on each side the king's horse, and two behind as rear guard: they had each a bill or pike staff, and some had pistols in their pockets. In this mode, they faithfully conducted their precious charge to Penfold mill, within two miles of Mr. Whitgreave's. After the king had been jolted some miles, it is pleasantly recorded, that his uneasiness got the better of his politeness, and tempted him to complain, that Humphrey's horse "was the heaviest dull jade he ever rode on:" to which Humphrey, in repartee, took the liberty of answering, beyond the usual capacity of a miller, "My Liege! can you blame the horse to go heavily, when he has the weight of three kingdoms on his back?"

Having brought the king so far, we shall now insert, entire, the manuscript of Mr. Whitgreave, who next secreted him for some days. The original is now in possession of the present proprietor of Moseley, the lineal descendant of the author of the manuscript. This family record has never been published, and we are indebted for the present copy of it to the liberal communication of Mr. Spurrier, an eminent solicitor of Birmingham.

"KING CHARLES the second comeing from Worcester fight, being Wednesday, Sept. 3, 1651, about sun rising next morning, being Thursday, by the conduct of Mr. Charles Giffard, and his man Yates, arrived at White Ladyes, where, as soon as might bee, he was divested of his apparell, his hayr cut off, and habited like a country fellow, which being done, haveing taken leave of the Lords who attended him, was committed to the charge of the Pendrells. The Lords, &c. then most of them fled after the flying Armye towards Newport, and so Northwards. The Lord Willmot was resolved to fly counter towards London, and by the guidance of John Pendrell gott to Mr. Huntbaches of Brinsford, from whence he sent the said Pendrell to Wolverhampton and all his acquaintance thereabouts, to gett some Azilum for him, but not prevayling, as he was returning back, hee met with Mr. Huddeston (whom he had seen formerly at White Ladyes) with young Sir John Preston, to whose custody he was committed by Mrs. Morgan, of Weston, Grandmother to him, and sent to my mother's to Table, for fear Pym should seize him going there, by the name of Jackson; for whose Companions Mr. Huddleston was pleased to admitt Mr. Francis Raynolds and Mr. Tho. Palin, both nephews of mine and to teach them with him, and asked him what news he heard, who answered none but very good; which was, the King had gott the day at Worcester. But Pendrell answeared, 'tis clean contrarie; and then related to him the sad news of his Majesties defeat att Worcester the day before; and how that morning earlie, the King came to White Ladyes and was with some of his Brothers in disguise, and that my Lord of Cleveland; but indeed Willmott hee left att the said Huntbaches, and was by him sent to Hampton, and to all his acquaintance thereabout, to gett some secrett place to secure him, which not being able to do he asked Mr. Huddleston whether his Landlord, being myself, would do him the favour to secure him; who replyed, I will take you to him and you shall see; upon their arrivall, Mr. Huddleston told me all the sad news, and his buisiness with me, whereupon I said I would with speed wait on his Lordship, which I did accordingly; and when there, Mr. Huntbach brought mee to his Chamber, whom, after I had condoled his Majesties and all his Friends sad misfortunes, I told him I feared not to secure his Lordship if I could gett him privately to my house, which I thought the best way was for mee to wish Mr. Huntbach to bring him a by way to a close of mine, called the Moore about midnight, whereatt thatt tyme I would wait for him, and take him to a friend's house not far of, wheare I feard not his securitie (to conceal from Mr. Huntbach my taking him home) where accordingly I wayted for their comeing 2 or 3 howers; and then supposing they had steared some other course, I returned home, where I found my Lord Willmott arrived, being conducted by the said Huntbach another way along the publick ways and Lanes, which when my Lord understood, he was much troubled. The next morning I sent a Messenger well known to Col. Lane to acquaint him that my Lord was with mee, but I had no conveniency for his horses, my howse lying to the open roade and an howse over against itt, and therefore I desired him to entertain them (they being that night all att one Evans house,

a poor man nigh Mr. Huntbach) myself being better able to secure my Lord than them, who seemed very willing, and bidd the messenger bring them, and that att night he would himself wait on his Lordship, and that I should about midnight expect his comeing into a close called Allport's Leasow, wherein was a great drie pitt, covered with many Trees, where the Colonel accordingly came; and having tied his horse in the said Pitt, I brought him through my backside to my Lord's Chamber, who when they saw each other, they renewed their former acquaintance, the Colonel formerly having served in my Lord's Brigade. The Colonel then invited my Lord to his house as far more safe, myself, as hee stiled mee a papist, and more liable to searches, besides, his Sister, the Lady Jane, had newlie gott a pass from Capt. Stone, Governor of Stafford, for herself and a man to go into the West, which might be a convenient opportunity for his passage away. But the day before I haveing shewn his Lordship a privacie in my house, formerly made in tymes of persecution, and in which after the late unfortunate warre, I secured myself against the violent strict search of Capt. Stone's Troop, his Lordship so approved of itt for his securitie, that he wisht 100,000 friends of his were with him; gave the Colonel many thanks for his kind offer, but for the present said hee was well pleased and satisfied with his present quarters, but desired him to keep the opportunity of his Sister's pass, and his horses, till he heard from him again, and so took leave of him and I conducted back to his horses. This morning being Friday Jo. Pendrell came to my Lord, and staid all day with him, who att night sent him to White Ladyes, to enquire what was become of the King; who returned, and said he went from thence the night before Madeley in Shropshire, with a design to gett over Severn, and so to steer for Wales, (but Severn was so guarded he could not pass, but was forct to stay there all that night and next day in a Barn of Mr. Woolfs) of whose removal as soon as my Lord heard, he resolved speedily to remove to Col. Lane's and wisht mee to send to him to have his horses sent for him that night, which I did and they came accordingly; and so, after many thanks for all my care and kind entertainment, haveing dismissed Jo. Pendrell, hee went, and safelie arrived at the Colonel's the next morning, Mr. Huddleston and myself were walking in the long walk and concluding in the afternoon to go to White Ladyes to receave a perfect relation of all the transactions there, where unexpectedly wee saw Jo. Pendrell comeing to us, and asking us where my Lord was, wee telling him he was gone from hence, hee replyed, wee then are all undone, for att my return yesterday, there being no passage over Severn, the King was forct on Friday night, to come back to Boscobell, and there mett with Col. Carelos, and that they had no entertainment for him, neither knew they how to dispose of him, who grew very melancholly upon itt: but hearing by mee that I left my Lord here, hee sent mee to his Lordship to gett a place for his security with him here. Whereupon Mr. Huddleston and myself went with Pendrell to the Colonel, hee being a stranger to him, and we durst not write by him; where I being arrived, acquainted the Colonel that Pendrell came to us from some

Sat.—Sunday

Sunday

person of eminent qualitie, whose name he was not to discover, to bring him to my Lord; and therefore I came with him myself, that hee should not be afraid to give admittance, whereupon the Colonel immediatlie took him to my Lord, who, after some private conference and direcions for Mr. Huddleston and myself, hee sent him to us, to return with speed, and in the way homewards to acquaint us the person hee came from was the King, which his Lordship till then never discovered; and that hee desired myself to attend his comeing that night, about an eleaven of clock, att his usuall pitt in Alport's Leasow; and that Mr. Huddleston and self should appoint a place in my ground, whither he and his Brothers should bring the King, about 12 or one of clock that night, which we accordingly did, and Pendrell speedily sent away to acquaint his Majestie. Att night, Mr. Huddleston and self, as soon as all the familie was gone to bedd, went to our severall stands, hee to a close called the Moore, and myself to the usual drie pitt. My Lord came punctually according to his howre, whom I brought up to his chamber, and after the time prefixed, hee wisht me to go to Mr. Huddleston, to see if they were come with his friend, as hee called him; but I returning and telling him they were not, hee seemed much troubled and apprehensive of his miscarriage, then after a little while he wisht mee to go again, and to stay in the orchard expecting them, where, after a while, I saw them comeing up the long walke, which I speedily acquainted his Lordship with, who wished mee to stay att the orchard door, and to shew him the way to the stayrs, where my Lord expected him, with a light. When hee came to the door with the Pendrell's guarding him, he was so habitted like one of them, that I could not tell which was hee, only I knew all the rest, I could scarce putt off my hatt to him, but hee discovering by the light the stayrs, ymediatlie went to them, where his Lordship expected him, and took him up to his chamber; then I took the Pendrells into the buttry to eate and drink, that I might dispatch them away, and secure the house; but 'ere they had done, my Lord sent Mr. Huddleston down to mee, desireing mee to come up, which accordingly I did, and comeing att the chamber door, his Majestie and my Lord being both at a cupboard's head nigh to itt, talking, his Lordship said to mee, this gentleman under disguise, whom I have hitherto concealed, is both your maister, mine and the maister of us all, to whom wee all owe our duty and allegiance; and so, kneeling down, he gave me his hand to kiss, and bidd me arise, and said he had receaved from my Lord such a character of my loyaltie and readines in those dangers to assist him and his friends, that hee would never bee unmindful of me or mine; and the next word after was, where is the private place my Lord tells me of? which being already prepared and shewed him, hee went into itt, and when come forth, said it was the best place hee was ever in. Then hee returning to his chamber, sitting down by the fire side, wee pulled off his shoes and stockings, and washed his feet, which were most sadly galled, and then pulled off likewise his apparell and shirt, which was of hurden cloth, and put him one of Mr. Huddleston's, and other apparell of ours; then after he had refreshed himself a little by eating some biskett, and drinking a glass of wine, he grew very chear-

Sunday Night. ful, and said, if it would please Almighty God to send him once more an army of 10,000 good and loyall soldiers and subjects, he feared not to expell all those rogues forth of his kingdom: then after an howres' discourse, or more, he was desirous to repose himself on a bedd that night. The next day, the servants were sent all forth to work, only the cook maid, a Catholike kept within to get provisions, as pretended, for a relation of Mr. Huddleston's, who fled to him from Worcester fight, neither she, nor Mr. Huddleston's schollars admitted to his sight, nor having the least suspect who hee was, the boys having, during his stay, liberty to play, and to watch who were comeing, whereupon Sir Jo Preston one night att supper with Monday. the other boys said, eate hard boys, for wee have been on the life Guard and hard duty this day, (more trulie spoken than hee was aware). In the morning, my Lord took my mother to his Majestie, and acquainted him who shee was, who, kneeling down to kiss hand, he most gratiously saluted, and when she had brought up dinner, would have had her sitt down with him, Mr. Huddleston and myself wayting. In the afternoon I was sent to Hampton, to enquire after news, and at my return wisht by my Lord to send for his horses Night, Tuesday. that night from Col. Lane's, which I did accordingly, and he returned with them. All that night, his Majestie lay on his bed, Mr. Huddleston watching within, and myself without doors. The next morning my studie door being open, his Majestie was pleased, with Mr. Huddleston and self to go into itt, and for diversion to look forth of it into the court and comon roade, where he saw many of his soldiers, and some of his own regiment, which he knew, come up to the doors, some for provisions, and others for plaisters for their wounds. There he told us of the Scotts usage, and of his march from thence to Worcester, and of the fight there, and enquired of us how this country and the gentry stood affected, and who were against him: then, looking upon severall books, he saw Mr. Turbervill's catechisme, and read a little of itt, said itt was a pretty book, and that hee would take itt with him. In the afternoon reposing himself on Afternoon. his bed in the parlour chamber, and inclineing to sleep, as I was watching at the window, one of the neighbours I saw come running in, who told the maid, soldiers were comeing to search, who, thereupon, presentlie came running to the staires head, and cried, Soldiers, soldiers are comeing; which, his Majestie hearing, presentlie started out of his bedd and run to his privacie where I secured him the best I could, and then leaving him, went forth into the street to meet the soldiers, who were comeing to search, who as soon as they saw, and knew who I was, were readie to pull mee in pieces, and take me away with them, saying I was come from the Worcester fight; but after much dispute with them, and by the neighbours being informed of their false information, that I was not there, being very ill a great while, they let mee goe; but till I saw them clearly all gone forth of the town, I returned not, but as soon as they were, I returned to release him, and did acquaint him with my stay, which hee thought long, and then hee began to bee very chearful again. In the interim, whilst I was disputing with soldiers, one of them called Southall, came into

the ffould, and asked a smith, as hee was shooing horses there, if he could tell where the king was, and he should have a thousand pounds for his payns, as the smith called Holbeard since severall times hath told mee and others. This Southall was the great Priest Catcher, and Capt. Lane's, and Mr. Vernon's true cavalier in the plotting time. That afternoon my Lord sent word he would send Colonel Lane with an horse for the king about midnight, and that I must expect him att the usuall place. At night, his Majestie wisht Mr. Huddleston to shew him our oratory, saying, hee knew, hee was a priest, and hee needed not fear to own itt to him, for if it pleased God to restore him to his kingdom, we should never need more privacies; who having seen itt, said itt was a very decent place. Afterwards, I went to the Colonel, and took a nephew, Mr. Fra Reynolds, with mee, to hold the horses whilst the Colonel went up to the house with me, who arriving, I brought him to the orchard stile, where he would stay and expect till we brought his Majestie to him; of which, I acquainting his Majestie, he sent mee for my mother to come to take leave of him; who, bringing with her some raysings, almonds, and other sweet meats, which, shee presenting to him, some whereof hee was pleased to eat, and some took with him; afterwards, wee all kneeling down, and praying Almighty God to bless, prosper, and preserve him, hee was pleased to salute my mother, and give her thanks for his kind entertainment, and then giving his hand to Mr. Huddleston and myself to kiss, saying if itt pleased God to restore him, hee would never be unmindful of us, hee took leave and went, conducted with Mr. Huddleston and self, to the Colonel, and thence to his horses expecting him, where, he having gott on horseback, wee kneeled, and kiss his hand again, offering all our prayers for his saftie and preservation, Mr. Huddleston putting on him a cloak of his to keep him from cold and wett, which, afterwards, by the Colonel's order, was sent to mee, wee took leave."

Tuesday night.

We need not remark on the artless and circumstantial detail of this curious manuscript. It bears internal and indisputable marks of genuineness. The Mr. Huddleston, referred to in it, was a Catholic priest, better known as Father Hodlestone, a half brother to Sir William Hodlestone, who, with eight brothers, raised two regiments for the king, and served with them. The king, though forgetful of the name, was mindful of the services of his loyal host, Mr. Whitgreave. The copy of a grant from the crown, dated 30th July, 18th Charles II., is now before us, in which a life-annuity of £200 per annum is given to Mr. Whitgreave. It recites, "Know Yee that wee reflecting upon the greate loyalty and fidelity of Thomas Whitgreave, Esquire, and particularly in the time of our grattest danger, after our escape from Worcester, when he used all his indeavours to secure us from the search and violent pursuite which our enemies used to pursue us, Wee have thought fit, by some particular marks of our favour and bounty to him, to expresse

the value wee have put upon his good services and affection, and to beget in posterity a like confidence in the future," &c. By a second grant, dated the 15th June, 29th Charles II. we find that this annuity was continued to Thomas Whitgreave, junior, at the request of his father, and in the life time of the latter: it was vested in trustees therein named, during his minority, the grant reciting—"Wee being willing further to reward the good service and faithfulnesse of the said Thomas Whitgreave (the father) before menconed, by making a suitable provision for his son, Thomas Whitgreave, to take effect after his father's decease." Pensions were also granted to the Pendrells, Lady Jane Lane, and Mr. Lane, and to other noted loyalists; and, by an entry in the Commons' Journals,* it appears, that a bill was intended to secure them to their respective descendants. They were, however, not long continued, and, we believe, were never paid by King William; and only three years, during the Tory ministry, at the latter end of Queen Anne's reign. One exception, only, we have heard rumoured, in the Pendrell pension being still enjoyed by the descendants of their honest family. We never pass, however, the antient house of Mozely, still standing with its original gable ends and casement windows, without ruminating on the circumstances which have made it an object of interest to the antiquarian and historical pilgrim. Boscobel House is still remaining, very little altered since it had thus the honour to be a royal residence. An excellent engraving of its modern front is given in "Shaw's history of Staffordshire," and in the "Gentleman's Magazine," vol. lxii., p. 113. The "Royal Oak," in the woods of Boscobel, did not long survive the popular and cavalier rage for loyal relics: there were as many tobacco-stoppers reported to have been made from this tree as would have formed a forest. The place where it once flourished, is yet to be discovered by a square wall built round it, where is another tree, from one of its acorns; and over the door, on a large stone, the following Latin inscription:

Latin Inscription on Royal Oak at Boscobel.

FŒLICISS: ARBORE', QUA' IN ASILU'
POTENTISS: REGIS CAR. 2DI D' OP. MAX.
PER QUEM REGES REGNA'T, HIC CRESCERE
VOLUIT, TAM IN PERPET. REI TANTÆ
MEMORIA'QUAM IN SPECIMEN FIRMÆ
IN REGES FIDEI MURO CINCTAM
POSTERIS COM'ENDANT BASILIUS
ET IANA FITZHERBERT
QUERCUS AMICA JOVI.

* *Comm. Journ.*, 20 July, 1689; vol. x., p. 230.

Charles did intend to have instituted an order of knighthood, under the title of Knights of the Royal Oak, selected from those families which had particularly befriended him in this time of need. But it was afterwards well judged, that it would tend to perpetuate national discords, better allowed to descend to the "tomb of the Capulets." The following doggrel was written on a piece of the Royal oak, sent to a gentleman as a tobacco-stopper:—

"I send you, Sir, this poor remain of wood,
Vile as it seems, 'tis venerably good:
It is a fragment of that ancient tree,
The *Royal Oak*, safeguard of majesty;
Which has the force of wind and weather stood,
Till time decay'd this very heart of wood;
And tho' some abdicated years have past,
Since that brave Stock shot out and sprouted last,
It still remains such in its sacred parts,
As those who truly suffer, *Loyal Hearts*."

Jane Lane, afterwards Lady Fisher, a woman of uncommon sense and spirit, subsequently aided the escape of the royal fugitive, who, disguised in her father's livery, rode before her on horseback, from Bentley Hall in Staffordshire, to Mr. Norton's near Bristol. After several hair-breadth escapes, he ultimately embarked at Brighthelmston, and safely landed at Havre. Charles, evidently, knew how to play his part, and exhibited, on various occasions of detection and suspicion, great presence of mind and address. In the autobiography of Major Bernardi, we are informed, that after the king arrived at Sir George Norton's house, near Bristol, he went into the kitchen, by the advice of his supposed mistress, the better to conceal himself: and that, as he was "standing by the fire side, near the jack, the cook desired him to wind it up; and he fumbling until the spit stood still, the maid struck him, and called him a black blockhead; asked where the devil he had lived, that he had not learnt to wind up a jack? The king modestly answered her, with a blush, that he was a poor tradesman's son, and had not been long in his lady's service."

ART. IV.—1. *Ambassade du Marechal de Bassompierre en Suisse, l'an* 1625. *Cologne, chez Pierre du Marteau.* 1688.

2. *Memoirs of the Embassy of the Marshal de Bassompierre, to the Court of England in* 1626*; translated, with Notes. London. John Murray, Albemarle Street,* 1818.

We must redeem the promise given in our last number, of bringing to a close the splendid and beautiful career of Marshal de Bassompierre.

It is difficult to account for the extreme barrenness of these latter volumes, when we reflect on the character, reputation, and history of their author. His education was, as we have seen, remarkably complete and elaborate for that age, or, indeed, for any that has succeeded it, considering that he belonged to a class in which the means of predominating over the wills of men are so amply afforded by the hereditary advantages of birth and fortune, that the members of it are dispensed from the labour of acquiring that sort of superiority, by which alone those who possess no other influence can hope to guide the will by convincing the reason. His natural endowments seem to have been above the common order;—his good sense is conspicuous in the general conduct of the important affairs, civil and military, entrusted to him; his wit was as celebrated as his valour; and, perhaps, no man was ever in possession of such rich and varied materials for a brilliant and comprehensive picture of European manners and politics, in the age in which he lived. That age, too, was one of the most interesting with which modern history presents us. Gothic institutions were every where tottering, if not overthrown. The pretensions of the church to sovereignty over the reason, and of monarchs to absolute power over the persons and properties, of men, were canvassed, or openly disputed. England, the foremost in this race of mental activity, had shaken off the yoke of foreign and ecclesiastical tyranny, and was agitated, from her heart to her farthest extremities, by that awful spirit of determined resistance to arbitrary power which was soon to burst forth against the monarch who was deaf to the mutterings of that portentous storm, which, though rolled back again for a time, at length gathered all its strength, and utterly overwhelmed his race. Literature and the arts had made vast strides. England, when Bassompierre visited it, was still radiant with the glory of the statesmen, philosophers, and poets of the Elizabethan age. France had been, and still was, the scene of the fiercest struggles, religious and political; and her court teemed with men and women, whose names cannot be pronounced without interest and curiosity. Italy had not yet fallen from the pre-eminence she had so long maintained over the rest of Europe, as the seat of politeness, arts, and letters. Thither the young nobles of France and England resorted, as the school of manners and accomplishments. Urban VIII.

was a liberal and enlightened patron of the arts, and contributed to the embellishment of Rome, which was still the capital of the civilized world. But the seeds of her ruin were scattered throughout her numerous states. The domination of Spain, and the destruction of the liberties of Florence, by the Medici, had prepared her downfall. Holland had achieved her glorious deliverance from the yoke of Spain, and of the church, and was fast rising in wealth and consideration. The empire was torn by those fierce divisions, civil and religious, which, for thirty years, devastated the centre and North of Europe. Before the death of Bassompierre, Gustavus Adolphus, Duke Bernard of Weimar, Prince Thomas of Savoy, Picolomini, Tully, Wallstein, Mansfield, and many other illustrious commanders, were actors on this busy and bloody scene. The sketch he has given us of Spain, slight as it is, prepares us for the place she was soon to sink to, in the scale of nations. It is true, that he professed not to write a contemporaneous history; but connected, as he was, with France and Germany, and personally acquainted with Italy, Spain, Switzerland, and England, we cannot but deplore the causes which led him to suffer so much matter of the highest interest and instruction to perish with him.

Concerning Henry IV., he has, as we have seen, furnished some new and curious details; yet these are little to what we might have hoped for. Of the character of his successor, which is scarcely less remarkable, and, in some points, singularly contrasted with his father's, we are left to form our judgment from the most scanty and thinly scattered incidents and remarks. In short, we may, with tolerable confidence, assure our readers, that we have put them in possession of all that would reward them for the perusal of these memoirs. The volumes from which we are now about to glean, consist, for the most part, of the driest military or diplomatic details. It is probable, that the author was afraid to relate what might, by possibility, offend some body in power; or to indulge in any reflexions or traits which might be turned to his disadvantage. It is also to be remembered, that he wrote these memoirs during a twelve years' imprisonment in the Bastille; throughout which, fortune was as relentless in her persecutions as she had been prodigal in her bounties. To his own fears, are, likewise, to be added those of his publishers; and, as we have already remarked, all the most amusing anecdotes were suppressed, until the beginning of this century.

The journal of his embassy-extraordinary to England has already appeared in an English dress, preceded by a short sketch of his life. It were to be wished, that the author of this slight memoir had been more attentive to the text from which he professes to extract his facts, or had not been influenced by the common

desire to dress his hero in every possible perfection. In his account of the single combat with the Duke de Guise, which we have given in our last number, we find him asserting, that "Bassompierre believed his hurt to be mortal, and prepared to die with the piety and courage of a Christian knight." This is a specimen of the art of *getting up:* unfortunately for his biographer, his own account of the matter is not quite so heroic or edifying. "*Je ne fis pas neanmoins*" (says he) "*mauvaise mine ni crûs jamais mourir;*" and, just after, "*l'on me fit confesser et saigner quasi au même tems. Cependant, je ne croyois pas mourir et ne faisois que rire.*" It is, perhaps, not very important, to point out the errors in so slight a work as that in question; but the canting and stilted tone, in which biography is commonly written, ought to be hunted down wherever it is found. It is enough, that men should conceal their own faults and follies, or exaggerate their own merits, by means of hypocrisy and decoration; let us, at least, try to shew human nature as it is, when we have no interest in disguising it, more cogent than the desire of turning a sentence, or manufacturing a clap-trap. We are indebted to the translator of this part of the memoir, for an interpretation of the English proper names, which appear in the original in a *travesti*, defying all our powers of guessing. In this matter, Frenchmen are unchanged. We really believe, they think the supremacy of their nation and language compromised by an accurate knowledge of the barbarous appellatives of other countries.

The third volume of the memoirs opens with the year 1622. As it is no part of our plan to unravel the intricate web of the intrigues which divided the court, nor to follow the tedious details of the wars which distracted the kingdom, we quote the following passage only to show how high Bassompierre then stood in his sovereign's favour and estimation. This, too, was just after an attempt to ruin him with the king.

"This same day, came the news of the dangerous illness of the Marshal de Roquelaure; when these gentlemen, with the Prince (de Condé) at their head, came to ask the king for the post of Marshal of France for M. de Schomberg, the king made no other answer than this; —'And Bassompierre,—what will he ask for?'"

This young monarch, whose physical courage was as remarkable as his moral timidity, took the command of the army, marching against the Huguenots of Poitou. Here he first displayed that cool and undaunted valour which distinguished him, and in spite of which, and of a considerable share of understanding, he was, through life, the slave and tool of those around him. Nor is this to be attributed, as his father's weaknesses were, to devotion to that sex which finds, or thinks it

finds, compensation for the inequality of its lot, by exerting an irregular and uncertain, but tyrannous sway over the great, the wise, and the brave. Louis was as cold as his father was inflammable; nor is it easy to account for the subjection in which he passed his whole life.

"While the king, stretched on a miserable bed, was consulting with us about the passage, a violent alarm was spread throughout the camp that the enemy was upon us, and, in an instant, fifty people rushed into the king's room, crying out that the enemy was coming. I was quite sure that this was impossible, for it was high tide, and they could not pass. Instead, therefore, of taking the alarm, I wished to see how the king would behave, in order that I might know how to proportion the suggestions I might have to make to him to the firmness or the agitation I remarked in his deportment. This young prince, who was lying down, on hearing the rumour, sat up on the bed, and, with a countenance more animated than usual, said, 'Gentlemen, the alarm is without, and not in my chamber, as you see; it is there you must go:' and, at the same time, he said to me, 'Go, as quickly as you can, to the bridge of Avrouet, and send me intelligence directly. You, Zamet, go and find the Prince (de Condé); Monsieur de Praslin and Narillac will stay with me; I shall arm myself, and put myself at the head of my guards.' I was delighted to see the courage and judgment of a man of his age so mature and perfect. It was, as I supposed, a false alarm, arising from a very slight accident."

Another proof of the same calmness and presence of mind occurs within a few pages.

"That same evening, I went to visit the king, in his quarter, and he told me, that he would come to our trench, at four the next morning, and desired of me to be ready to receive him. He came, accordingly, accompanied by M. de Espernon and M. de Schomberg. It was the first time he had been in the trenches. He did me the honour to say to me—'Bassompierre, I am new; tell me what I must do, not to make mistakes.' In this, I found no difficulty; for he was more prodigal of his safety than any of us three should have been, and mounted, two or three times, on the crown of the trench, to reconnoitre from a commanding position; he staid there so long, that we shuddered at the peril, which he braved with more coolness and intrepidity than an old captain; while he gave orders for the work of the following night, as if he had been an engineer. On his return, I saw him do what pleased me extremely. After we had got on our horses again, at a certain passage which the enemy knew, they fired a shot, which passed about two feet above the head of the king, who was speaking to M. d'Espernon. I was before him, and turned round, apprehending that it would hit him, and exclaimed, 'My God, sire, that ball was near killing you!' 'No, not me,' said he, 'the Duke d'Espernon;' he neither started nor stooped his head, as most men would have done. Seeing that some who accompanied him rode off, he said, 'How! are

you afraid? Why, they must reload before they can fire again.' I have witnessed many and various actions of the king, in situations of great peril; and I can affirm, without flattery, that I never saw a man, not to say a king, more cool and undaunted. The late king, his father, who was, as every body knows, celebrated for his valour, did not display equal intrepidity."

It is not the degree but the kind of courage, which is remarkable at his age. We have, however, another example of equal coolness, in a boy who had not the strong motives to self-possession furnished by the consciousness of being the object of attention to millions.

"The enemy had constructed a barricade in the foss, on the side of the sea, and a palissade before it, which hindered us from being entirely masters of their foss. I sent my volunteer, a boy of sixteen, to reconnoitre it. This lad, with some of the camp boys, had last year executed the most hazardous works at the siege of Montauban, which the soldiers would not undertake. He had received several wounds; among others, a musket ball through the body, of which I got him cured. This young rogue undertook a number of the most dangerous works, by the piece; the camp boys worked under him; and they made a great deal of money. He went to reconnoitre this barricade with the same port and firmness as the best sergeant in the army could have done. After having a musket ball through his breeches, and another through the brim of his hat, he came and made his report, which was extremely judicious."

We shall have frequent occasion to quote incidents illustrative of the distracted and wretched condition of the kingdom, during this reign. The state of tutelage, in which Louis chose to live, was one cause and pretext for continual warfare and destruction. Religion was used to cover the intrigues, or the resentments, of the principal nobles, and to inflame the passions of the miserable and ignorant multitude. How little most of the leaders of either party really cared about it, may be inferred from numerous facts. The sudden conversion of Lesdiguières, one of the most celebrated of the Huguenot chiefs, is a flagrant instance of this. He received the Constable's sword, as the price of his apostacy; the bribe, which, in a succeeding age, was held out, with the same effect, to the great Turenne. Our author suffers this remarkable man, like so many others, to pass over the stage without one characteristic anecdote, or one remark on their characters. Not only does he present us with no portraits; not only do we look in vain for colouring and life; the very outlines are faint and incomplete. The whole career of Lesdiguières' still more extraordinary predecessor, Luines, passed under his immediate observation; yet there is not a single sentence from which we could discover how

extraordinary that career was, or how matchless the audacity, and how ruinous to France the ascendancy, of that powerful favorite. We might mention many others, but let this suffice. Most of his characters glide in without introduction or explanation; and, without a previous acquaintance with them, they are mere empty names. If, however, we lose all the brilliancy and grace of pictures, we are, at any rate, secure against any suspicion of decoration; and whatever there is, is important, from its simplicity and evident authenticity.

At the capitulation of Lunel, in the autumn of this year, we see to what the wretched people were exposed, and what, at the best, was the sort of justice which prevailed.

"There was some degree of order in their marching out of the town, till the baggage came in sight; but, when that appeared, the disbanded soldiers of our army rushed upon it, before it was possible for the Marshal, or for Portes, or Narillac, to prevent them, and stripped the poor soldiers,—inhumanly killing four hundred; and with such impunity, that eight soldiers, of different countries and regiments, presented themselves at the gates of Lunel, with more than twenty prisoners, whom they led tied together. Their swords were covered with the blood of those they had massacred; and they were so loaded with booty that they could hardly walk. Finding the gate of Lunel shut, they called out to the sentinels, to go and tell me to give orders for them to be let in. I went to the gate, in consequence of what I heard, which I found to be true; I let them in, and immediately ordered them to be bound with the same cords with which they had tied their twenty prisoners. After giving these men the plunder of the eight soldiers, whom I immediately, and without any form of trial, ordered to be hanged upon a tree before their eyes, I sent an escort of my carabineers with them, as far as the road to Cauvisson. The prince thanked me for this, the following day."

In the autumn of this year, Bassompierre received the dignity of Marshal of France. About the same time, the king raised the siege of Montpellier, and entered the town on condition of confirming the Edict of Nantz, and some other privileges it enjoyed. This partial suspension of hostilities was soon followed by the general peace, concluded by the Duke de Rohan, at Privas.

At the conclusion of this year, the author enters, at some length, into the details of an intrigue against the Marshal de Schomberg, who had recently lost one of his most faithful and powerful friends, the Cardinal de Retz. The heads of this cabal were, M. de Puisieux, one of the men who possessed the greatest influence over the king, and Commartin, who had just been appointed Garde des Sceaux.

"They told the king," says Bassompierre, "that he (Schomberg) was so occupied with his duties as grand master of the artillery, that

he neglected those of the minister of finance, and that he suffered the treasurers to rob with impunity; in short, that he was incompetent, and ruined the king's affairs. The king is of a nature very obnoxious to the unfavorable reports which men make of each other, and especially when his interest is concerned; he is economical, even to avarice, in little things; and, yet, there never was a king of France, who gave away or expended so much, and, consequently, so drained his kingdom: but, as he attaches great weight to the opinions of others, and trusts implicitly to those whom he has once chosen as counsellors, this is to be attributed to the advice he has received."

The king intended to remove M. de Schomberg from his place of minister of finance. Every one about him had, of course, some candidate for the office, to propose. The suggestion of Bassompierre does honour both to his disinterestedness and judgment.

"I," says he, "named M. de Sully, as a person already known, tried, and esteemed by every body as the most able and well-informed in the duties of that department."

This illustrious statesman was, however, formally excluded from office, on account of his religion. The affair ended in justification of M. de Schomberg, and the disappointment of his enemies, who, accordingly, *lui firent beaucoup de protestations d'amitié.*

The noble sentiments and lofty rivalries of princes and marshals are beautifully set forth in the few words which follow. We give them literally.

"Thus we began the year 1623 with our arrival at Paris, where the king made a sort of *entrée*, in which, as Monsieur would not suffer Monsieur le Comte (de Soissons) to march with him, Monsieur le Comte did the same to M. de Guise, who retired. It happened also, that the Prevôt des Marchands claimed to march immediately before the king, on the plea that this was not an entrée, but a joyful arrival; for which claim, the marshals of France had such contempt that they would not contest it, and we went away without accompanying the king."

Unhappily, the prejudices of caste are not the only ones formed in an imperfect state of civilization, which lead men to look upon the useful and laborious portion of society as inferior to the pernicious and the idle. We do not restrict the terms useful and laborious to those who toil with the hands to produce the necessaries, or the physical enjoyments, of human existence. By useful men, we mean men who discover or produce whatever may increase the sum of pleasure, or diminish the sum of pain, in the world; by laborious men, men who employ their physical or mental powers in this kind of discovery or production. In this large acceptation of the word, it is clear that

one man is more useful than another, only in proportion to the quantity of human enjoyment he has produced, or of human suffering he has averted. Whether the authors and the perpetrators of wars have any claim to the title of useful,—the most honorable to which man can attain,—we leave it to those who can weigh waste of life, waste of all the matter of enjoyment, and infliction of positive pain among the many, against the acquisition of reputation and power by the few, to determine. It is, however, certain, that, even within our own times, the prejudices or instincts of the savage have continued to bear down the reasonings of civilized and instructed man. Not in old France alone did her high-born marshals look with ineffable scorn upon the chief of a commercial body; the fierce soldiers whom Napoleon invested with that title had an equal disdain for all non-destructive employments. *Pékin*, the generic name for all but soldiers, was the lowest term of contempt in the mouths of men who were fitted, by their brutal ignorance, to subserve the purposes of an ambition so boundless in its grasp, so infinitely small in its object; but, in England, at least, people are gaining knowledge which will enable them to fling back this contempt on the contemners, and to discriminate between true courage, the result of reflection, on the value of an end to be attained by braving danger, and that monstrous offspring of levity, ennui, ferocity, and rapacity, which has so long passed under its name.

But to return to our narrative. The beginning of this year was marked by the conclusion of the offensive and defensive treaty of the duke of Savoy and the Signory of Venice, for restoring the Valteline to the Grisons. In the beginning of 1625, these allied powers resolved to commence hostilities against Spain, who had seized and retained possession of the Valteline. Louis was warmly urged to active measures, by the king of England and several princes of Germany, in alliance with Sweden and Denmark, and the Dutch; nor was he at all reluctant to hearken to their suggestions. He, accordingly, sent an army, under the command of the Marquis de Cœuvres, who reconquered the Valteline without any resistance. This was the prelude to Bassompierre's embassy into Switzerland, of which we shall soon have occasion to speak.

"Towards the end of February of this year, we received," says he, "the news of the death of King James of England. This, however, did not retard the marriage of his son with Madame Henrietta, which was celebrated after Easter. The Duke de Chevreux married her for King Charles, at Nôtre Dame, on the 1st of May. Some days after, the duke of Buckingham (Bouquinquam) arrived unexpectedly, who made an extraordinary figure, both from the beauty of his person and his dress and jewels, and from his liberality."

This is the meagre account of that celebrated visit of the vain and haughty Buckingham, which was followed by his audacious declaration of love to Ann of Austria, and by the hostilities with France, in which his mortified vanity led him to involve his master. The French armies had now passed the Alps and joined those of their ally, the Duke of Savoy. The combined armies were to march against the duke of Feria, the Spanish governor of Milan.

We cannot refrain from quoting a passage, to which we feel extraordinary tenderness and gratitude, as one of the very few in these latter volumes, to which we are indebted for a laugh.

"While these things were going on, the Pope, indignant at the reconquest of the Valteline, which had been left as a deposit in his hands, sent his nephew, Cardinal Barberini, into France, as legate, to complain of this aggression, and also to endeavour to accommodate the affairs of Italy. He arrived while the English marriage was going on, and was received, lodged, and his expenses defrayed, with the honours usually paid to legates: but, after several conferences and propositions, finding that he could not gain his ends, he came to Fontainbleau, to take leave of the king, and immediately afterwards, without waiting to receive the accustomed ceremonies of escort and entertainment through France, he suddenly set off, having refused the king's present. The king, accordingly, sent for the princes and officers of the crown, with some presidents of his court of parliament, and held a famous council at Fontainbleau, concerning this extravagant departure, in which nothing was determined except to let him go."

News was now brought that the Swiss were falling off from their attachment to the King of France, and had actually allowed a passage to the German troops marching to the succour of the Duke of Feria. It was, therefore, thought necessary to send an ambassador extraordinary to the Cantons, and Bassompierre, both from his situation as Colonel General of the Swiss, and from the various qualities which fitted him for diplomacy, was fixed upon.

The journal of his embassy is utterly destitute of interest; nor is there any thing to be said about it, but that he was every where received with the highest possible honours, and that his mission was a successful one, in spite of the most violent and frantic opposition on the part of the Apostolic nuncio, Scapi, who was a remarkable, though not a singular, example of the humility and meekness of the churchmen of his age and country. His fury seems to have afforded some diversion to the well-bred and self-possessed courtier, during an embassy which he regarded as an honourable exile, and endured very impatiently. The letters in this volume are, generally, mere diplomatic dispatches.

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We find, however, one passage which shews the atrocity and fury of the persecuting spirit which was then goading Louis into wars and inhumanities in various parts of his dominions. Scapi addressed a long letter to Bassompierre, setting forth the *scandale* which had occurred to all good Christians, because the heretics of Bruscio, and another village in the Grisons, who had been expelled, had returned, "*a ripatriarsi*," and were even permitted to baptize their children after their own fashion. This was horrible. He urges, with pious earnestness, that they may not be allowed to perform "*alcuna funzione della loco superstizione:*" and exhorts the Marshal to "*fare un opera di somma supererogazione*," by driving these poor people across the mountains again. Bassompierre, of course, thinks this all as it should be, but confesses, that, having heard that at Poschiano, another village where the Marquess de Cœuvres had forbidden the protestant ministers to exercise any of their functions, two infants had died of cold from being carried, in that very severe winter, across the mountains to obtain protestant baptism, he had relented a little.

In the Spring of the year 1626, the king's brother, Gaston of Orleans, married Mademoiselle de Montpensier. This event was followed by a temporary cordiality, or appearance of cordiality, between the brothers; which, however, was not of long duration. Just at this juncture, arrived the news of the discord which had prevailed at the court of England, and the consequent dismissal of all the queen's French attendants and priests. The queen-mother expressed to the king her desire that Bassompierre should be sent to England, "*pour rémédier à tout celà*," which he was compelled, very reluctantly, to undertake. We now come to that part of the memoirs which has been extracted and published in English. The Dover road was not, it appears, quite so good as it now is; at all events, the marshal found it expedient to sleep at Dover, at Canterbury, at Sittingbourne, at Rochester, and at Gravesend; making a six days' journey of it.

"On the 7th of October," says he, "I embarked on the Thames, and came by the warehouses for ship-building of the East Indies; then by *Grenwich*, a house of the king's, near which the Earl of *Dorchet*, Knight of the Garter, of the family of *Hacfil*, came to speak to me from the king, and having conducted me into the king's barge, brought me close to the Tower of London, where the king's carriages were waiting for me, which carried me to my lodgings, where the said Earl of Dorchet left me. I was neither lodged nor entertained at the king's expense; and they made a difficulty of sending this Earl of Dorchet, according to the usual custom, to receive me. However, this did not prevent my being well lodged, furnished, and accommodated. The same evening, after I had supped, they came to tell the Chevalier

de Jars, who had supped with me, that one was enquiring for him. It was the Duke of *Bouqinkam* and *Montaigu*, who were come to see me alone, and without flambeaux, and begged him to introduce them into my room by some private door, which he did; then came to fetch me. I was greatly surprised to see him (Buckingham) there, because I knew he was at *Hampton Cour* with the king; but he had come thence to see me. He began with making many complaints against France, then against me, with respect to certain persons; to which I answered the best I could, and then made those of France against England, which he also excused in the best manner he could, and then promised me all manner of assistance and friendship, and I also returned ample offers of my service to him. He begged me not to tell that he had been to see me, because he had done it without the king's knowledge; which I did not believe.

"Thursday, the 8th, the ambassador Contarini, of Venice, came to visit me; and, towards night, I went to see the Duke of *Boukingkam*, at his residence called *Jorschaux*,* which is extremely fine, and was more richly fitted up than any other I saw. We parted very good friends.

"Saturday, the 11th, the Earl of Carlisle came with the king's coaches to fetch me to Hampton Court, into a room where there was a handsome collation. The Duke of Boukingkam came to introduce me to the audience, and told me that the king desired to know, beforehand, what I purposed saying to him, and that he (the king) would not have me speak to him about any business; that otherwise he would not give me audience. I said, that the king should know what I had to say to him from my own mouth, and that it was not the custom to limit an ambassador in what he had to represent to the sovereign to whom he was sent; and that if he did not wish to see me, I was ready to go back again. He swore to me, that the only reason which obliged him (the king) to this, was, that he *could not help putting himself into a passion*, in treating the matters about which I had to speak to him, which would not be decent on the high dais, in sight of the chief persons of the kingdom, both men and women; that the queen, his wife, was close to him, who, incensed at the dismissal of her servants, might commit some extravagance, and cry in sight of every body. In short, that he would not commit himself in public; and that he was sooner resolved to break up his audience, and grant me one in private, than to treat with me concerning any business before every body. He (the duke) swore vehemently to me, that he told me the truth, and that he had not been able to induce the king to see me otherwise; begging of me even to suggest some expedient, and that I would oblige him. I (who saw that I was going to receive this affront, and that he asked me to assist him with my advice; to avoid the one, and to insinuate myself into his good graces by the other,) told him, that I could not,

* *Jorschaux.* In this strange-looking word, one has some difficulty in recognizing *York House*, the residence of Buckingham. It stood a little to the East of Hungerford market.

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in any manner whatsoever, do any thing but what was prescribed to me by my master; but that, since, as my friend, he asked my advice as to some expedient, I told him, that it depended on the king to give or to take away, to shorten or to lengthen, the audience, in what manner he would; and that he might (after having allowed me to make him my bow, and received, with the king's letters, my first compliments, when I should come to open to him the occasion of my coming) interrupt me, and say, 'Sir, you are come from London, and you have to return thither; it is late; this matter requires a longer time than I could now give you. I shall send for you, one of these days, at an earlier hour, and we will confer about it at our leisure, in a private audience. In the meanwhile, I shall satisfy myself with having seen you, and heard of the king, my brother-in-law, and the queen, my mother-in-law; and I will not prolong the impatience, which the queen, my wife, has to hear of them also from you.' Upon which, I shall take my leave of him, to go and make my bow to the queen. After I had told him this, the duke embraced me, and said, 'You know more of these things than we; I have offered you my assistance, in the affair you are come to negotiate, but now I recall the promise I gave you, for you can do very well without me;' and so left me, laughing, to go and tell the king this expedient, who accepted it, and punctually observed it. The duke returned to introduce me to the audience, and the Earl of Carlisle walked behind me. I found the king on a stage, raised two steps, the queen and he in two chairs, who rose at the first bow I made them on coming in. The company was magnificent, and the order exquisite.

"I made my compliment to the king, gave him my letters, and, after having said my words of civility, as I was proceeding to those of business, he interrupted me in the same form as I had proposed to the duke. I then saw the queen, to whom I said little, because, said one, the king had given her leave to go to London, where she could see me at leisure. I then withdrew."

This is a curious instance of Charles's want of self-command. A man who announces to an inferior, that he shall certainly fly in a passion at what that inferior has *officially* to communicate, and asks the favour of him to help him out of so unbecoming a situation, certainly does not appear to be endowed with the appropriate qualities for governing. Bassompierre's address, presence of mind, and good breeding, are very favourably *relieved* by the conduct of the king.

"Thursday, the 15th, on which the Earl of *Britswater* came with the king's coaches to fetch me to Hampton Court; then the Duke shewed me into a gallery, where the king was waiting for me; who gave me a long audience, and well disputed. He *put himself into a great passion*; and I, without losing my respect to him, replied to him in such wise, that, at last, yielding him something, he conceded a great deal to me. I witnessed, there, an instance of great boldness, not to say impudence, of the Duke of Boukingkam, which was, that, when

he saw us the most warmed, he ran up suddenly, and threw himself between the king and me, saying, 'I am come to keep the peace between you two.' *(Je viens faire la hola entre vous deux.)* Upon which, I took off my hat, and, as long as he staid with us, I would not put it on again, notwithstanding all the intreaties of the king, and of himself, to do so; but, when he went, I put it on without the king's desiring me. When I had done, and that the duke could speak to me, he asked me why I would not put on my hat while he was by, and that I did so freely, when he was gone. I answered, that I had done it to do him honour, because *he* was not covered, and that I should have been, which I could not suffer; for which he was much pleased with me, and often mentioned it in my praise. But I had also another reason for doing so; which was, that it was no longer an audience, but a private conversation, since he had interrupted us by coming in as a third upon us. After my last audience was over, the king brought me through several galleries to the queen's apartments, where he left me, and I her, after a long conversation; and I was brought back to London by the same Earl of *Britswater*."

Here we see, that Charles was a man of his word; and, having promised to be in a passion, he took care not to disappoint the ambassador-extraordinary, of so edifying a spectacle, nor to deprive him of so great an advantage, as a cool man always has over an angry one.

"Saturday, the 24th, I went to see the queen, where the king came, with whom she picked a quarrel. The king took me to his chamber, and talked a great deal with me, making complaints to me of the queen, his wife.

"Sunday, the 25th, the Earls of *Pembrac* and Montgomery came to see me; then I went for the duke, whom I took to the queen's, and made his peace with her, which I had brought about with infinite trouble. The king came in afterwards; and he, also, was reconciled with her, and caressed her very much—thanked me for having reconciled the duke and his wife—then took me to his chamber, where he shewed me his jewels, which are very fine."

It will, doubtless, be gratifying to the members of the Corporation of London, to see the respect in which their civic feasts were held two hundred years ago.

"Next day, Monday, the 9th, which is the election of the mayor, I came in the morning to *Sommerset*, to meet the queen, who had come there to see him go on the Thames, on his way to Westminster to be sworn in, with a magnificent display of boats. There the queen dined, and afterwards got into her coach, and placed me at the same door with her. The Duke of Boukinkam also, by her command, got into her coach, and we went into the street called *Shipside*, to see the ceremony, which is the greatest that is made at the installation of any magistrate in the world. While waiting for it to pass, the queen played at primero with the duke, the Earl of Dorchet, and me;

and, afterwards, the duke took me to dine with the lord mayor, who, that day, gave a dinner to more than eight hundred persons. After dinner, the duke, and the Earls of Montgomery and Hollande, having brought me home, I went to walk in *the Morffield.*

"Sunday, 18th, the Danish ambassador came to visit me; after which, I went to the king at *Withal,* who placed me in his barge, and took me to the duke's at *Jorschau,* who gave him the most magnificent entertainment I ever saw in my life. The king supped at one table with the queen and me, which was served by a compleat *ballet* at each course, with sundry representations, changes of scenery, tables and music. The duke waited on the king at table, the Earl of Carlile on the queen, and the Earl of Hollande on me. After supper, the king and we were led into another room, where the assembly was, and one entered it by a kind of turnstile, as in convents, without any confusion; there was a magnificent ballet, in which the duke danced; and, afterwards, we danced country-dances till four in the morning; thence were shewn into vaulted apartments, where there were five different collations.

"Sunday, 29th, the Earl of Carlile and Lucnar came with the king's coaches to fetch me to take leave of their majesties, who gave me a public audience in the great saloon of Whital, and afterwards returned with him (the king) to his bedchamber, where he made me come in, afterwards; I went to sup in the apartment of the Earl of Carlile, who treated me magnificently. Lucnar came to bring me a very rich present from the king, of four diamonds set in lozenge, and a great stone at the end; and the same evening sent again to fetch me to hear an excellent English play.

"Saturday, 5th, I arrived at Dover with an equipage of four hundred persons, who were to cross with me, including seventy priests, whom I had delivered from prison in England. I had resolved to bear the expenses of all those who were going to France with me, thinking that I might have embarked the same day that I arrived at Dover; but a storm detained me fourteen days at Dover, which cost me 14,000 crowns. I arrived at Dover to dinner, and had my equipage embarked, thinking to cross the sea, but it was adverse."

He went back to Canterbury, at Buckingham's request, to have another interview with him.

"I found, on my return to Dover, that my suite had sailed; but they ran such chances, that, for five days, they could not reach Calais, and were obliged to throw my two carriages into the sea, in which there unluckily was more than 40,000 francs' worth of articles of dress which I had bought in England to give away. I lost, moreover, twenty-nine horses who died of thirst during these five days, because they had made no provision of fresh water for their passage, which, in fine weather, does not last above three hours. I found it impossible to embark before Friday the 18th, when I sailed with a high wind, and got to dine at Calais where I stayed the next day, to recover myself from sea-sickness."

In these days of steam and travelling velocity, it is worth while to remind ourselves of the inconveniences we are deli-

vered from. A man would now be half-way over the Atlantic in the time that his great-grandfather was waiting to cross from Dover to Calais.

The papers relating to this embassy occupy the second volume of the Ambassades. They are, generally, formal diplomatic instructions or reports, and furnish little insight into the peculiarities which distinguished the English from the French court. Bitter were the complaints of the queen at the dismissal of her French priests and domestics; but, though we should have admired Charles rather more if he had been master of his temper, we certainly find reason to think he had sufficient cause for clearing the kingdom of these nuisances, public and private. Bassompierre attributes the whole proceeding to Buckingham, who, he says, filled all the offices about the queen with his own relations and creatures. What were the views of the family of France, and of the pope, who dictated the articles of the marriage, it is easy to see, in the letters of Henrietta to her brother, and to the pope, before her marriage; in both of which she declares, "upon my faith and my word, that if it pleases God to bless my marriage in such sort as to give me lineage, I will make no choice of any but Catholic persons to nurse and bring up the children that may be born of it; nor to render them any kind of service: in which I very humbly supplicate your holiness to have all possible confidence."

In reply to the complaints of the queen and her family, we find a statement of the "reasons alleged by the English for the dismissal of the French," in which it is stated, that

"They had so captivated her will and affections as to lead her, constantly, to resist the commands of the king, and to keep at a distance all her English subjects. That she would not even learn the language; and that they formed a private and distinct faction. Finally, they had gained so much upon the gentle temper of the queen, as to persuade her, under colour of a devotion nowise excuseable, and entirely unbeseeming the dignity of so great a queen, and, especially, of England, to make a pilgrimage to Tyburn, a place where malefactors are publicly and commonly executed; whither she was accompanied by the Bishop of Mende and several of the principal ministers of her suite, and where they all knelt down and offered prayers to those whom they very falsely called saints and martyrs, but who had, in fact, received the due reward of their crimes, having been executed for treason, or other violations of the laws, and in no respect on account of religion."

That Charles should wish to drive these pestilent priests from his palace and kingdom, is, assuredly, no wonder.

In a letter to the king of France, Bassompierre gives the following details of his reception at Hampton Court.

"The Duke of Buckingham prevailed on the king to grant me a

private audience, at Hampton Court, which lasted nearly two hours, in which I perceived so much harshness, and so little desire to content your majesty, that I know not how to express my astonishment; for after listening to me for a considerable time he said, that I did not execute the commission he was informed I had received, namely, to declare war against him from your majesty. I told him, that I did not hold the office of herald, to declare war, but that of Marshal of France, to conduct it, whenever your majesty should resolve upon it: but that, up to the present time, you had behaved towards him as a brother."

Charles then alleged all the causes he had for dissatisfaction with the queen and suite, at whose instigation she conducted herself most unbecomingly towards him and his subjects, and concluded by declaring, that nothing would induce him to reinstate her officers; and "that he would treat her like a queen, but that he chose that she should behave to him as she ought, and defer to and obey him, as his wife, in all things but her religion, which he would not meddle with."

Towards the end of this despatch, we find that Buckingham was, in fact, regarded by the French as the virtual king of England. The duke having assured Bassompierre that he would do his utmost to bring the king to accede to his demands:

"I laughed," says he, "at his wishing to make me believe he had so little power over the king's mind, since it is he who governs absolutely."

The ambassador was extremely ill-satisfied with his reception. He begins a letter to the Bishop of Mende thus:

"Sir, I found humility among the Spaniards, and civility and courtesy among the Swiss, in my embassies to those nations; but the English would abate nothing of their natural pride and arrogance."

He comments severely on the king's rudeness, and contrasts it with Buckingham's courtesy. We meet with many indications of the mortification felt by the omnipotent favourite, at the prohibition he had received against appearing again at the Court of France. Bassompierre evidently thought him a thorough courtier, and did not believe one word he said. We have seen that the charge of "insular pride" is two hundred years old, at least; we meet with two others, which, like the first, remain in full force,—caprice and dullness.

"I shall never despair of my affairs while I have to treat with the English, for, when they seem at the worst, it is then, I find, that I ought to think them most promising.

"I shall see what will come of this in a few days, which I shall pass, like the preceding, in the most melancholy manner, in this country. A man who were well-received would be *ennuyé* here, much more I."

We, who have long been deeply convinced of our own disagreeableness, were nowise shocked at this, but to those happy islanders, who think themselves no less segregated from the rest of the world by an universal superiority, than by the salt waves, this will be unpalatable. May be, we are not ennuyeux now. Let us hope it.

All these things seem to have been extremely agreeable to Mary of Medicis, whose *acharnement* against the whole nation, and Buckingham in particular, was most violent. In reply to the letter first quoted, the Bishop of Mende says, "I am not surprised that you found more courtesy and satisfaction among the Spaniards and the Swiss than in the island upon which the tempest has cast you. I have always found the English as unreasonable as the Swiss, but less faithful to their honour than the Spaniards." No doubt, the bishop thought it very unreasonable to turn him out of his place. His own language justifies the accusation of the English commissioners, that "they (the priests) tried, by every means, to inspire her (the queen) with a contempt of our nation and a disgust at our usages."

The extempore reply of Bassompierre to the charges of the Commissioners, gives us a high opinion of his promptitude and address. The turn he gives to the praying at Tyburn—the act which the Commissioners say drove the king to extremity—is extremely ingenious. "Granting," says he, "that they did pray for those who died on that gibbet, they did well; for, however wicked might be the men who died on it, they were condemned to death, and not to damnation." He speaks of it as an incident occurring in the course of a walk in the *Parc de St. Gemmes and Hipparc*, which our readers shall translate for themselves. He, very dexterously, turns the alleged coldness of the queen against the king, and ascribes it to his cruelty to his Catholic subjects. This negotiation terminated, happily, by the abatement of some pretensions on each side, and he returned, piously thanking God he was out of England.

We now come to one of the most interesting and important events of French history,—the siege of La Rochelle. Were nothing more known of it, however, than what is furnished by these memoirs, it would have little interest for any but military men. It is impossible to be more circumstantially dull. We shall, probably, be indebted hereafter to a humbler actor in the same extraordinary scene, for many of those details which have invested this siege with so romantic a character. Bassompierre asserts, that he saw a copy of that famous letter, from the king of England to the Rochellois, in which he declared, "that he would risk his three kingdoms to save them; and that, in a few days, he could send such a fleet as would effec-

tually relieve the town. This animated them, and made the people resolve to endure every extremity, rather than surrender." How this promise was fulfilled, is but too well known for the honour of England. The magnificent appearance of the fleet was lamentably contrasted with its operations.

On the 23rd of October, 1628, after a most obstinate defence of more than a year, the Rochellois sent a deputation, to entreat Cardinal Richelieu to obtain tolerable terms for them.

"He promised that he would, and told them that the king was gone on an excursion, for a week, and that, at his return, he would speak to him about it. Upon which, one of the deputies cried out, 'How, sir, a week? There is not food in La Rochelle for three days.' Then the cardinal spoke to them seriously, and pointed out to them the state to which they had reduced themselves; but that, nevertheless, he would endeavour to incline the king to shew them mercy."

The year 1629 begins with a singular exhibition of the character of Louis. He had resolved to send his brother Gaston, Duke of Orleans, at the head of a powerful army, into Italy, to prosecute the war in the Milanese with vigour.

"But after the king had given him this command," says Bassompierre, "he fancied that the glory which his brother would acquire in this expedition, would be to the injury of his own; such power has jealousy among near relations; and his head, or, more properly, his heart, was so full of that idea, that he could not rest. Having disclosed this uneasiness to Richelieu, he replied, that he saw but one way of getting over the difficulty, which was, that he should go himself; and that, if he resolved on this step, he must set out in a week at farthest. To this, the king cordially assented, and, at the same time, turned round and called me from the other end of the room. As I drew near, he said, 'And here is a man who will go with me, and serve me well.' I asked him where. 'Into Italy,' said he, 'whither I am going, in a week, to raise the siege of Cazal. Get ready to go, and to serve me as lieutenant general, under my brother, if he chooses to go.' Monsieur was not much pleased at this resolution; nevertheless, he affected to be so; and the evening before the king set out (he knew that I was not very well off for money,) he asked me for some cyder, as I had been accustomed to give him some very good, which my friends sent me from Normandy, knowing that I like it. I sent him a dozen bottles, and, in the evening, when I went to him for the watchword, he said, 'Bestein, you gave me twelve bottles of cyder, and now, I give you twelve thousand crowns; go to Effiat, he will pay you.' I said, 'Sire, I have the whole lot at home; if you please, I will sell it you at the same price.' He, however, was satisfied with the dozen bottles, and I with his liberality."

There are several recitals of engagements, in which the

French shewed their accustomed valour. He says, that having, in the ardour of pursuit, followed the enemy within range of the guns of the citadel of Suza, they were exposed to a heavy cannonading.

"I saw a thing," says he, "which delighted me, greatly, with the French nobility, more than sixty of whom were with us. A cannonade struck close at our feet, and covered us with earth. My long acquaintance with cannonnades had rendered me more aware than they were that, as soon as the ball had struck, there is no more danger; so that I was at liberty to cast my eyes on the countenance of each of them successively, to observe what effect this had upon them. I did not perceive any one of them give the slightest sign of surprise, nor even appear to take the least notice of it."

Then follows a curious discussion, on a point of more importance than the happiness or prosperity of millions, namely, whether, or not, the ambassadors, who had just arrived from Genoa, should be received covered. These are the matters which then occupied the attention of statesmen. Bassompierre was for granting the invaluable privilege of the hat; but the king thought his dignity would be compromised, by extending it beyond the republics of Venice and Florence. The pope's nuncio came, on the part of his holiness, to ask Bassompierre's good offices. "I told him," says he, "that his majesty was obstinate, when he had once taken a thing into his head, and easily irritated against those who differed from him." The same day, at the council, Louis expressly asked his advice, adding, with singular good sense, "I ask it, but I shall not follow it, for I know it will be in favour of their being covered." Upon this, Bassompierre, very prudently, declined giving any.

"'And I,' said the king, in a violent passion,—'I will force you to give it me, since you are one of my council, and take the wages of a counsellor.' The cardinal, who sat below me, said, 'Give it, in God's name, and do not contest any longer.' Then I said to the king, 'Sire, since your majesty positively insists on my giving my opinion, it is, that your rights, and those of your crown, would be utterly destroyed, if, by this act, you renounced the sovereignty which you claim over them, and that you ought to receive them bareheaded, as your subjects, and not as republicans.' The king flew into a violent rage, and told me, that I was laughing at him, and that he would teach me that he was my king, and my master; and other things of the same kind. I did not open my mouth, again, nor utter a single word. The cardinal pacified him, and made him follow the general opinion, which was, that the Genoese ambassador should be covered at the audience. In the evening, we went to the king's concert; he did not say a word to the others, for fear of speaking to me, and did nothing but find fault."

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Two days after, the king was penitent, and, by way of making his peace, sent Bassompierre nine cases of Italian sweetmeats.

The state of subjection in which Richelieu held the most powerful of the nobles of France, is curiously illustrated by the way in which he made the once haughty and omnipotent Duke d'Espernon humble himself to do him homage. The cardinal was travelling.

"M. de Espernon sent the Count de Maillé to me, to beg me to ask the cardinal at what place he might meet him in the road, to pay his respects to him, having heard that he was setting out, the next day, for the court, and that he, at his age, was fatigued by the journey he had performed that day, which had prevented his going to Montauban.—I delivered this message to the cardinal, who took it extremely ill, and imagined that M. d'Espernon's pride would not stoop to come to see him in his Government of Guyenne, over which the king has given the cardinal absolute power. He was exceedingly angry, and told me to send the duke word that he would not see him in the fields, nor out of Guyenne; and that, although he had intended to go by Auvergne, he would go by Bourdeaux, for the sole and express purpose of making himself recognized and obeyed, according to his powers; and that he would put things on such a footing there, that M. d'Espernon's power would be very much lessened. I softened these expressions, in my answer to the Count de Maillé, and wrote to M. d'Espernon, to beg him to go to Montauban, that he might not draw upon himself the resentment of this all-powerful man. In three hours the Count de Maillé returned, to tell me that M. d'Espernon would come the next day, to pay his respects to the cardinal, at Montauban, since he (the cardinal) did not set out before dinner, as he had been informed."

This appeased the mighty master of France. Bassompierre seems to have formed a pretty correct estimate of the danger of offending him: he lived to know its full extent. At the end of the year (1629), one of those clouds passed over the head of Richelieu, which only tended to make his succeeding triumphs more brilliant. One of the great uses of the memoirs of men who have conducted the affairs of nations is, to shew how often measures, big with consequences to millions, have had their source in the gratification of some childish personal resentment. Bassompierre affords a curious exemplification of this, in his own conduct during his second mission into Switzerland, in 1630.

"That day, the Chancellor of Alsace, ambassador from the whole house of Austria, arrived at Soleure, without sending to me to announce his coming, or paying his respects to me in any way whatever, contrary to the usual custom of ambassadors. I determined, therefore,

to prevail on the assembly to refuse him an audience. M. de Léon tried every means he could to dissuade me from this design, and told me that I could not succeed in it, and that we should have to bear the mortification and shame of the failure; nevertheless, trusting to my great influence in Switzerland, and my industry in treating with these people, I persisted in the affair, and set to work."

He recounts the political pretexts of which he availed himself, and the springs he set in motion, to punish this neglect of his person and dignity. He succeeded so well, that, after considerable deliberations, the assembly of the Cantons refused the chancellor an audience, and "he returned extremely dissatisfied, declaring that the Swiss were objects of indignation to the whole house of Austria;" so that Bassompierre revenged his outraged dignity, at the risk of drawing down upon the people by whom he was so cordially received, and so highly favoured, the vengeance of the most powerful family in Europe.

We, occasionally, catch a glimpse of persons who were afterwards to figure on the stage, then filled by more prominent actors. Two men, whose names occur in these pages, the one, incidentally, as the bearer of a message to Richelieu, the other, coupled with expressions of supreme disdain, as a contemptible *parvenu*, were destined to occupy the minds of men when Bassompierre, and the mighty of his day, were no more. Julio Mazarini, and the Ecuyer de St. Simon, appear without any presage of their future glory.

We are now fast approaching the melancholy and unlooked-for termination of the brilliant career of our hero. The true causes of his downfall are to be found in that celebrated intrigue against the Cardinal Richelieu, which he unexpectedly and triumphantly defeated, on the well-known *Journée des Dupes*. It is evident, that he suspected Bassompierre of some share in the conspiracy against him; and this suspicion, however groundless, sufficed to hurl him from the high situation we have seen him occupy, to one which the meanest individual in France might have pitied. "I learned afterwards," says he,—"and may God punish me if I had, before, any but the most general knowledge of the fact, that, sometimes, the queen and the cardinal were at variance,—sometimes on perfectly good terms. I knew, afterwards, that the king frequently complained to the queen, his mother, of the cardinal, and that she openly declared to him, that she would break with him, and free herself from his tutelage—these were her words—and that the king had, from time to time, begged her to delay, which she had done." At the conclusion of a scene of this sort, in which the subjugated monarch had been entreating his mother not to break the chains he detested, but to which he clung for support, "the cardinal arrived, and finding the door

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of the anti-chamber and chamber locked, went into the gallery, and knocked at the door of the cabinet, where no one answered. At length, impatient of waiting, and knowing the ways of the house, he entered by the little chapel, the door of which not being locked, he walked in; at which the king was astonished, and said to the queen, in the greatest confusion and alarm, "Here he is," thinking that he (Richelieu) would break out. The cardinal, who perceived their astonishment, said to them, "I am certain you were speaking of me." The queen replied, "No, we were not." "Confess it, madam," said he. Upon which she said, "yes," and then gave loose to the utmost bitterness against him, declaring, that she would no longer employ him, and many other things, which lasted till the king went to dinner, and the cardinal followed him."

Bassompierre relates other circumstances connected with this affair, which had so nearly overthrown the cardinal's gigantic power; and, again, solemnly protests, that he knew nothing of it at the time it was going on. He says, "it was kept so secret that nobody knew, or even suspected, it."

"On the 11th, the king went to Versailles, and I engaged to dine with the cardinal, whom I met at the Luxembourg, and who said, as we walked together to the queen's door, 'you will not care any longer for a man in disgrace, like me.' I thought he alluded to the coolness of Monsieur towards him, which I had witnessed. I intended to wait for him, and to go to dinner with him, but M. de Longueville seduced me to dine at M. de Crequi's, with Monsieur. On our way thither, M. de Puy-laurens said to me, 'Well, this time, our people have quarrelled in good earnest, for the queen-mother told the cardinal, yesterday, that she would not see him again.' I was astonished at this news, which M. de Longueville confirmed."

The following day, Richelieu succeeded in diverting upon his enemies the storm which had so nearly burst upon his own head, and thew into prison the two brothers de Marillac, who were the leaders of the cabal, and upon whom he afterwards took terrible vengeance.

On the 14th, Bassompierre received an intimation, that he would do well to go to Versailles, to pay his court to the king and the cardinal. He went, not, as it appears, without some apprehension.

"As soon as I entered," says he, "Le Jay, who had been made Premier Président, said, loud enough for me to hear him, 'He is come a day after the battle,' and accosted me very coldly. I put on a good face, as if nothing had been the matter. The king then told me he should be at St. Germains on Monday, and that I must order his Swiss guard thither. At the same time I heard Saint Simon, the chief écuyer, say to the Count de Soissons, 'Sir, do not invite him to dinner, nor me

either; let him go as he came.' The insolence of the nasty little wretch (petit punais) put me in a rage inwardly; but I concealed it, for the laughers were not on my side, though I knew not why. Just after, the cardinal arrived; he was very cold, and passed with an air of indifference. I was talking with the count, when d'Armaignac came from the cardinal, to ask me to dine with him; but, as I had just refused the count, I made the same excuse as I had done to him, at which the cardinal was offended, as he expressed to the king."

About two months after this occurrence, the queen-mother was arrested, and the princess de Conti banished from Court. Bassompierre was, at the same time, warned, by the Duke d'Espernon, of the storm which was impending over him, and urged to escape while it was yet time. This advice he refused to accept, confiding in his innocence, and in thirty years of faithful service; very fair grounds of confidence in a country where there is any thing like a public administration of justice, but utterly worthless against the caprice or malice of an omnipotent minister.

"I told him," says he, "that, for thirty years, I had served France, and that, I would not now, at the age of fifty, seek a new country; and that having devoted my services and my life to the king, I might as well give him my liberty also, which he would soon restore, when he recollected my services and my fidelity; that I could not believe that I should be thrown into prison without having committed any offence, nor kept there without any charge against me; but that even if this were the case, I should endure it with great constancy and moderation."

It may be conjectured that, during the twelve years he passed in the Bastille, he had leisure to repent of his magnanimity.

"On the following day, Monday, February, 24, 1631, I rose, before day-break, and burned more than *six thousand love-letters*, which I had formerly received from different women; apprehending that, if I was taken prisoner, my house might be searched; and these were the only papers I had which could injure any body."

To protect ourselves and our printer against the charge, which we cannot but anticipate, of converting hundreds into thousands, we most solemnly assure our readers, that *plus de six mille* are the very words of the original, and that the astonishment they excited in ourselves has put us upon this precautionary assertion of our own innocence. Reviewers are, however, notoriously incompetent judges of these matters, and utterly deficient in the qualities which could render lovely fingers so surprisingly industrious. We leave it, therefore, to our more gallant and happy readers, to determine the probability or possi-

bility of the fact, according to their own experience and faith.

Bassompierre, determined to know and to meet his fate, repaired to Senlis, where Louis then was. The conscious perfidy of this prince is at once pitiable and odious.

"We found him with the queen-consort and the Princess de Guyméné. He came up to us and said, 'Here is some good company.' He talked to me a considerable time, and told me that he had done what he could to reconcile the queen, his mother, to the cardinal, but had failed. Then I told him that I had been apprised that he was going to arrest me; that I had come, that he might have no trouble in finding me; and that, if I knew to what prison he intended to send me, I would go to it voluntarily. Upon which, he said these very words; 'How, Bestein, can you have the thought that I would do so? You know that I love you;' and I truly believe that, at that moment, he spoke as he felt. After this, we all went to sup at M. de Longueville's, and from thence returned to the queen's, where the king was. I saw, clearly, that there was something against me, for the king always held down his head, playing on the guitar, that he might not look at me, and all the evening he did not speak a word to me."

The next day, he was arrested and conveyed to the Bastille: such was the good faith or the firmness of his sovereign; yet, at the very moment of his arrest, he said to the officer, who came to take him, "I have been, all my life, submissive to the will of the king, who may dispose of me and of my liberty at his pleasure." This sentiment, which is now become rather unusual, seems to have been common and genuine in France, at that time. In the curious narrative of the atrocious assassination of the duke and Cardinal de Guise, by Henry III., which is to be found in the lately published volume of these memoirs, nothing occurs which would lead one to think that Bassompierre looked upon this act as one exceeding the powers with which monarchs ought to be invested. Though warmly attached to the Guise family, he seems to have thought of this murder rather as a thing to be deplored than execrated. Bassompierre had need of all his resignation to the will of his sovereign. From this time, to the conclusion of the memoirs, his life was one continued scene of the most cruel mortification and suffering. If his hopes of deliverance were raised, it was only that the destruction of them might render captivity more bitter. Every thing seems to have been in league against him. Calamity, sickness, and death, fell thick among his nearest relations and friends. He was defrauded by those to whom he was compelled to sell his appointments; robbed by his servants; and his estates in Lorraine were plundered and laid waste by the troops of France and of the Empire, alternately. Richelieu seems to have gratified his malignity by wantonly sporting with the hopes of his

prisoner, who was continually deluded with the most confident assurance that his liberation was at hand. In June, 1635, his castle of Bassompierre was razed to the ground, by order of the prince, who was then lieutenant-general to the king's armies in Lorraine. So entirely military were the tastes and habits of Bassompierre that, even in captivity, he continued to record the details of the war which desolated Europe, and in which Gustavus Adolphus, and Bernard of Saxe-Weimar, were, at that period, the chief actors. They are, however, mere gazette accounts, and are, of course, dull enough.

In the September of the same year, his house of Harouel, where, as our readers may remember, he was born and educated, was taken by an officer in the Duke of Lorraine's service;

"Who put a garrison in it, having first burnt Cartenai, one of my villages near the house, and taken the horses and cattle of fifteen other villages belonging to the same estate, levied contributions on my subjects, and carried off the corn to Remberoilliers, where the duke was encamped. In the January of the year 1636, I received," says he, "the sad intelligence of the death of my niece, and, a few days after, I learnt that the commissioners of the king's troops had carried off all the corn from my house of Harouel, which is my chief source of income; and this not only without paying, but without even giving a certificate that they had taken it. At the beginning of February, I heard from Lorraine that a certain Sieur Vilarsceaux had received a commission from the king to raze Harouel, which I felt most cruelly, and I sent to entreat the cardinal to avert this storm from me."

So far was Richelieu from attending to these supplications, that he added insult to injury. In the following May, having obtained an ordonnance from the king for the restitution of his corn, the Maître des Requêtes, Gobelin, who, during Bassompierre's prosperity, had been his intimate friend, formally refused to carry this into effect.

"And afterwards, when it was mentioned to the Cardinal de Richelieu, he said it was very strange that I should ask money of the king for my corn; seeing that I was so rich that I was building a sumptuous house at Chaliot, that I had ordered such splendid furniture as the king had nothing like, and that, for the last six years, I had kept up such a state as it was impossible to equal."

These six years, be it observed, he had spent in miserable captivity.

"A few days afterwards, the Duke of Weimar was authorised by the king to refresh his army, in the county of Vaudemont, and in my Marquisate of Harouel, which was given up to pillage. This he executed

so well, that every kind of plunder, cruelty, and atrocity, was practised there; and my estate was entirely destroyed, except the house, which could not be taken by an army which had no artillery."

These facts afford a tolerable notion of the state of Europe and of France at this period. If such was the degree of security possessed by the rich and powerful, one may guess, pretty nearly, what protection was afforded to the lower classes. Cardinal Richelieu did not scruple to insult Bassompierre by asking him for the loan of Chaliot, the house with the splendor of which he had so lately taunted its unhappy possessor. It is unnecessary to say, his request was granted. Bassompierre was obliged to turn out Madame de Nemours, to whom he had lent it. Not a month after this, he says,

"My niece, de Beuvron, went to speak to the cardinal on the subject of my liberty; but he answered her, in mockery, that I had been only three years in the Bastille, and that Monsieur d'Angoulême had been there fourteen; that the duke was returned very à-propos to give some good advice on the subject of my liberation, and that he would consult about it with him. On the twenty-first of the following month, I committed myself into the hands of God, since I had nothing to hope from men. I learned, nearly at the same time, that the king had ordered the Chateau of Dommartin, belonging to my nephew Bassompierre, to be razed and then burnt."

The following we insert, by the bye, as a curious indication of the public credulity.

"In the month of December, a certain quack, who said he had found the philosopher's stone, and from whom people promised themselves millions of gold, was discovered to be an impostor, and taken prisoner to the wood of Vincennes; where those who brought him forward still hold out hopes that he will succeed. He had been a Capuchin, and had apostatized and married."

We afterwards find that he was hanged.

It might be thought that, in this state of things, if Bassompierre had little to hope he had little to fear. Some notes, written in the margin of a stupid and lying history of the kings of France, and misrepresented by his enemies, or Richelieu's sycophants, seem to have threatened to complete his destruction. The instinct which prompts tyrants to crush every written expression of opinion, manifested itself against him, as it afterwards did against Bussy Rabutin, whose career, though not quite so brilliant, was very similar to his own. We entreat our readers, if there be any who are not yet impressed with their supreme happiness in living in a country where the administra-

tion and execution of justice are public, to read the following passage with attention.

"A report was then prevalent (June, 1638,) that the king had said to the cardinal, that he had it on his conscience to keep me so long a prisoner, and that, '*as there was nothing to alledge against me, he could not detain me any longer.*' To which the cardinal replied, that, since the time of my being imprisoned, '*so many things had passed through his mind, that he could not now recollect the causes which had induced the king to imprison me, nor him to advise it;* but that he had them somewhere among his papers, and would look for them to shew to his majesty."

Seven years of close imprisonment, inflicted on one of the most distinguished, the most faithful, and the most active of his servants, by a sovereign who did not know, at the suggestion of a minister who could not recollect, the cause!

Among the incidents of the next year, he records the following, as "very extraordinary."

"As the Duchess de Chaulne was returning from the Carmelites of Saint Denis, in a carriage with six horses, accompanied by three women, a gentleman, two footmen, and her coachman, she was attacked by five horsemen, wearing false beards, who stopped the carriage, killed one of the footmen, who tried to cry out, and one of them went up to her and threw a bottle of some burning liquid in her face. She saw it coming, and put her muff before her face, by which means she received no injury. As, however, she cried out that she was undone, the horsemen believed her, and retreated to five others, who waited for them: nor has it ever been found out who were the authors or instigators of this wicked attempt."

Bassompierre's calamities were not yet at an end.

"In the July of the following year, Harouel, which had again been invested by the troops of the Duke of Lorraine, was bombarded by the king's troops, and, after receiving seventy cannon shot, was surrendered to the French commander, who left a garrison of thirty soldiers at my expense."

We shall conclude our extracts by the following melancholy representation of an existence once so full of promise and of splendor.

"I know not whether those who conducted the king's affairs hate me, and wish to overwhelm me with afflictions, that they have detained me so long in the Bastille, where I can do nothing but pray to God that he would terminate my long miseries, by my liberty or my death. What can I write concerning my life? since I pass it always in the

same manner, except that, from time to time, some fatal accident happens to me; for good fortune deserted me from the time I was deprived of freedom."

We are now arrived at the end of the memoirs. From contemporary history, we learn that Bassompierre was not liberated until the death of his relentless enemy, Richelieu, which took place in the year 1643, and opened the gates of the Bastille to his numerous victims. Louis XIII. followed his master in less than half a year; and, under the regency of his widow, Anne of Austria, Bassompierre was recalled to Court, and restored to the high station and favour he had enjoyed. Twelve years of captivity had probably, however, cured him of all desire for power or distinction. He declined the post of governor to the young king, Louis XIV., which was offered to him. His life was prolonged but three years beyond those of his cruel and perfidious oppressors. He died at the house of the Duke de Vitry, in Champagne, in April, 1646.

We cannot conclude without strongly recommending to our readers the volume published in 1803. It is full of the most curious and interesting matter. The date of its publication, its accessibility, and the very small portion of alloy it contains, render it scarcely a fit subject for our pages; yet we cannot resist the temptation to lay before our readers a very curious account of the origin of private duelling, which we do not recollect to have seen mentioned, or even alluded to, elsewhere.

"The origin of the execrable and accursed practice of duelling, which has cost France more noble blood than the loss of twenty battles, is to be traced no farther back than the reign of King Henry the Second; for, before that time, if any difference arose between gentlemen, it was amicably arranged or decided, by the decree of the Constable and Marshals of France, the natural judges of the honour of the nobility; the satisfaction from the aggressor to the offended party being apportioned to the outrage which had been given or received: and if the offence was so great that it could not be atoned for by words, apologies, or imprisonment; or if the disagreement was of so aggravated a nature that the parties could not be reconciled, and no sufficient proofs were to be had of the facts; very rarely, and with great difficulty, they permitted single combat in the lists, with the customary formalities and ceremonies; and if it happened, that they discovered malice or insolence in either party, they never failed to adjudge the penalty or chastisement which their crime deserved. No man, therefore, took justice into his own hands, since complainants were sure to receive the most equitable compensation possible; and every body put such restraint upon himself, and observed such moderation in his deportment, fearing the punishment of any excesses, that it very rarely happened that any such appeal was necessary. Two or three words

inconsiderately uttered at different times, by Henry the Second, first opened the door, and gave rise, to duels; and the devil has since fomented their continuation and progress. One was, 'that he did not esteem a man a gentleman who suffered another to give him the lie, without resenting it;"—upon which, all to whom that happened, came to demand combat in the lists; and the king, finding himself importuned on this point, by a multitude of persons, one day asked a man who pressed him, why he came to ask him to do him justice for an offence he had received, when he wore that at his side, with which he could do justice to himself? This gentleman, who knew, very well, what the king meant, immediately wrote a note to the person by whom he thought himself offended, in which he told him, that he should expect him in a meadow, in his doublet, armed with a sword and dagger, to give satisfaction for the injury he had done him, and invited him to come similarly armed and equipped, which the other did; and the offended party having killed his enemy, his frank and generous conduct was highly esteemed by all the court, and several nobles having entreated the king to grant him a pardon, his majesty could not, in justice, refuse it, since he had instigated him to the commission of the crime.

"The applause which this first offender received for his offence, and the impunity he enjoyed, inspired others with the desire of imitating him, and, in a short time, rendered duels so frequent that the king, who now perceived the importance of the words he had so lightly uttered, was constrained to remedy the evil by severe and rigorous edicts against duelling. These were effectual in checking the spread of them during his reign, that of his eldest son, Francis II., and part of that of Charles IX. But as the minorities of the kings, and the civil wars, opened the door to every kind of disorder and contempt of law-authority, and as the laws of France seldom continue long in force, the edict against duelling was violated, together with many others, though not to any great excess; for public dissensions occupied the nobility so fully, that they had no time to bestow on private ones. Then followed the reign of Henry III., during which duels were not only fought with perfect impunity, but seconds, thirds, and even fourths, were added, in order to make the bloodshed more copious, and the massacres more extensive and complete. The wars of the League, which happened towards the end of this reign, and lasted through the former part of the following, checked, or rather directed the course of this sanguinary mania, until the peace of Vervins, when it broke out with redoubled violence and fury, as King Henry IV. did not apply the necessary remedies for the cure of the evil, either from negligence, or because his 'attention was diverted,' by the number of pressing affairs upon his hands. It was even thought that he was not sorry to see his nobility occupied with their own quarrels, which prevented their turning their thoughts against him. At length, however, he wisely took into consideration the number of brave men who were continually lost to the service of his person and kingdom, and that he was chargeable with their death, which he might have prevented by the abolition of this fatal and tragical custom. Admonished by preachers,

and pressed by the parliaments, he applied himself, although late, to correct it by very severe laws; and, in the beginning of the year 1609, having assembled the constables, marshalls of France, and the principal lords of his council, he issued that very harsh edict against duelling, which he swore, in their presence, to observe, religiously, and not to pardon any man soever who might violate it. He made the constables and marshalls swear to the like observance of it, giving them fresh and more ample jurisdiction in the affair; and expressly forbade the chancellors and secretaries of state, under pain of answering it in their own names and persons, not to seal or sign any pardon or reprieve in cases of this nature, whatever orders they might receive from him: and, lastly, to add to the terror and infamy of the punishment, he ordered, that all who were killed in a duel should be not only deprived of burial, but hung by the feet to a gibbet. This vigorous edict, supported as it was by circumstances, was effectual; and, for the last year of the reign of the late king, and the first two of the present, there was but one instance of a violation of it."

In this case, the law was vigorously executed on the dead, but remitted in favour of the living offender, who was protected by Marshall d'Ancre. After this, adds our author,

"Nobody doubted that he could obtain the same indulgence which had been granted to a man of so little stuff and consideration; so that this salutary edict was all at once outraged and despised; and though attempts have been made to restore it to its former force, it has been found impossible, so that pardon or punishment have followed, according to the different passions of those who had power and authority in their hands."

ART. V.—*Propugnaculum Alchymiæ, authore* Petro Joanne Fabro, *Doctore Medico, &c. Tolosæ*, 1645.

A new Light of Alchymie taken out of the Fountaine of Nature and manual Experience. To which is added, a Treatise of Sulphur, by Michael Sandivogius; *also nine books of the Nature of Things, by* Paracelsus, *translated out of the Latin, into the English Tongue, by* J. F., *M. D. London*, 1650.

Paracelsus of the Chymical Transmutation, Genealogy, and Generation of Metals and Minerals. Also of the Urim and Thummim of the Jews, with an Appendix of the vertues and use of an excellent Water, made by Dr. Trigge. Also the second part of the Mumial Treatise, whereunto is added Philosophical and Chemical Experiments of that famous Philosopher, Raymond Lully. Translated into English, by R. Turner. *Printed for R. Moon, London*, 1657.

We will honestly confess, though our fair fame is risked upon the die, that we should rejoice to hear of the establishment of a joint stock company, to open a communication even with the moon, or that shares were at a premium in Mr. Valence's patent for conveyance in vacuo, by which tons of goods and passengers are to be propelled from Brighton to London, at the rate of (we use the very words as we find them in print)* "not exceeding perhaps two or three hundred miles an hour." We beg leave, however, to have it fully understood, that we have never entertained a momentary thought of speculating in the former, or taking places in the loco-motive engine of the latter, though assured, by advertisement, that such were to be engaged in Mr. Valence's newly invented condensed coaches, about to start on the 1st April, 1827. To be serious, we are ever glad to hear of any speculation, any experiment, any course of lectures, whether theoretical or practical, however extravagant they are, or appear to be, bearing, directly or indirectly, on art, science, or philosophy. For example, let a right good, sanguine, persevering enthusiast start for the moon, and how many facts must remain, like the weightier sediment in the crucible of our alchymists, respecting the nature and properties of the atmosphere, the muscular powers of his pteromatic machinery; and, again, we feel equally confident, that, if Mr. Valence, after expending his own or his subscribers' shares, pending his gallantly protracted tubular warfare with condensed air, should, at length, find it more expedient to go to London from Brighton in any of those numerous coaches, which daily plod their weary way, at the jog-trot pace of some ten or twelve miles an hour, instead of proceeding in one of his gas-poppers in a twentieth part of the time, he, nevertheless, will have gleaned no inconsiderable information respecting condensation, expansion, resistance of aërial fluids, (to say nothing of his necessarily discovered power of breathing in vacuo;)—all which may turn to good account at some future period. Such are our reasons for being bold enough (we entreat you, gentle reader, not to say mad or credulous enough) to dare hazarding an opinion in favour of those hyper-excited authors, who have written the very absurd books now before us. We are not of that class of men of "narrow souls and grovelling conceptions," so severely handled by Dr. Johnson,† who treat every new attempt as wild and chimerical; and look upon every endeavour to depart from the beaten track, as the rash efforts of a warm imagination, or

* "Register of Arts and Sciences," vol. i. p. 239.

† "Life of Drake, by Dr. Johnson."

the glittering speculation of an exalted mind, that may please and dazzle for a time, but can produce no real or lasting advantage; men who value themselves upon a perpetual scepticism, and have, consequently, been the most formidable enemies of the great benefactors of the world.—We, on the contrary, entirely agree with one of the most enlightened writers of our days,* who remarks, that "the attempts to discover the philosopher's stone, and the quadrature of the circle, have led to many useful discoveries in mathematics."

To the partially enlightened spirits of a dark age, the study of alchymy naturally presented many charms, and was as naturally pursued from many motives:—laudable curiosity, affected superiority, fascinating love of mystery, had, each, their share; and, to crown all, cupidity and self-interest: and yet, though we fear it must be allowed that the latter were predominant, in many cases, we know not how far it is either just or fair to overwhelm its professors with the load of vituperation, heaped on them by those who look only at the follies of which they were guilty; for, with all their failings, we are inclined, generally speaking, to absolve them from the guilt of hypocrisy, and to believe that, in thought, word, and deed, they were consistent self-deceivers, instead of artful impostors. Of their sincerity, diligence, and piety, indeed, we find ample proof scattered over their works, with a gratuitous profusion quite unnecessary for persons whose sole object it was to enrich themselves, and fatten upon the credulity of their dupes. Of course, in saying this, we would confine ourselves to the professors and founders of the art, not to the low pretenders, who, availing themselves of human weakness, profited by this popular infirmity. We would wish them to speak in their own defence:—thus, then, closes the life of Johannes Strangunere, a profound student in the "celestial sciences," in an address to his son. "But I desire thee, upon the salvation of thy soul, that thou do not forget the poor; and, in any case, to look well to thyself, that thou do not disclose the secrets of this science to any covetous, worldly man; for, if thou do, it will turn to thy hurt; for I have declared to thee, as I trust to be saved, upon my salvation, the things that my eyes have seen, and my hands have wrought, and my fingers have pulled forth; and I have written this book with my own hand, and set to my name, as I did lie on my death-bed, in the year 1432." Again, that great adept, Peter John Faber, author of the "Propugnaculum," thus speaks of the disposition and qua-

* "Stewart on the Mind," 464.

lities essential to a true alchymist. "Supremum sapientiæ gradum habere tentant et cupiunt qui ad lapidem philosophorum aspirant: Deum potissimum ergo timere, in primis habent, cum initium sapientiæ et scientiæ, sit timor Dei; ad supremum enim sapientiæ et scientia culmen evehi nequeunt, nisi Deo ducente elevante ac sublimante, sapientia enim sola a Deo est nec auro ullo pacto et argento erui potest," &c. *Propugnaculum*, p. 103.

So much for their piety, (implying also sincerity;) in further corroboration of which, we are unwilling to multiply quotations, which will, more properly, be introduced in our comments upon the works themselves; but, in addition, we beg leave to give the picture of a true alchymist, in the words of the renowned Paracelsus himself; after which, it would be quite superfluous to offer a syllable more in proof of their diligence.

"In the mean time, I will give to Spagiricall Physitians their due praise; for they are not given to idlenesse and sloth, nor goe in a proud habit, or plush and velvet garments, often shewing their rings upon their fingers or wearing swords with silver hilts by their sides, or fine and gay gloves upon their hands, but diligently follow their labours, sweating whole nights and dayes by their furnaces. These doe not spend their time abroad for recreation, but take delight in their laboratory. They wear leather garments, with a pouch and apron, wherewith they wipe their hands. They put their fingers amongst coales, into clay and dung, not into gold rings. They are sooty and black, like smithes, or colliers, and doe not pride themselves with clean and beautiful faces; but, laying aside all these kinds of vanities, they delight to bee busied about the fire, and to learn the degrees of the science of Alchymie. Of this order are distillation, resolution, putrefaction, extraction, calcination, recerberation, sublimation, fixation, separation, reduction, coagulation, tincture,"* &c.

Having said this much for the operators, we would extend the favourable feeling to the object of their pursuit, and remind our readers of the degree of gratitude due to the art itself, from all classes of society now revelling in full possession and enjoyment of fruits matured from alchymical seeds, unwittingly and casually scattered over the soil of science. What saith Cornelius Agrippa, that "portentous witt," as Paulus Jovius styles him; or that "miracle of learning and learned men," as he is, with equal propriety, termed by his biographer, Ludovicus Vivus, a philosopher of no mean repute, and a dabbler in the occult sciences, though, as we shall see, a devout eschewer of the alchymic art, who thus, in his curious work

* "Paracelsus, of the Nature of Things," 92.

on " the vanitie of sciences," is compelled, nevertheless, to do justice, if not to the cause, at least to the effects of alchymy ?"

" This onely I will say, that the Alcumister be, of all men, the naughtiest: for, whereas God commandeth that man should eate breade with the sweate of his browes, &c. these men. being despisers of God's commandment, and of the promised blessednesse, farre from labour and (as it is sayd) in womens worke, and in boyes pastime, they go about to make mountaines of golde. I doe not denie that, of this arte, many most excellent workemanshippes had theyr beginning: From hence came the temperatures of asure, of cinnabar, of sinople, of purple, and of that which they call musicall golde, and other colours: wee are bounde to this arte for latten mettall, for the mixtions of all mettals, for the fastenings of them togither, for the tryings of them, and for their separation. The invention of the gunne, a fearfull instrument, belongeth to this arte: from this came the most noble art of glasse making," &c.*

And Lord Bacon has a remark, in his *History of Marvails*, which, mutato nomine, is very applicable to the question. He is speaking of sorceries, witchcrafts, dreams, divinations, and the like, concerning which he says, " howsoever the practice of such things is to be condemned, yet, from the speculation and consideration of them, light may be taken, not only for the discerning of the offences, but for the further disclosing of nature. Neither ought a man to make scruple of entering into these things, for the inquisition of truth."†

We perfectly agree with these learned men; convinced, as we are, that, to the persevering labours of alchymy, experimental science owes, if not its rise, certainly much of its progress and success.—These subtle divers into the penetralia of Nature, in the absence of rational and sound principles, were compelled to search for facts, as the only sure mode of investigation, and passed days and nights, as we have seen, in obscure laboratories, amidst their crucibles, extorting, if we may so speak, from nature the materials wherewith they intended to exalt themselves, and astonish the world, by imaginary discoveries.

Before we enter upon an analysis of the books at the head of our article, we shall endeavour to give a sketch of the history, characteristic peculiarities, and principles, of this singular delusion, which, during certain periods of its prevalence, occupied the minds of some of the wealthiest and most powerful individuals of the world, and spread its influence over the wide surface of civilised society to a much greater degree than those, who have given little heed to its operations, can

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* " Cornelius Agrippa," 159. † " Bacon," vol ii., p. 103.

imagine possible. With the high pretensions, ever associated with presumptuous quackery, its origin is lost in the shades of the most remote antiquity.—It does not, indeed, presume to rival the chronicles of the Chinese and other Eastern nations, who date their commencement some thousands of years before the creation, but, according to some of its professors, it stands first and foremost on the list of sciences cultivated, in the shady groves of Paradise, by no less a person than Adam himself, who, it is said, taught it to Enoch; from whom it descended, doubtless, with valuable emendations and improvements, to Moses and others. We are not fond of over-bold assertions without book. For Adam's knowledge, therefore, we beg leave to give the authority of the *Propugnaculum*.* "Certissimum est, hoc naturæ arcanum arcanorum omnium secretissimum, revelatum potius esse mortalibus ab ipsomet Deo, quam fuisse ab iisdem hominibus vi mentis humanæ excogitatum. Et si generalis et universalis naturæ creatæ cognitio fuit data et concessa Protoplasto Adamo nostro, nullo pacto dubitandum est, quin secretum istud naturæ etiam illi concessum sit,—ex qua tamen poterat ipse Adamus vi mentis suæ colligere tantum et secretissimum arcanum et deinde filiis suis tradere et communicare."—In fact, he seems to have been indebted to alchymy, solely, for the power which enabled him to bear up against the overwhelming evils incident to his transgression, and under the excitement of a sort of spiritual dram-drinking of the precious Elixir of Alchymism, undergo the labour of entailing existence in future generations. "Non poterat enim Adamus noster primus parens ex Paradiso ejectus et miser et nudus in vitæ humanæ calamitates omnes projectus se tam diu ab ipsa morte conservare;" and that, "absque divina illa medicina, quam existimo illi fuisse concessum, Adamus et uxor ejus Eva," would never have been able to endure the fatiguing routine of common life, or *genus humanum propagare et multiplicare!*† Further, indeed, its good effects extended; for, thereby, we find an easy explanation of the protracted lives of the antediluvian world, both man and beast. The patriarchs themselves, indeed, preferred the Elixir, in its pure unadulterated state; but, by administering it in minor diluted doses, to their dogs, horses, and cattle, "diluendo illud aqua communi et in potu præbendo," they could, even at the point of death, again set them on their legs, and thus keep up a farming establishment in admirable working order, coeval and coextensive with their own vitality. Nay more, by a subsolution of this same medicated syrop (eadem medicina) applied to the roots, trees, in the last stage

* "Propugnaculum," ch. 29., p. 89. † "Propugnaculum," 91.

XUM

of decay, became sound to the core, and our patriarchal woodsmen were thus supplied with a perpetuity of vigorous and flourishing forests, for, by persevering with this alchymical fomentation, "tali fotu, adeo roboratæ fuerunt arbores illæ, ut illo frondescere, vigere, florere, et fructus inde ferre, visæ sunt!*—That Tubal Cain, the acknowledged instructor of every artificer in brass and iron, should have made considerable progress in the art, is natural enough; we ought not, therefore, to be surprised that some did "hold this skill contained the whole and perfect decoction of the metallick virtue, wherein the central virtue was most abundant;" but although this may follow, as a matter of course, we doubt whether all our readers are aware, the light, which Noah was commanded to make, was "a precious stone hanged in the ark," (the true Philosopher's,) giving light to all living creatures therein; upon which Paracelsus properly remarks, that this "the greatest carbuncle could not do, nor any precious stone that is only natural." We know that, notwithstanding all this information, some will still remain impracticable sceptics, unassailable by any arguments we might presume to urge: to such, we can only address the words of the great and good Michael Sandivogius: "If any man doubt of the truth of the art, let him read the voluminous writings of ancient philosophers, verified by reason and experience, whom we may deservedly give credit to in their own art; but if any will not give credit to them, then we know not how to dispute with them, as denying principles: for deaf and dumb men cannot speak."‡

Having thus, as in duty bound, given our authorities for the high and undoubted antiquity of the art, we shall proceed to offer a few humble remarks in corroboration of its having been studied, if not by our ancestors before the flood, which we take the unpardonable liberty of doubting, at least, by those who lived a few centuries subsequent to that event. Of its antiquity, indeed, seriously speaking, there can be no doubt. Whether it was, however, an importation from Egypt, by the Greek philosophers, must remain a questionable point; but we are inclined to think, from the extraordinary degree of information and learning combined with the practical knowledge of metallurgy, possessed by the Egyptians, that the supposition is not without some foundation. Moses, who was deeply skilled in all the sciences of that country, evinced a very considerable knowledge of the nature of metals, particularly gold; and, although there is some obscurity and ambiguity in his details

* "Propugnaculum," 92. † "Paracelsus," 48.
‡ "New Light," 36.

respecting the trituration of the molten calf, there is yet sufficient to shew, that the operation was effected by an experienced hand; and we may rest assured, that if, once, any data, however trifling or inefficient, were afforded, of the possibility of metallic transmutation, the report would not only gain ground, but become a permanent fiction, too tempting to be ever forgotten or given up by those who were sanguine enough to hope for success. We may, therefore, conclude, that the art was more or less admitted and encouraged, in successive ages; and that books existed, treating upon subjects nearly akin to it, we learn from Acts xix., v. xix., where we are told, that many which "used curious arts, brought their books together, and burned them before all men." That it was practised, and, moreover, to a considerable extent, amongst the Romans, we also know, since a law was passed for the banishment of all who professed it: Cæsar exerted himself to check its progress; and we learn from Suidas, that Diocletian caused a diligent inquiry to be made for all the ancient books which treated of the admirable art of making gold and silver, and, without pity, committed them to the flames; apprehensive lest the opulence of the Egyptians should inspire them with confidence to rebel against the empire. In the fourth century, we again hear of it from certain Greek writers, who speak of it as a well-known art. In the 13th century, it seems to have gained ground, a natural consequence of the enthusiastic, and, at the same time, degraded superstition and ignorance of the times. It infected even amongst those who ought to have soared above such palpable absurdities, for even the learned Thomas Aquinas became a proselyte, though severe laws were enacted and enforced against such as professed it. In the following century, it continued to flourish with an apparent accession of encouragement, going hand in hand with its sister science, astrology, rousing the indignation of Petrarch, amongst others; who, as Ginguenè, in his valuable *Histoire Litteraire d'Italie*,* informs us, availed himself of every opportunity to enlighten the world, and combat its errors. "Loin (says he) de se laisser entrainer au torrent, il ne cessa de se moquer de l'astrologie et des astrologues, soit dans ses ouvrages publics, soit dans ses lettres." In England, we have a curious instance on record, not merely of the hold it had on the public mind, but of the most singular piece of royal cajolery ever practised by a monarch on his people; namely, the barefaced expedient, or, as the narrator expresses it, "the beggarly shift," by which Edward I. attempted to replenish an exhausted treasury, and satisfy the claims of his creditors by

* Vol. iii., 147.

the aid of "alchymy and sophistication of his coin;" a project, as the record states, "delectabile et quidem utile." And well did that project deserve such epithets, by which the baser metals were to be metamorphosed into "verissimum aurum et purissimum argentum!"—No sooner had this audacious imposition been published, than the proclamation was followed up by a patent, under the direct authority of parliament, wherein the royal swindler tells his loving subjects, that the happy hour was drawing nigh, when, by means of the philosopher's stone, he would pay all the debts of the nation in real gold and silver—"in bona pecunia numerata de auro et argento."—In the 15th century, it again appears sanctioned by the government, and as an indirect source of profit, licenses being granted to practise it, copies of which may be seen in *Rymer's Fœdera.*† We have not been able to trace its course, in any very conspicuous channel, from that period; still, however, it continued to pass current as a sterling science, and usually contained, in its list of supporters and patrons, names of considerable note, notwithstanding the masterly refutations of the ablest writers of their day,—such as Guebert, Gassendi and Kepler. Libavius, who died in 1616, was, we think, the last active experimental philosopher who believed that transmutation had been actually performed. Unless, indeed, we include Boyle, who expressed something very like a belief in alchymy:—and, indeed, the great Lord Bacon himself, who not only learnedly discusses the theories of Paracelsus, but, in speaking of transmutation, says "the work itself I judge to be possible, for we conceive that a perfect good concoction, or digestion, or maturation of some metals, will produce gold." *Nat. Hist.* p. 160, vol. iv.—Soon after these times, more rational theories usurped the place of these spurious and unintelligible systems, preparing the way for those stupendous discoveries of legitimate chemical knowledge, to which, however, it must be conceded, that the alchymists, though working in the dark, with barely a scintillation of truth here and there to lead them on, were the undoubted pioneers. Men, as Lord Bacon observes, similar to those husbandmen, who, in searching for treasures supposed to be hidden in their land, by turning up and pulverising the soil, render it fertile; and, in seeking for brilliant impossibilities, sometimes discover useful realities.

Having given a brief sketch of the history of this extraordinary art, we shall proceed to attempt some account of its character, and the principles upon which it is founded. Its object was twofold: the one, to produce a substance capable,

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* See "Tover's Judaica," 257. † Vol. xii., A. D. 1476

by combination, of converting every metal with which it came in contact, into gold; the other, as a *pabulum vitæ*, to protract, indefinitely, the period of human life. In the prosecution of this part of our subject, we shall quote largely from the books before us, not only as authorities, but as illustrations of the style and mode of reasoning adopted by the alchymical, or, as they termed themselves, Spagyricall* philosophers. In our progress through the dark, and often intentionally unintelligible phraseology of these singular writers, we occasionally meet with bright gleams of pure science and well-founded rational opinions, bursting in upon the general obscurity, intermixed, also, with strains of eloquence, and, as we have before observed, fervent piety, soothing our well-founded impatience, and, like charity, throwing a veil over a multitude of their presumptuous sins and follies. Thus, to start *ab initio*, we shall find, that the very stepping-stone on which the alchymist sets his foot, for the purpose of springing into the recesses of nature, was a compound of these qualities, combining much that was true and excellent. "Si vera philosophia et cognitio rerum sit vera scientia, alchymiam excludere non possumus e numero scientiarum: cùm alchymia sit vera philosophia, et cognitio rerum creatarum: sunt nomina tantum distincta alchymia et philosophia in rei veritate nullo pacto differant, nisi alchymiam ad metalla tantum determinare velimus."† Here, divested of its absurdity, we see, that the principal object of the alchymist was a perfection of that knowledge by which the secrets of nature could be laid open; and, so far, it was not only a lawful, but a laudable pursuit; particularly when associated with the prevailing, and frequently repeated, opinion, that the initiated were working under the immediate sanction and guidance of the Almighty. "Itaque in hac sola scientia, non est possibile aliquid in ea scire, nisi per Dei ipsius demonstrationem: nec enim aliquid consequi possunt in ea alchymistæ, nisi Deus eos consequi illud præjudicaverit, nec quicquam in Alchymia retinere valent, nisi per fortitudinem à summo Deo liberis divinitùs collatum sit."‡ Again, "Lapis philosophorum ab omnibus authoribus qui de eo contractarunt, existimatur, summum in terris Dei donum esse," &c. "Cum ergo sit tantum et magnum Dei donum, ut ejus excellentia et præstantia cognoscatur, summa est necessaria sapientiæ, quæ paucissimis est a Deo data."§ In the *New Light*, the same opinion is thus expressed—"Thou, therefore, that desirest to attaine to this art,

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* This word was coined by Paracelsus, and is derived from the Teutonick word *spaher*, a searcher.

† "Propug." 4. ‡ "Propug." 34. § "Propug." 101.

in the first place, put thy whole trust in God, thy Creator, and urge him, by thy prayers; and then, assuredly, believe that hee will not forsake thee: for if God shall know that thy heart is sincere, and thy whole trust is put in him, hee will, by one means or another, shew thee a way, and assist thee in it, that thou shalt obtain thy desire. Pray, but yet worke," &c.*

Paracelsus, in his treatise on the Urim and Thummim, says, "Philosophy is nothing but the study of wisdom considered in a created nature, as well subject to sense as invisible, and, consequently, material; and wisdom's central body is the shadow of wisdom's central essence; and the moral interpretation can never exclude the real effects from ocular demonstration: but where reason hath experience, faith hath no merit; and without faith there is no knowledge of any excellent thing; for the end of faith is understanding.†" Again, to "obtain the treasures of nature, you must follow nature only, who gives not the like time to every generation; but as the mare hath ten months, the elephant three, or, as some say, nine years, and fifty, before conjunction: be patient, therefore, in a work of nature; for thereunto only is promised victory; and the chief errors in art are haste and dullness," &c. "Neither refuse the waters of Shiloah, because they go slowly; for they that wade in deep waters, cannot go fast."‡

We come next to their philosophical principles, which consisted in a belief, that there were certain primitive monocula, or atoms, partaking of body, soul, and spirit, under the controul, more or less, of a certain spiritual agency. That creation was the determination or arrangement of these elementary atoms by certain established laws; and that the grand arcanum was, by the investigation of these laws, to ascertain the features of this primitive organization, and generate, if we may so express ourselves, or imitate nature by the perfection of art. That nature was a subordinate power or medium, by which Deity exerted his omnipotence, the Deity being a self-existing and indivisible spirit; and that the object of nature was an incessant and persevering tendency or progress towards perfection. By identifying themselves, in a manner, with nature, their excited imaginations, by degrees, impressed them with a presumptuous fancy, that they might, like her, by close application, become a similar medium of divine agency, and, like Prometheus, draw down the fires of heaven, and controul their powers. "Sic proficiscitur opus nostrum; quod sub fabulæ Promethei cortice obtegatur."§

Keeping in mind this view of their principles, associating

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* "New Light of Alchymy," 122. † "Paracelsus," 52.
‡ "Paracelsus," 58. § "Propug." 53.

a spiritual and, therefore, indestructible existence with all the varied forms of creative power, we must not be surprised to find, that death was more a term implying transformation than destruction: the passage may be considered as a fair specimen of their mode of reasoning and peculiarity of style. "The perfection of every art (properly so called) requires a new birth, as that which is sowed is not quickened except it die; but here death is taken for mutation, and not for rotting under the clods. Now, therefore, we must take the key of art, and consider the secret of every thing is the life thereof: life is a vapour, and in vapour is placed the wonder of art; whatsoever hath heat, agitating and moving, in itself, by the internal transmutation, is said to live. This life, the artist seeks to destroy, and restore an eternal life, with glory and beauty."* Exclusive of these fundamental principles, we find, scattered throughout their works, repeated allusions to some important phenomena, even in our days but imperfectly revealed and partially understood; for example, the doctrine of latent heat seems to have been an universally admitted fact, but a fact of whose real importance they were ignorant. Their inability to make a practical use, or general application of the principle, reminds us of the old story of the ingenious inventor of a mousetrap, who, after he had completed his work, had not enough wit left to know how to set it. With them, the doctrine of latent heat excites none of that natural admiration with which it was received by the scientific world, when Dr. Black introduced his discoveries, and proved, that a certain portion of matter of heat, called caloric, pervaded all bodies in a latent quiescent state, making no sensible addition to the temperature of the substances in which it existed. Thus, in the *Propugnaculum*,† "Nullo pacto dubitandum est quin calore suo innato (qui lucem assiduè concomitatur) ex materia elementorum, sibi faciat corpus quoddam," &c. Again:‡ where it is introduced under the name of sulphur, and described as "ignis naturæ seu lumen internum, quod calidum innatum constituit omnibus rebus inclusum, &c. In the *New Light*, § fire is again mentioned as "penetrating, digesting, corroding, and wonderfully adhering,—without visible, but within invisible and most fixed." It is said to be the element, of all "the most quiet, and like unto a chariot, when it is drawed it runs, when it is not drawed it stands still, and in all things undiscernibly. Thou hast an example of this in the flint, in the which there is fire, and yet it is not perceived, neither doth appear, untill it be stirred up by motion, and kindled in it that it may appear."

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* "Paracelsus," 53. † p. 27. ‡ p. 94. § pp. 99, 100, 101.

Having given a precis of the history and principles of our art, we shall close our preparatory observations with an enumeration of some of the leading performers in these dramas of mystery, the professors, or "veripatres Alchymiæ," as the author of the *Propugnaculum* styles them. Exclusive of the writers of the works before us, of the chief of whom we shall hereafter speak, we would begin with that father of philosophers, in whom all marvels centre as their source,—"Hermes doctissimus, doctrina sua et excellentiâ, Trismegistus vocatus." We crave pardon for not having been able to ascertain the strict order of succession, in which, lived and died those next on our list, Romanus Morienus, Polydor, Ropecessa, Sendivogius, (acutissimus chemicorum) and that "learned discussor," Bernardus Trevisanus; all men of renown in their day, all worthy to be had in remembrance by good and true alchymists, if peradventure a remnant yet remaineth. We would next speak in due order of that "summus pontifex" of the spagyrical art, the "subtle-witted" Geber, that splendid luminary of the ninth century, albeit that his writings were infected with such a jargon that Dr. Johnson imagined the word gibberish* to be derived from him and his followers. Next in succession we would speak of Raymond Lullius, to whom the epithet "beatus" is applied in the *Propugnaculum* and in the *New Light*, styled "the most profound," a very proper appellation, since, by the universal suffrage of his age, he was called the "illuminated doctor." Of his real character and attainments, we must express ourselves with considerable hesitation, inasmuch as few individuals have quitted life leaving so diversified a memorial; all, indeed, acknowledge that he published "incomparable writings in the secret art of chemistry;" but whether he was saint or sinner, must for ever remain a matter of controversy; by some, being exalted as a paragon of piety, suffering martyrdom as the reward of his labours, and leaving his mortal tabernacle so impregnated with a gaseous odour of sanctity, that a pillar of light emanated therefrom, and thus pointed out the site of its sepulture to those who anxiously sought for his precious remains; by others, on the contrary, voted a magician and heretic, maintaining, amongst other tenets, that, in certain cases subject to certain restrictions, even the devil himself might be worshipped. He departed this life in 1315; but whether the devil had him as his due, or whether, like "Alberto é di Cologna (Albertus Magnus) ed io Tomai d'Aquino,"† (Thomas Aquinas,) he found place in Dante's paradise, wearing bright garlands as one worthy

* "Johnson's Dictionary," under the word *gibberish*.

† "Dante Paradiso," canto x.

to be folded amongst the "agni della santa greggia," are questions we leave for the discussion of inquirers more knowing in these hidden things than ourselves.

As an encouragement for future experimentalists, we would tell of Nicholas Fumellus, who, at leisure and pleasure, amassed wealth indefinite, and is said "arte sua chemica, tantum habuisse auri et argenti,* that he founded and endowed churches, convents, hospitals, &c., without limit. Then followed Arnaldus Villonovanus, head physician, (medicus clarissimus) to Pope John XXII.,† who manufactured gold of the purest quality and in the greatest abundance: he died at the close of the 11th century, without bequeathing, as far as we can learn, this valuable legacy to any person of competent skill to carry on so profitable a trade. After him came Thomas Aquinas, and his contemporary, Albertus Magnus, that learned Dominican, who, if report speaks truly, might have taken out a patent for the monopoly of gunpowder, the exclusive right to the philosopher's stone, and the manufacture of brazen heads, gifted with the powers of speech. Others, of scarcely inferior note, might still be recorded; but we hope the selection we have made will be found sufficient for all practicable purposes, and shall, therefore, proceed to the examination of the works on our list, prefaced, as we conceive they now have been, with every thing essential to a correct understanding of the subject on which they treat.

The first in priority of date, is the *Propugnaculum Alchymiæ*, published in 1644, by Peter John Faber, an enthusiastic champion in the "field of gold," and most bitter impugner of all who presumed to doubt his infallibility. Unable to repress this ardent zeal, it bursts forth in the very title page, hurling anathemas "adversus quosdam misochymicos umbrateles, naturæ humanæ larvas, qui se philosophos profiteri audent, dum chymiam stultè rident nec tamen brutorum genia tenent." We suspect the learned author must have been severely handled by the reviewers of his day, whose vile calamities he pronounces to be beyond endurance, "continere me non potui imo ut verum fatear tantæ calumniæ resistere non possum quin animus meus totus irrrumpat in ipsos, et impetum faciat, ut stylo meo rudi,

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* "Propug." 117.

† This holy Pontiff, by the bye, was himself shrewdly suspected of a practical attachment to his mystic art; and, had not his predictions been knocked on the head by the fall of a vaulted apartment, which at the same moment, fractured his own, his pretensions to immortality might have been more favourably received.—See Rycaut's *Lives of the Popes.*

ac pungenti calamo ipsos, stimulem,"* &c. &c. He returns to the charge (page 6,) at the conclusion of a series of proofs, which, if our fate depended upon our powers of comprehension, would inevitably place us in the class assigned to those "sluggish drones, cut out of the dung of the age," who will consider the mysteries of alchymy "main vanities, and will not be brought to believe that the flower of salendine, swallow wort, and gamandræa, wherein the sperm of metals is either naturally or artificially impressed, participate of any eximious faculty, or can profligate† any great disease;"‡ those "fatuos et verissime stultos," who will persist in believing that the philosopher's stone exists, and is "solum reperiri in capite chymicorum,"§ the conclusion of the whole matter being, that "qui hisce argumentis fidem non adhibet, non est dignus inter homines collocetur, sed asinorum numero et speciei adscribatur"!!‖

Our friend, John Peter Faber's, book, though small in point of size and quantity, is, nevertheless, large and bulky in point of matter and quality, comprising the sum and substance of the whole art; and therefore we shall, to save space and time, (not forgetting our readers' patience, and, perhaps, temper,) make it the medium whereby to incorporate corresponding criticisms and quotations from the other two. The world, we are convinced, was never sufficiently impressed with the real importance and extent of this indefinitely comprehensive science; little aware that all created things, animate and inanimate, are indirectly under its influence, "res enim omnes aliæ creatæ æque ut metalla subjicientur alchymiæ;¶ that it also includes a perfect knowledge of the nature and quality of the animal and vegetable world, an intimate acquaintance with the secret movements of their vital functions, causes of their death, at the same time possessing ample means of counteracting that event, being, in a word, itself a very "vitæ pabulum, sanitatis causam, et actuum vitalium perfectionem."** In justice to Peter John Faber, having fairly stated the full and proper value of the art he so strongly recommends, we shall endeavour to class under certain heads, (no easy matter we can assure our readers,) those details which may further illustrate the meaning of the several authors. Of these, the most prominent are the three component principles which seem to be the main springs of the whole machinery, the very key-stones on which health

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* "Propug." p. 1.

† Our author probably means propagate; but we insert the term profligate, as we find it in the text.

‡ "Paracelsus," p. 9. § Prop. 30. ‖ Ibid. p. 6. ¶ Ibid. p. 4.

** Ibid. p. 8.

and wealth depend, or by the absence or misapplication of which they are suspended, namely, salt, sulphur, and mercury, "sal autem, sulphur et mercurius, sunt id quod rebus omnibus dat verum esse corporale et formale, cum sal sit corpus rerum omnium, sulphur sit calidum innatum rerum omnium, et mercurius sit humidum innatum rerum ominum, et perinde hæc tria esse rerum omnium constituunt materiale et formale et qui materiam et formam rerum omnium cognoscit, verè et fundamentaliter res omnes cognoscit."* For upon these three, particularly the latter, in every variety of combination, form, and name, we may say, hang all the law and prophets of the art. The theory seems to be this, that (as we have before hinted) the materia prima, or chaos, is nothing but a confused mixture of elements acted upon by a calorific spirit, "nihil enim est materia prima, quam elementorum omnium natura confusa, spiritu illo lucis creatæ informata et actuata;"† imparting the living principle "sic multiplicantur et producuntur individua cuncta naturæ, spiritu generali individuato et determinato, in eorum centro."‡ That this spirit, acting in a similar manner upon metals and minerals, produces upon them effects corresponding with this vivifying principle, "spiritus naturæ metallicæ, ex quo solo metalla fiunt et nutriuntur ac conservantur, nullo pacto differt ab spiritu generali mundi, ex quo res omnes fiunt, nutriuntur et conservantur," &c.;§ and that, by availing ourselves of the three substances, sal, sulphur, and mercury, we can produce similar effects. It is difficult, if not impossible, to define accurately what were really meant by these three substances; and we feel inclined to suspect, that they occasionally partook more of an ideal than real nature, a sort of imaginary and plastic form or term, under which, each pretender concealed his real ignorance, deceiving others as well as himself. At the same time, we think that a certain portion of truth, and perhaps not unsound philosophy, lay hid under the mass of rubbish. Sal, for instance, called "the key and beginning of this sacred science, is that which openeth the gates of justice, it is that which hath the keys to the infernal prisons, where sulphur lies buried," &c.‖ But Salt, in the Scriptures, is represented as the symbol of wisdom,¶ perpetuity,** and incorruption; and, in this sense, might have been mystically resorted to as one of the three ingredients essential for the purpose of perpetuating life or purifying metals. Sulphur (sometimes called sol) is another term for the principle of life, and is often

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* "Propug." p. 5. † Ibid. p. 25. ‡ Ibid. p. 26. § Ibid. p. 76.
‖ "New Light," p. 113. ¶ "Coloss." 4, 6. ** "Numb." 18, 19.

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confounded and identified with luna, the moon, and is the latent heat or etherial fire, above alluded to. "The sun and moon are as the parents of all inferior bodies and things. The sun's motion and virtue doth vivify all inferior bodies, and those things which come nearest in virtue and temperature are more excellent; and the pure form of the terrestrial sun is said to be all fire, and, therefore, doth the celestial sun communicate most virtue; therefore, the incorrupted quality of pure sulphur being digested in eternal heat, hath also regal power over all inferior bodies, for the sun doth infuse his influence into all things, but especially into gold; and those natural bodies do never shew forth their virtues till they be made spiritual."* Lastly, mercury, or whatever other Protean name or form it assumes, was the great principle which acted upon the others, and was, therefore, the chief subject of the waking or dreaming visions of the alchymist. No language could sufficiently express its latent and persuasive power, or precisely define the form or limit of a substance or principle in which consisted "totum arcanum chymicum." By the ignorant, it was supposed to be the common mercury, or quicksilver of commerce; but the initiated considered it as a far superior compound, a species of hypermercurial, the knowledge of which was imparted by the Almighty solely to the faithful; for, whereas the "mercurius vulgi inutilis est nostræ philosophiæ,"† the mercurius philosophorum, according to Geber, is defined to be "tenuissima et subtilissima pars ejus, arte nostra ad talem tenuitatem et subtilitatem deducta;"‡ a substance capable not only of transforming all other metals, but even of transmuting the "mercurium vulgi in mercurium philosophorum."§ By Paracelsus it is described as that which contains "in itself the perfections, power, and virtue, of Sol, and runneth through the houses of all the planets; and in his regeneration acquireth the virtues of the superiors and inferiors; and by the matrimony thereof appeareth cloathed in their candour and beauty;"‖ and as being originally of gaseous origin, "crude mercury is originally a vapour from clear water and air, of most strong composition, coacted of air itself, with a mercurial spirit by nature, flying etherial and homogeneal, having the spirits of heat and cold; and by exterior and inferior heat, doth congeal and fix."¶ In the *New Light*, it is described as a ponderous or heavy vapour of water, which is the seed of metals, and is called mercury, by reason of its fluxibility and its conjunction with every thing, not for its essence; and for its internal heat, it is likened to sulphur, and after congelation becomes radical moisture.**

* "Paracelsus," p. 50. † "Propug." p. 38. ‡ Ibid. p. 36. § Ibid. p. 44.
‖ "Paracelsus," p. 28. ¶ Ibid. p. 61. ** "New Light," p. 19.

Again: "The first and principal matter of metals is the humidity of the air mixed with heat; and this the philosophers called mercury, which is governed by the beams of the sun and moon in the philosophical sea."* These materials, according to the received theory, being the life and soul of all metals when in combination with what they called the *purum naturale*, formed the philosopher's stone; this purum naturale being a pervasive moveable, subtle fluid, a "scintilla lucis creatæ, et spiritus ejus, materiæ elementorum omnium purissimæ incarceratus, et inclusus, ut materiam illam elementorum actuet et informet. Nunc ex eo spiritu naturali mira fecerunt antiqui philosophi in animalibus, in vegetantibus et in metallicis corporibus, cujus solius ope, et industria, metalla omnia, sive perfecta et imperfecta, in primum suum semen, ex quo ortum habuerint, redegerunt, et hanc materiem arte suâ in tantam redegerunt subtilitatem et agendi virtutem, ut transmutationem metallicam imperfectorum metallorum in perfectissima metalla fecerint."†

We have before shewn that a vital principle was supposed to animate every department of creation. "Sic multiplicantur et producuntur individua cuncta naturæ, spiritu generali individuato, et determinato, in eorum centro. Sic metalla in visceribus terræ, in eorum fodinis et antris, attrahunt spiritum illum generalem et sibi particularem faciunt; et ad sui generationem et multiplicationem determinant, et sic spiritus hic in cordibus eorum, est eorum vita, quo si priventur, dicuntur mortua metallorum cadavera, quamdiu vero foventur tali spiritu, viva sunt, et generationis et multiplicationis virtute prædita."‡ To the preparation and perfection of so important an article as this last, (mercury,) the whole weight of alchymical learning and research was, as may well be conceived, strenuously directed; accordingly, we find something relating to its impracticability, subtlety, and spirituality, in almost every page of every book upon the subject. "Difficilis est admodum hæc præparatio et nullibi reperitur apud chymicos nisi mysticé et œnigmaticé."§ Wherefore, to revive it, is "the secret of all secrets and the glory of the whole world, and only proper to such whom the Creator hath apted by way of natural disposition;"‖ for, though every where "but shee hath some certaine palaces, where shee is wont to give audience to the philosophers, but the philosophers adore him (i. e. sulphur, which here seems to be identified with mercury) swimming in his own sea, and playing with Vulcan, when the philosophers goe to him unknown in his vile garments;"¶ and there it must be sought by him who would pretend to

* "New Light," 19. † "Propug." 25. 15. 16. ‡ Ibid. 26.
§ Ibid. 40. ‖ "Paracelsus," 60. ¶ "New Light," 136.

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perfection in the spagyrical art; "for as a prince without people is unhappy, so is the alchymist without sulphur and mercury."*

We have sought, with all diligence, for a plain practicable recipe for the manufacture of this invaluable sine quâ non, and, we are sorry to add, without much success; but such particulars as have fallen beneath our observation, we shall lay before our readers, trusting that he who discovers the secret, in consequence of our hints, will publish it for the good of the world, and allow us a handsome per-centage on the profits. In the first place, there is some doubt as to the possibility of success at all times and seasons; for since "multi scripserunt lapidem philosophorum perfici non posse, nisi Sole in Ariete existente, et eo solo tempore incipi debere, ejus coctionem et digestionem; nobis data est occasio perquirendi, an omnibus anni temporibus possit incipi coctio et digestio lapidis philosophorum."† A chapter is accordingly dedicated to this grave inquiry, the result of which is, that Peter John Faber is convinced that "omnibus anni temporibus" it can be manufactured, under, however, certain restrictions connected with temperature, &c.‡ At the very outset, by way of giving our experimental readers spirits for their arduous undertaking, we have the pleasure of informing them, that, according to the opinion of some, the philosopher's stone, elixir arabicum, or elixir vitæ, as it is variously denominated, consisted of honest port and sherry, for so we are inclined to translate the assertion of Raymond Lully: "Lapidem philosophorum vegetabilem esse, et ex vino suo *rubro* vel *albo* fieri debere."§ John Peter Faber, indeed, doubts the fact, pronouncing this "vinum lullianum" to have been either mercurial or pure sea water! "Vinum autem suum non est commune et potabile, sed est etiam mercurius seu aqua pontica;" but, nevertheless, very pleasant (potum gratissimum) when mixed "cum aqua metallica aurea vel argentea," thus becoming potable gold, "aurum verum potabile omnes morbos perfecte curans vitamque conservans atque prolongans." As to flavour, whether mercurial or saline, that must be quite a matter of taste, and *de gustibus*, we know, *non est disputandum*. One additional merit, however, of this *tinctura aurea* is unquestionable, viz. that it keeps for ever, and is, moreover, fire-proof. What would a wine-bibber have more? "Omnino est incorruptibilis, et flammis cujuscumque vulcani etsi robustissimi fortissimè resistat."

We find, indeed, a hint, in Paracelsus, which we give (in the way of parenthesis) as a caution to hard drinkers. In

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* "New Light," 142. † "Propug." 69. ‡ Ibid." 71.
§ "Propug." 108, 109.

alluding to its qualities, he says something leading us to suspect it to be a very doubtful stomachick, pronouncing it to have the "fearful quality of swift flying, turning the inside outward, and therefore more hurtful than profitable to the body of man."* But these are trifling consequences compared with the merits before mentioned; besides, Paracelsus himself had previously designated it "the most noble medicine above all others that are procured by the chymical art,† but the matter thereof most difficult to find out and understand."‡ In this we quite agree with him, and fear the hints afforded by Almador, the philosopher, will do little in the way of elucidation. "We extract," says he, "our mercury out of one perfect body, with two perfect natural and incorporate conditions; this extrinsically produceth his perfection, whereby he resisteth the force of the fire; and, by this his perfection, is extrinsically and intrinsically defended from all imperfections."§ We have seen above, that the learned Paracelsus speaks of its effects very equivocally, and that his opinions do not invariably coincide. Raymond Lully, however, gives some other particulars, which we must beg to enumerate. In the first place, by casting "no more but the quantity of a pease or fitch," (here, it will be observed, the elixir is spoken of as a solid rather than liquid substance,) "into a mass of metal," the mass shall be turned into "the finest gold that may be in the world." So much for the information of healthy paupers; but its effects will be found equally beneficial for wealthy invalids, since it "heals all inconveniencies of men's bodies; as one grain, being drunk with wine, and taken hot, and then the party to go to a warm bed, and to sweat, which shall be incontinent, like as though he did lie in water, and in three days he shall be made whole of that sickness soever he have."‖ It may excite some surprise why the happy possessors of a few grains of this stone, or a bottle or two of the physical tincture, were not always tippling this immortal beverage; but so excellent a reason is assigned, that our surprise ceases: we give it in Michael Sandivogius's own words: "Now I do not wonder, as before I did, why philosophers, when they have attained to this medicine, have not cared to have their days shortened, because every philosopher hath the life to come set so clearly before his eyes, as thy face is seen in a glass."¶

We would proceed, in the next place, to give some alchymical information respecting the "principium vitæ," a doctrine founded, in all probability, on the Mosaic tradition, when the

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* "Paracelsus," 59. † Ibid. 9. ‡ Ibid. 24. § Ibid. 27.
‖ Ibid. 131. ¶ "New Light," 50.

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spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters, and creation commenced. But to refer to our spagyricall authorities, the *Propugnaculum* hath it thus :—" Istud autem purissimum auri et mercurii, nihil aliud est, quam purissima terra sulphurea non adurens, et clarissima, et limpidissima aqua quæ in ea compositione reperientur. In terra ipsa est ignis, et in aqua est aër."* Paracelsus thus, in his Treatise " of the genealogy and generation of minerals," p. 43 ; " But it seemed good to God, the Creator, to create a watry element, and from thence to produce every metal for the use of man, that it should be the mother thereof; in which, as in her womb, the mineral fire, sal and mercury should be decocted into metals, stones, and every mineral substance."† Again, that is " the chief fountain of life and centre of the heart, the universal spirit which lives in the radical humidity, and doth naturally vivificate, and is the masculine seed of the celestial sun."‡ Sandivogius follows in the same path. " The first matter of metals is the humidity of the air mixed with heat." Again, the " generation of metals is this: the four elements, in the first operation of nature, do, by the help of the archeus of nature, distil into the center of the earth, a pondrous or heavy vapour of water, which is the seed of metals.§ All these are made of the liquid air, or the vapour which the elements, by a perpetual motion, distil into the bowels of the earth."‖ For the further process of production, they admitted a sort of male and female communion as essential, a sort of mutual intervention of elemental principles, without which matter would for ever remain a caput mortuum. Thus Sandivogius: " Every thing is multiplied in male and female." One other quotation from this erudite philosopher will conduct us at once to their theory of impregnation, midwifery, and birth : " What prerogative shall all things in this world have before metals ? Why should these alone, by having seed without cause denyed them, be excluded from God's universal blessing of multiplication, which, holy writ affirms, was put in and bestowed on all created things, presently after the world was made. Now, if they have seed, who is so sottish to think that they cannot be multiplied in their seed ?"¶ We should premise, that there is a certain degree of illegitimacy, or, more properly, a sort of changelingship, (if we may coin a word for the purpose,) in the procreative process. Thus, the sperm of mercury, deposited in the womb of nature, remains in gestation for a thousand, five hundred, or one hundred years, according as mother earth,

* " Propug." 53. † " Paracelsus," 54. ‡ " New Light," 9.
§ Ibid. 19. ‖ Ibid. 12. ¶ Ibid. 37.

satisfied or wearied with her burden, wishes the produce to be gold, silver, or baser metal. "Sic mercurius antequam in aurum perficiatur spatium annorum mille consumit, ut verè in argentum optimum et perfectum percoquatur quingentesimos consumit annos, ex sententia chymicorum; ut autem in plumbum, ferrum, vel cuprum digeratur centum anni consumuntur."* It is, however, in the power of an experienced obstetrick alchymist, to bring on a premature labour, and shorten so intolerable a procrastination of that most unpleasant period of female existence, by the infusion of a certain calorific essence, "et sic tempus maturationis et digestionis abbreviant addito corpore perfecto et maturo."† This infusion, we are further informed, is a preparation of calomel, administered "cum mysterio maximo," and, therefore, we decline saying more upon so very delicate a subject. We have dropped a hint concerning mineral sympathies, or the amorous propensities of certain metals. We are sorry not to discover more romance, sentiment, and delicacy, in these their connubial proceedings; but it is our duty to state things as we find them. Thus, the amours of gold with chalybs, or steel, partake sadly too much of the seductive proceedings of the father of the gods, with the ladies Danäe, Antiope, &c., when

> Satyri celatus imagine, pulchram
> Jupiter implevit gemino Nycteidâ fœtu.
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> *Ovid. Met.* Lib. 6. L. 110.

For Sandivogius assures us, that gold coupling "eleven times with chalybs, it sends forth its seed, and is debilitated almost unto death; the chalybs," however, "conceives, and bears a son more excellent than his father," gifted with the power of generating a race "a thousand times more fit and apt to bring forth the best and most excellent fruits."‡ Diamonds, indeed, are the offspring of a more refined intercourse, originating in the gentle dalliance of the "vapours of nature, (escaping from the fatnesse of sulphur) with pure salt water," which may be considered, by some, as a very mawkish sort of courtship.

We now come to the deep subject of transmutation, the grand touchstone of the art, never alluded to without a proportional increase of intentional unintelligibility: "fac occultum manifestum, et manifestum occultum, et absolutum habebis alchymiæ arcanum," saith Peter John Faber;§ a rule to which

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* "Propug." 66. † Ibid. 67. ‡ "New Light," 28.
§ "Propug." 67.

we have found him and his, at all times, disposed most rigidly to adhere.—They reasoned, that whereas every variety of character, from imperfection to purity, existed in creation, it was the evident object of nature to attain perfection; and the object of alchymy, by the imitation of nature, to follow the same rule; "For there is given to nature from the beginning a certain kind of grant, or permission, still to attain to things better and better through her whole progress, and to come to her full rest, towards which she tends with all her might, and rejoiceth in his end, as a pismire doth in her old age, at which time nature makes her wings."* Again, "nature is not visible, though she acts visibly, for it is a volatile spirit, which executes its office in bodies, and is placed and seated in the will and mind of God, and serves us for no other purpose, than to understand her places, that is, to understand how to join one thing to another," &c.† This idea, though sufficiently extravagant and preposterous, was productive, nevertheless, of a rationally religious feeling, leading the operator to a more intimate communion with his Maker. "Thou, therefore, that desirest to attain to this art, in the first place, put thy whole trust in God thy Creator, and urge him by thy prayers, and, assuredly, believe that he will not forsake thee; for if God shall know that thy heart is sincere, and thy whole trust is put in him, he will, by one means or another, shew thee a way, and assist thee in it, that thou shalt obtain thy desire."‡ And, in the following passage from Paracelsus, there is much truth and orthodox reasoning. "Philosophy is nothing but the study of wisdom, considered in created nature, as well subject to sense as invisible, and, consequently, material; and wisdom's central body is the shadow of wisdom's central essence; and the moral interpretation can never exclude the real effects from ocular demonstration; but where reason hath experience, faith hath no mind; and without faith there is no knowledge of any excellent thing, for the end of faith is understanding."§

But to return to transmutation, preparatory to the success of which, it was indispensably requisite that the metals should be reduced to their elementary principles, "sine qua reductione, non possunt inter se transmutari ex chymicorum omnium sententia et ratâ opinione."‖ This, however, being accomplished, the rest is pronounced to be mere woman's work, ("opus mulierum;") for the right performance of which, neither wit, wisdom, nor talent, were essential: we doubt whether our fair readers will be much flattered with the compliment, (thus

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* "New Light," 2. † Ibid. 4. ‡ Ibid. 122.
§ "Paracelsus," 52. ‖ "Propug." 80.

expressed in the original language) "in qua peregenda, non est opus ingenio, et summa industria, nec doctrinâ."* This is followed up by a mass of utterly incomprehensible jargon, in which we are unable to discover the shadow of a clue to conduct us to the real meaning, but which nevertheless, with all the audacity and effrontery of a true alchymist, is pronounced to be a clear revelation of the whole mystery; and then, with equal perspicuity, the author proceeds to give an explanation of the "chymica coagulatio," by which the decomposed elements are to be reunited in their requisite proportions, of which, transmutation is the natural and necessary consequence; and thus ends the story, for "in hac unione totum completur arcanum."† But extraordinary effects extend beyond the mere business of transmutation; for the reunited elements now assume a higher character: "sunt immortalia et potentissimas habent actiones, et virtutes, ita ut, et cœtera corpora mortua, suscitari in novam vitam et actionem possint."‡ This, as we have shewn, is made clear as a pike-staff to all but the "mysochymici," to whom (and amongst such we are constrained to include ourselves) these plain facts, "incredibili factu videntur," and in spite of all that has been said or written by the "sapientes artis," their explanation still appears to our dull wits "stultitiæ plenum." We have spoken, before, of some unpleasant effects from taking a dose of this "coagulatio," or elixir arabicum; but it may be as well to add some other equally powerful, and perhaps more extraordinary consequences of a full dose; for by it "separantur omnia excrementa vitæ; et umbræ et tenebræ mortis, sic discutiuntur, et a vitali substantia procul eleminantur;"§ and the great estimation in which it was held, becomes apparent, since "absque ipsa, in alchymia nulla est utilitatis."‖ There is a minor preparation of this invaluable decoction, a sort of sub-sulphurated mercurial mixture, by name *Oleum Tabis*, which we would strongly recommend to our fair readers particularly, albeit possessing qualities very beneficial and salutary to both sexes and all classes; for females it is, however, invaluable, since "mulieres formosissimas reddit," imparting a bloom "vividus et florens;" in addition to which, it purifies the blood, and keeps the blue devils in a proper state of subordination, "impurum sanguinem, et melancholiam crassam et terrestrem, valde attenuat."§ Rhubarb, jalap, and the whole host cathartic, must, indeed, hide their diminished heads before a draught imparting to the "terrestria excrementa" an immediate gaseous and sulphureous form at the moment of expulsion,

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* "Propug." 84. † Ibid. 86. ‡ Ibid. 86.
§ Ibid. 87. ‖ Ibid. 88. ¶ Ibid. 95.

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"subtiliat atque depurat omnia terrestria excrementa et sulphuris vitalis sconas foras projiciendo!"*

There are also several other essences, of whose virtues, had we space and time, we would gladly speak; but we must satisfy ourselves with merely a slight allusion. Thus we have a "Solar Tincture, derived of subtil pure and most perfect fire," an admirable specific against "all accidents, corruptions, and diseases." Then we have a "Lunar Tincture," possessed of nearly the same qualities.—Then we have the "Spirit of Venus," or Tinctura Veneris, defending "humane bodies from wounds and ulcers, and dispersing the root thereof." Next comes the "Tincture of Mars," an "adustible and crass permixtion of the elements," a very moral sort of medicine, in as much as it tormenteth the body, if applied to any disease other than becometh its nature." Then there is "Spirit of Jupiter," created of a white pally substance of fire," a sort of essential extract, we should conceive, of Ignis fatuus, and productive of what might, we also conceive, be the probable consequence of swallowing a Jack-o'-lanthorn, namely, gripings of "cruel passions and pains, gnawing with such burnings," as to deprive the swallower of the use of his natural faculties. However, by way of compensation, if outwardly applied to fistulas, cancers, carbuncles,† and such like, it proves an admirable plaster or spasmadrap. Before we take our leave of the *Propugnaculum*, it is but fair to add Peter John Faber's opinion of his own home-made gold, which he pronounces to be essentially distinct from that in which the joint stock Rio del Monte and Potosi Companies expect to share so largely. He speaks of it as very different (doubtless superior) to "aurum commune," from which it is "separatum et omnino distinctum," an assertion in which we quite agree with him, regretting, at the same time, that the gold in common use does not always shew itself (by its effects) possessed of the same moral qualities as the gold of the alchymists, "virtute turgidum," and gifted, as Paracelsus has it, with spiritual and elemental virtue. Be it, however, what it may,—gold is gold,—and must, therefore, be ever an object of demand. Whether, indeed, the happy moment will arrive when the hidden mystery of its manufacture shall be revealed, remains to be known; but "where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise," a sentiment of which we are reminded by the very apt and just remark of our author, expressive of alarm at the probable consequences of a general knowledge of so important a secret; for, adds he, "Si omnes lapidem philosophorum haberent quis illorum servire vellet, et aliis obsequi,

* "Propug." 95. † "Paracelsus," 335, &c.

omnes reges et rerum domini fieri vellent, cum supremas et inexhaustas haberent divitias et sanitatem inalterabilem et inviolabilem cursu naturali et rerum serie: non est ergo opus ut omnes credant lapidem philosophorum, nec etiam est necessarium ut omnes possideant ipsum, sed ut pauci credant et perpauci adhuc habeant illud supremum Dei et naturæ donum."*

We come now to the second work at the head of our article, the *New Light of Alchymie*, taken out of the fountain of nature by Michael Sandivogius, who, if he had filled his whole book with sentiments so sound and rational as those with which his preface abounds, would have bequeathed no insignificant gift to posterity, more valuable, by far, than all his golden dreams and alchymical hints. To the "judicious reader" he thus addresses himself.

"There is abundance of knowledge, yet but little truth known. The generality of our knowledge is but a castle in the air or groundless fancies. I know but two ways that are ordained for the getting of wisdom, viz. the book of God, and of nature, and these also but as they are read with reason. Many look upon the former as a thing below them; upon the latter, as a ground of Atheism, and therefore neglected both. It is my judgment, that, as to search the scriptures is necessary, so without reason it is impossible. Faith without reason is but unplicate. If I cannot understand by reason how every thing is, yet I will see some reason that a thing is so, before I believe it to be so. I will ground my believing of the Scripture upon reason, I will improve my reason by philosophy. How shall we convince gainsayers of the truth of the Scriptures, but by principles of reason," &c.

And yet this is the preface to a book in which the possibility of brewing the elixir, and manufacturing the philosopher's stone, "is so plainly illustrated," (by the said Sandivogius,) "that let any judicious man read it over without all partiality and prejudice, but three or four times, and he shall *nolens volens* be convinced of the truth of it; and not only of this, but of many other mysteries as incredible as this, so that if any one should ask me, what one book did most conduce to the knowledge of God and the creature, and the mysteries thereof, I should speak contrary to my judgment, if I should not, next to the sacred writ, say Sandivogius!!"† If antiquity be a recommendation, this able seconder of holy writ has wherewithal to satisfy the most longing taste for preterition, the first line of his book commencing with an assurance that "many wise and very learned men, many ages since, yea, before the flood, wrote

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* "Propug." 102. † "Translator's Epistle," 4.

many things concerning the making the philosopher's stone."* Consequently, there is only "one thing wanting to us, that is, to know that which they effected."† Nothing can be more reasonable or more beneficial than such a wish. In fact, give us a free litho-philosophical trade, and an unadulterated importation of the true genuine elixir, and what care we whether our ports are opened or closed against corn, French silks, and Bandana handkerchiefs. Hints are, indeed, thrown out, that "unless the procreation of man were so usual as it is," even the common process of continuing our species might be dispensed with, and the effect accomplished by means purely philosophical and scientific. For obvious reasons, we would rather decline entering into minute details upon this *prolific* subject, but Paracelsus, in the 1st. book of the nature of things, annexed to this volume, furnishes sufficient data to excite rational hopes, not only that "the barren women shall keep house," but that even *Veluti, et id genus omne*, may expect their fair proportion of healthy offspring. "But we must by no means forget the generation of artificial men. For there is some truth in this thing, although it hath been a long time concealed." He then proceeds to inform us, how, by sealing up the spagyrical requisites in a "gourd glass," with the highest degree of putrefaction in horse-dung, for the space of forty days, or so long until it begin to be alive, move, and stir, which may be easily seen, there will be something like a man, yet transparent and without a body. Now, after this, if it be every day warily and prudently nourished and fed with the arcanum of man's blood, and be for the space of forty weeks kept in a constant equal heat of horse-dung, it will become a true and living infant, having all the members of an infant which is born of a woman, but it will be far less. This we call homunculus, or artificial. And this is afterwards to be brought up with as great care and diligence as any other infant, until it comes to riper years of understanding. Now, this is one of the greatest secrets that God ever made known to mortal sinful man."‡

Our readers will recollect Gulliver's visit to the grand academy of Lagado, in Laputa, and the professor, who gave him a very close, though unacceptable, embrace; and, in perusing the above process, will be reminded forcibly of the investigations in which that professor was then occupied, which appear to have been familiar to the alchymical world: for, in several passages, we meet with other allusions to the

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* "New Light," 1. † Ibid. 3.

‡ "Paracelsus, of the Nature of Things," Lib. i., p. 8.

material mentioned by Paracelsus as the mysterious matrix of self-generation.—Thus, we read of one philosopher who "worked continually, sometimes in the dung of living creatures, as boyes' dung, and sometimes in his own;"* because "the wise man knows her (i. e. nature) to be amongst dung."† Now, all this reasoning and practice is founded upon the principle (which we have before spoken of) of there being in every body a central point of the seed or sperm of life, which (with the true spirit of alchymical accuracy) is stated to be "alwaies the 8200th part, yea, even in every wheat corn, and this cannot be otherwise,‡ there being nothing made in the world which is destitute of seed;" a point so clear that "he which gives no credit to this undoubted truth, is not worthy to search into the secrets of nature."§ His mode of proof is somewhat singular; whether conclusive or not, we leave for the decision of others. "There is one God: of this one God the Son is begotten; one produceth two, two have produced one holy spirit, proceeding from both; so the world is made, and so shall be the end thereof."‖ It would be an insult to the understanding of our readers to speak of the nature and manufacture of our common saltpetre; but as the "saltpetre of philosophers, by which all things grow and are nourished" appears to be a very different and curious article, as well as "most pretious," we shall stand, we trust, excused in noticing it, as an instance of the facility of preparing an alchymical prescription.

"Take ten parts of air, one part of living gold, or living silver; put all these into thy vessel: boil this air first until it be water, and then no water. If thou art ignorant of this, and knowest not how to boil the air, without all doubt thou shalt err; seeing this is the matter of the ancient philosophers. For thou must take that, which is, and is not seen, until it be the artificer's pleasure; it is the water of our dew, out of which is extracted the saltpetre of philosophers."¶

With respect to another well known substance, he is rather less explicit: we give his words.

"I have not so clearly shewed the extraction of our sal ammoniac, or the mercury of philosophers, out of our sea water, and the use thereof, because I had from the master of nature no leave to speak any further; and this only God must reveal, who knows the hearts and minds of men."**

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* "New Light," 62. † Ibid. 77. ‡ Ibid. 9. § Ibid. 19.
‖ Ibid. 21. ¶ Ibid. 41. ** Ibid. 45.

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Perhaps this occasional unwillingness to impart to others every secret, may have originated in the constant communication they appear to have held with themselves, for we are told of one persevering experimentalist, who "was a man that was always wont to talk to himself, as indeed all alchymists usually do;"* notwithstanding the caution thrown out in p. 119, "we advise thee, that before thou settest thyself to this art, in the first place thou learn to hold thy tongue."

In treating of the element of earth, we find some very notable remarks, justly entitling it to the well-known appellation of mother earth; for though, as an element, she does not actually bring forth of herself, *de jure*, yet what is projected into her she receives and keeps, being "the nurse and matrix of all seed and commixtion;" and yet, notwithstanding these maternal qualities, she "is a virgin" and a *caput mortuum*, containing, however, in her centre, "the fire of hell."† The element of air stands high in the estimation of our author; for in it are "all things entire through the imagination of fire, and it is the most worthy of the three in which is seed, and vital spirit or dwelling place of the soul of every creature."‡ Fire ranks, however, still higher, for she "is the purest and most worthy element of all;" when adulterated, even she is invaluable, for "out of the less pure part of the substance the angels were created." That which is "less pure" again is "raised up to terminate and hold up the heavens; but the impure and unctuous part of it is left and included in the centre of the earth by the wise and great Creator, for to continue the operation of motion, and this we call hell," and is also "in all things undiscernible,"§ (here, by the bye, we again have latent heat:) as an example, the flint is mentioned, "in which there is fire and yet is not perceived, neither doth appear, until it be stirred up by motion."‖ In it are "the reasons of life and understanding, which are distributed in the first infusion of man's life, and these are called the rational soul, by which alone man differs from other creatures, and is like to God. This soul is of that most pure elementary fire infused by God into the vital spirit." Amidst all this absurdity, there is something, if not philosophical, at least approaching to the sublime in connecting the soul with this pure element; and the following passage, in which the fiat of omnipotence is illustrated by the pomp of royalty, is, at least, impressive and eloquent.

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* "New Light," 60. † Ibid. 83, 84. ‡ Ibid. 96, 98.
§ Ibid. 99, 100. ‖ Ibid. 101.

"So the fire in which is placed the sacred majesty of our Creator, is not moved, unless it be stirred up by the proper will of the Most High, and so is carried where his holy will is. There is made by the will of the Supreme Maker of all things a most vehement and terrible motion. Thou hast an example of this when any monarch of this world sits in his pomp, what a quietness there is about him—what a silence!—And, although some one of his court doth move, the motion is only of some one or other particular man, which is not regarded. But when the Lord himself moves, there is an universal stir and motion; then all that attend on him, move with him.—What then, when that supreme monarch, the king of kings, and maker of all things (after whose example the princes of the world are established in the earth) doth move in his own person of majesty—what a stir! what trembling, when the whole guard of his heavenly army move about him!"*

The latter part of this work does, indeed, contain many sprinklings of truth and sublimity;—for example, "Know that thou canst create nothing, for that is proper to God alone, but to make things that are not perceived, but lye hid in the shadow, to appear, and to take from them their veil, is granted to an intelligent philosopher by God through nature."† Of paradise, we read, that it "was and is such a place, which was created by the great Maker of all things, of true elements, pure, temperate, equally proportioned in the highest perfection; and all things that were in paradise were created of the same elements, and incorrupt; there, also, was man created and framed of the same incorrupt elements, proportioned in equality, that he could in no wise be corrupted, therefore he was consecrated to immortality.—But when, afterwards, man, by his sin of disobedience, had transgressed the commandment of the most high God, he was driven forth to beasts into the corruptible world," &c.; and there declined into corruption, "until one quality exceeded another, and destruction, and infirmity, and, last of all, separation and death of the whole compound followed."‡

Again, in his conclusion, "He that well knows what he begins, shall well know what shall be the end. For the original of the elements is the chaos, out of which God, the maker of all things, created and separated the elements, which belongs to God alone; but out of the elements nature produceth the principles of things, and this is nature's work through the will of God alone."§ An instance is mentioned, in this concluding chapter, of gold being found between a dead man's teeth, the explanation of which we cannot refrain from giving,

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* New Light," 101. † Ibid. 32. ‡ Ibid. 107. § Ibid. 143.

as an instance of the mode by which facts are compelled to bow down and accommodate themselves to preconceived theories.

"Now, the reason why gold was found, and generated betwixt the teeth of the dead man, is this, because, in his life time, mercury was by some physician conveyed into his infirm body, either by unction, or by turbith, or some other way, as the custom and manner was, and it was the nature of mercury to go up to the mouth, and, through the sores thereof, to be evacuated with the flegme. If, therefore, in time of such a cure, the sick man dyed, that mercury, not finding any egress, remained in his mouth betwixt his teeth, and that carcass became the natural vessel of mercury, so, being shut up fast for a long time, was congealed into gold, by its own proper sulphur being purified, by the natural heat of putrefaction, caused by the corrosive flegme of the man's body; but if mineral mercury had not been brought in thither, there could gold never have been produced. And this is a most true example, that nature, in the bowels of the earth, doth of mercury alone produce gold and silver, and other metals, according to the disposition of the place or matrix."*

The second part of this volume contains nine books of the nature of things, by Paracelsus; in noticing which, we have space only for the selection of a few of the most interesting facts recorded. We have seen the process for making men artificially. The following process, for the regeneration of chickens, may be acceptable to all careful housewives. "If a living chicke be in a vessel of glasse, like a gourd, and sealed up, burnt to powder, or ashes in the third degree of fire, and afterwards so closed in, be putrified with the exactest putrefaction of horse-dung, into a mucilagenous flegme,† then that flegme may be brought into maturity, and become a renewed and new made chicke."‡ There is another curious recipe, for making a basiliske; but it is superfluous to give it, for the following excellent reason,—"But who is so courageous and bold, to make, take him out and kill him again, (after he is made), unless he cover and fortify himself well first with glasses: I should persuade none so to do it, nay, I would advise them to take heed of it."§ In fact, it would be not only a work of supererogation, but of cruelty, to manufacture these, or, indeed, any kind of monsters, since we are assured that "God abhors" them all, and that "none of them can be saved; whence wee can conjecture nothing else but that they are so formed by the devil, and are made for the devill's service."‖

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* "New Light," 146.

† Flegm, fatness, and ashes, were considered as the three principles of life; flegm being mercury, fat sulphur, and ashes salt.

‡ "Nature of Things," 3. § Ibid. 7. ‖ Ibid. 7.

The homunculi or artificial men before mentioned, are, however, by no means useless commodities, because they furnish an ample supply of "fairies, nymphs, gyants, pigmies or gnomi,* and other great and monstrous men, who are instruments of great matters;"† all of whom come from these homunculi. For the information of such as feel a difficulty in keeping their gold when they have it, we can inform them, that Paracelsus says, it "cannot be preserved better and fairer, than in boyes' urine, in which sal ammoniack is dissolved."‡ In lib. iv. of the life of natural things, there are some definitions of life truly alchymical. The "life of man is nothing else but an astrall balsome, a balsamick impression, and a celestial invisible and included air, and a tinging spirit of salt;" the life "of bones is the liquor of mummie," (of which, more anon;) the life of flesh and blood is nothing else but the spirit of salt, which preserves them from stinking.§ In lib. viii., "on the Separation of natural things," the soul is considered as compounded of an elementary and sacramental substance; the former of which is corruptible, whereas the latter, or syderial, or celestial, as it is also called, is "never putrified, or buried, neither doth it possess any place. This latter body appears to men, and also after death is seen."‖ Hence ghosts, visions, and super-natural appearances.

In the 8th book on Separations, a most excellent balsome is recommended, as the chiefest "chirurgical specificum," made from man's fat and flesh! "Allaying the pains of the gout and cramp, and such like pains, if any parts affected be anointed with it warm."¶ A daily application also is said effectually to cure the scab. Alchymy and astrology, as it might be expected, oft-times go hand in hand. Accordingly, we are reminded, that a "wise man can rule the stars, and not be subject to them;" the stars being subject to the wise man, and not he to them; not so, however, with such as lack wisdom, for then the stars compel them, "that whither they lead them, they must follow, just as a thief doth the gallows, and a highway robber, the wheel; the fisher, the fishes; the fowler, the birds; and the hunter, the wild beasts."** Accordingly, we are told that "by the help of his star, a fowler needs not go after his birds, for they will come after him, flying to unusual places, contrary to their nature, and a fisherman can, by making use of the wisdom which God hath given him, make fishes swim to him of their own accord, so that he may take them up with his hands."††

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* Gnomes or pigmies are certain "corporeal spirits living under the earth, of a cubit long." † "New Light," 9. ‡ Ibid. 24.
§ "Nature of things," 31, &c. ‖ Ibid. 81. ¶ Ibid. 96.
** Ibid. 109. †† Ibid. 113.

Indeed, the communion between man, and the stars and planets, is carried on to a degree little known, for we will venture to say, that not one in a thousand ever suspected that "God did create the planets, and other stars of the heaven," for the sole purpose of obeying and saving men; and no doubt, the smaller asteroids and aërolites may be considered as the minor menials of the metallic world, since "you must know that every metal hath its certain peculiar stars,"* a fact, we further learn from Cornelius Agrippa: he says, "astrologers do affirm that the effects, the forces, and the movings of all living creatures, stones, metals, herbs, and what there is so ever be created in these places, do proceed from the heavens and stars, and do inferior depend altogether upon them."†

The last book upon our list contains additional writings of the great Paracelsus, and no less learned Raymond Lully, *par nobile fratrum.* The former,—viz. Philippus Aureolus Theophrastus Bombastus Paracelsus de Hohenheim (such being his cognominal appellations) was born in Zunit, A. D. 1493, and, after publishing no less than eleven ponderous volumes, besides writing many MSS., in which he gloried in having overthrown the systems of Galen, drew down upon himself the concentrated hatred of the whole medical community of his time, or rather, as we conceive more probable, their hatred was excited in consequence of his having monopolised a greater share of patients than fell to the lot of his rival brethren. But, not satisfied with temporary applications, he boldly aimed at perpetuity, and, at once, drove every competitor from the field by prescriptions to securing immortality for his patients. It may be fairly asked by the ignorant, how came, then, the great Aureolus Bombastus himself to die. Gentle reader, he took to drinking (possibly his own elixirs,) and carried off his valuable nostrum into the other world, in the forty-eighth year of his age.

The work before us is, like the *Propugnaculum*, brief, but deeply imbued with mystical lore, and, like its predecessors, an invaluable repository of choice matter. Transmutation occupies an early page, as might be expected, accompanied, however, with an alarming class of subordinate agents, with which our readers are now doubtless familiar, denominated "steps or scales in the ladder of transmutation," each of which is again subdivided into its integral component parts. For his theory respecting transmutation, he refers to the silent operation of nature, whereby it "hath been found that

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* "Nature of Things," 133. † "Vanitie of Sciences," p. 45.
‡ "Paracelsus," 3.

metals have been changed under ground into a stony substance, and yet have retained the impression of the image that hath been stamped upon them; and that the roots of oaks, being smitten with thunder, or some other influence of the stars, have been turned into stones. There do also arise springs of rivers in many places, that, by a certain natural property, do transform all things whatsoever are cast into them, into hard stone."* And his conclusion must be, to all true alchymists, unanswerable. "Whoever saw a tree to grow, or the sun or stars move; nobody: but that the sun and stars have been moved by a space of time, who knoweth not."† A tailor might as well work without his goose, as an alchymist without his furnace, or, to speak more technically, without his Athanor, so called by the ancients, for this plain reason, "that it referreth to the womb in the spagyrick generation."‡ We, therefore, hasten to supply him with directions for making one. "It ought to be built of a certain quadrature in a circle, whereby the spirits and soul of our matter, being separated from their body, may be elevated in the altitude of their heaven. For if the vessel be more straight, large, high, or low, than its due measure and proportion, and than the ruling and operating spirits and soul of the matter do desire; the heat of our secret philosophical fire, (which is most acute) will too violently excite and provoke the matter to operation, and sometimes the vessel will fly into a thousand pieces, not without danger of the body and life of the operator."§ The manner of describing this vessel is acknowledged "to be difficult;" the dull of comprehension are, therefore, referred to a model always at hand, "who seeth not the form and frame of the universal created world, to bear the likeness of a furnace (or Athanor): or, that I may speak more reverently, containing the matrix of a womb; that is to say, the elements wherein the seeds of the sun and moon, by their various astral influences, are corrupted, concocted, and digested, for the generation of all things. But this is plainly manifest to children, I need not speak it to philosophers; wherefore I shall not need to urge it any further."‖ Many other topics are discussed, which, having been more or less already treated of, we shall pass over, and proceed to say a few words on his *Essay on the Urim and Thummim.*

Under this head we might expect to find some curious hints on metallurgy, and a show of rational investigation, but not so. We have, in lieu thereof, much concerning celestial

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* "Paracelsus," 1. † Ibid. 3. ‡ Ibid. 17. § Ibid. 21. ‖ Ibid. 18.

influences, under which it is argued and presumed, that, by the spagyrick art, the ineffable virtues of urim and thummim, which turn out to have been merely pieces of philosopher's stone, may be infused and imparted indefinitely; and the happy possessors of the secret, though they "should live a thousand years," might give what they would, and when they would, without danger of diminution, "as a man that has fire, may give to his neighbour without hurt to himself."* A few hints are thrown out by the way, e. g. that by going through a course of training, and adopting an "exact diet," and by certain forms of prayer, at certain times, the "angel of the sun" may be engaged to be our guide and director."† But in the title page of this recondite work, there is an account (which it would be unpardonable not to notice) of a certain water made by one Stephen Trigge, the particulars of which are given in an Appendix, shewing forth its virtues, in detail, far surpassing all and every puff, direct or indirect, we ever met with. Superseding the widely comprehensive pills and syrops of our Brodums and Solomons, it renders their pretensions absolutely insignificant. Day and Martin, and Hunt, with their matchless blacking, as well as the whole tribe of Good-luck and Co., must, each and all, confess their inferiority, and retire beaten from the field of humbug. This incomparable water made by Stephen Trigge, an infallible cure for every real or imaginary hurt or disorder, to which flesh is heir to, we have the pleasure of informing our reader, was to be had, A. D. 1657, at Mr. Moon's shop, at the sign of the Seven Stars, in Paul's Church-yard, (peradventure he may still be there); though, for Mr. Moon, we suspect we ought to read the man in the moon, a person, in our opinion, much more likely to deal in articles of this description.

We next have the mumial treatise of Tentezelius, a sort of botano-philosophical essay on the tree of life, "with a mystical interpretation of that great secret."‡ It being admitted that this paradisiacal tree conferred knowledge and immortality, the question is "whether this faculty was infused into it in the creation, acquired by it after the creation," or "communicated to it by some other means and way;" and, forthwith the serpent is introduced, not only on account of its subtlety, but it being "also probable that he had his cavern under or about that tree; whereof God being in nowise ignorant, forbade man the use of its fruit." Hence this tree became "scientifical, by way of transplantation from the serpent; that is, this tree and its fruits had both the spiritual essence, and the spiritual vir-

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* "Paracelsus," 51. † Ibid. 54. ‡ Ibid. 79.

tues, of the serpent, communicated to them, and impressed in them, by virtue of the serpent's cohabitation with them."* We have, indeed, the authority of Theophrastus, for ascribing still to the serpents of Germany a more than ordinary degree of acuteness. "Our hairy and white (it is right to add, that throughout the whole genera of serpents, we never met with, or heard of, a hairy species before,) "serpents in Germany are indued with such admirable and supernaturally excellent virtues, that they are and will be of special use for the attainment of knowledge, both natural and occult." And he further adds, that the "simpler sort think themselves nothing bettered by this."† To Theophrastus we are, moreover, indebted for much information respecting a certain spiritual "extract of mummies," possessed of rare qualities, such as inducing apes, by means thereof, to enter "league and amity with its bitter enemy the serpent."‡ The mode of administering it to the human species is by incorporating it with fruits or grains, which is thus effected: "take the sperm, i. e. the eggs of the serpent, which are the elements and principles both of their corporal and spiritual mummy, mix them with earth, and sow some seed, or plant some herb fittest for your purpose in that earth." A still better mode is by impregnating with the extract some fruit appropriated to the brain; for instance, a cherrystone, "out of which you may elicit the spirits and therewith roborate and acuate the brain, and no little advance knowledge."§ For the insertion of such valuable secrets, we feel confident that no apology is due to our grateful readers. But there are matters of minor import compared with the grand object (that of infusing this mumial essence into the tree of life) by which "eternal sanity or immortality," was from God granted to it. As, however, it quite exceeds our power of explanation, and is somewhat too prolix for this the eleventh hour of our article, we must beg leave to refer our readers to the work itself for particulars. The effects are prodigious, extending far beyond the mere acquisition of knowledge, the ignorant coming in for as full a share of benefit as the wise, being cured of divers diseases, (plague included.) The "mumial sympathetical virtue" descends, indeed, into the lower order of vegetation; for instance, the sanative virtue of even so humble a plant as a root of succory, when properly impregnated with mumial sympathies, will, if "digged up and eaten in the hour and day of Venus, when the sun is in Leo, cure any wound."‖ Analogous to this we might enlarge upon the famous "Martial ring," (more won-

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* "Paracelsus," 81, 82. † Ibid. 83. ‡ Ibid. 84. § Ibid. 85.
‖ Ibid. 91.

derful than the celebrated ring of Remigius,) invented by a brother of St. Augustine's, the virtues of which, in curing the cramp, tooth, and head-ache, were so notorious, that he was recommended to sell none to any but himself for some years; and further, we are told, that if it were formed of "a long horse-shoe nail pulled out of a horse's hoof on purpose, in the hour Mars reigns, it would be ready to contract itself to fit the least, and amplify itself for the greatest, finger as you would."*

The reader is, probably, not aware of some other curious particulars connected with the tree of life; such as, that when Adam was "now ready to die, he desired earnestly a branch of the bough of life in paradise," and, therefore, sent one of his sons there to fetch one, that he might escape this imminent death: his son received a bough from the angel; but, in the mean time, Adam had changed life with death: and, therefore, his son implanted the bough on his father's sepulchre; where, getting sap, it grew into a great tree, and so attracted the whole nature of Adam to its nutriment. This we give on the authority of the Sybelline prophecies; but further information is afforded by an ancient doctor in the eastern country, (one of the wise men of the East, we presume,) and a bishop of the church. He tells us, that Noah being commanded by God to carry Adam's bones and the tree on his sepulchre, into the ark; and when he sent his three sons forth into the world, he divided the osseous remains of our first parent amongst them "as such sacred relics as deserved to be kept." Now, his eldest son, settling near Jerusalem, buried the scull which fell to his share in the mountain, afterwards known by and, in fact, from this circumstance, named Golgotha. Of the tree, by "remarkable and admirable providence preserved, the cross of Christ's crucifixion" was made: as, no doubt, many orthodox pieces of this wood are still preserved as relics, in the Roman Catholic church, we would earnestly recommend Dr. Milner, and his associate believers in the mission of La Sœur Nativité,† that enough be forthwith collected and made into a casket, wherein this precious Apocalypse may be deposited. The rest of our volume is filled with a variety of philosophical and chemical experiments by Raymond Lully, one not far inferior in note to Paracelsus himself, and translated from the high German, by a student in the celestial sciences; amongst these, we have the manner of bringing about a courtship between Venus and Sol, (alias copper and gold,) a somewhat dangerous flirtation to superintend, requi-

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* "Paracelsus," 93. † See this most curious and interesting article, No. 66, "Quarterly Review."

ring the utmost caution; otherwise, if the supervisor be overhasty in the introduction of his Sol and Venus, (the reddest and fairest he can get,) dreadful heart-burnings and altercations ensue, and, instead of a tender consummation, "they will break his pot and blow up the cover."*

And thus have we brought our arduous task to its termination; and we "could weep," would weeping do us good, to mark how dark and dubious is the line of demarcation between the sanities and follies of human life, and how far in the wilderness of error and absurdity the purest and best of men may occasionally wander. We have traced, in the preceding pages, the paths of some, who, starting with truth for their guide, left her to pursue the wildest phantom of imagination, deluded partly by hopes of gain; but, what is far more lamentable, partly too, it must be confessed, by an opinion that they were under spiritual guidance, on which account, notwithstanding their many failings, (exclusive of the benefit we live to reap from their experiments,) we cannot but look upon them as entitled to respect. Who, indeed, can ridicule, without some sighs of compunction, the man who thus concludes his work on the ultimate separation and decompositions of bodies.

"Lastly, in the end of all things shall be the last separation, the great day when God shall come in majesty and glory, before whom shall be carried not swords, garlands, diadems, sceptres, &c., and kingly jewels with which princes, kings, Cesars, &c. do pompously set forth themselves, but his cross, his crown of thorns, and nails thrust through his hands and feet, and spear with which his side was pierced, and sponge in which they gave him vinegar to drink, and the whips wherewith he was scourged and beaten. He comes not accompanied with troops of horse, and beating of drums, but four trumpets shall be sounded by the angels, towards the four parts of the world, killing all that are then alive with a horrible noise, in one moment, and then presently raising them again, together with them that are dead and buried. For the voice shall be heard, 'Arise, ye dead, and come to judgment.' Then shall the twelve apostles sit down, their seats being prepared in the clouds, and shall judge the twelve tribes of Israel. In that place, the holy angels shall separate the bad from the good, the cursed from the blessed, the goats from the sheep. Then the cursed shall like stones and lead be thrown downward; but the blessed shall like eagles fly on high.†

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* "Paracelsus," 118. † Ibid. lib. viii., p. 97.

ART. VI.—*Opere di Lodovico Antonio Muratori. Arezzo*, 1767. 8*vo*. 36 *vols, in* 4.

Storia della Italiana Letteratura di Gerolamo Tiraboschi. — 1787-94. 16 *vols. in* 4.

There is a voluminous class of books, usually called books of reference, neither read by their possessors, nor consulted by any but the very few for whose peculiar benefit they are written, and who make them minister no less to their own reputation than to the public advantage. The writers of these volumes, considered as authors, are esteemed, at the best, industrious and judicious, but heavy compilers: regarded as men, they are universally supposed to be devoid of every spark of originality and vigour of mind. The highest merit ascribed to them is that of swelling volumes, useful to the few who know how to employ them to advantage, but impossible to be read without fatigue.

Tiresome as they are generally esteemed, their acknowledged utility is sufficient to justify any one in the attempt to make them better known, whether as a class of writers distinct from every other, or as individuals whose intellectual character, and whose habits, are marked by the most striking peculiarities. The deservedly popular histories of the *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, of the *Age of Lorenzo de Medici*, and of the *Republics of the Middle Ages*, (we mention these as specimens of the works of the same class which have appeared during the last half-century,) are extremely dissimilar in some respects, but possess three characteristics in common,—genius for historical composition, more or less conspicuous in each, but innate in all,—philosophical observation and reflection,—and variety and abundance of facts. For their genius, they were indebted to nature; for their philosophical spirit, to the age in which they lived, (of which we shall say more hereafter;) but for their facts, almost exclusively to the authors of those ponderous volumes, some of which will form the subject of the present article, especially those which have furnished the most ample materials for the genius of Gibbon, Roscoe, and Sismondi to work upon. Whatever be the political bias, or the literary ability, or the general principles which an author brings to an historical work, the only true and solid foundation for his labours is to be found in the authenticity, the order, and the importance of his facts. Without these, his genius would produce nothing but poetry, his eloquence would be mere declamation, and his philosophy would be the baseless and cloudy metaphysics of the North. The old registrars of diaries and chronicles, the collectors of anecdotes and letters, the publishers of secret memoirs, the discoverers of ancient documents and forgotten laws, would be of the greatest utility to the his-

torian if his life were long enough to examine a tenth part of them. Fortunately for him there are dry compilers, and superstitious antiquarians, and writers of partial and suspected memoirs; an intermediate class of men, destined, as it were, by nature, to re-arrange the chaos of events, and to prepare them for the use of the historian. They have the patience to search for facts, wherever they are scattered; they have the courage to accumulate them in immense numbers, and the perseverance to verify them amid the multitude of popular errors; they have the sagacity to scent out and discover truth among intentional lies, invented ages ago, and persisted in, from generation to generation, for the purpose of bolstering up theological dogmas, or flattering national vanity.

The writers of this class have no merit on the score of elegance or eloquence; they can never be quoted as models of style, nor as depositaries of the treasures of a language. Their minds are not fitted for the task of generalizing, or of throwing light on many ideas and many facts at once; and they afford neither profit nor pleasure to readers of a philosophic turn of mind. They do not exhibit facts in a way to awaken wonder or interest; they never relate one without sifting its accuracy, and they disprove and destroy many romantic and delightful traditions; they are, therefore, never popular. Lastly, their works are always in many volumes, each volume of a thousand folio or quarto pages, at the very least. Who then can read them? Or who, if he could, would, unless he were compelled to have recourse to their assistance. From these volumes the most popular authors draw the immense wealth which has been hoarded by those who knew not how to turn it to account, and render it current and fit for the purposes of circulation. The great historians who have benefited so largely by this class of writers, have sometimes spoken of their benefactors as men of no genius, but in this they were mistaken. Literary genius is susceptible of classification into various orders. The genius of Galileo and of Newton could have produced nothing like the genius of Dante and of Shakspeare. The genius of Muratori would never have dictated a page of Montesquieu; nor would Montesquieu have contemplated without dismay the task of verifying, as Muratori does, year by year, page by page, and line by line, the authenticity of musty parchments; and in spite of the traditions of ages, the concurrent testimony of innumerable writers, and the interests of powerful governments, convict them of falsehood from the time of Constantine downwards. Unquestionably, the writers of whom we are now treating are men of genius,—genius of an extremely slow and cold character; they are incapable of raising themselves to the celestial regions, or of unfolding the operations of nature; incapable of agitating or elevating the imagination; incapable of combining

facts, philosophy, and eloquence, in such a manner as to render both the narrative, and the moral and political truths resulting from it, luminous and interesting. Yet, that very tardiness and coldness may fit them to execute what men of more lively genius could never accomplish, and lead them to embark in enterprises which could not be achieved, nor even imagined, without the impulse and native vigour of genius. They see, without discouragement, traditions, opinions, and errors collected together from all parts on the stream of ages, nations, and religions: they follow their course, and dive into them, to find the few truths which can be useful to mankind; and, what is more extraordinary, they give order and form to a countless mass of testimonies, dates, and incidents, which had heretofore corrupted and confounded each other.

The marginal references of the works of the three illustrious historians above-mentioned, and of many others, present us, continually with the names of Muratori and Tiraboschi. The latter began to appear as an author just about the time of the death of his great predecessor, who furnished the means, and smoothed the way for the composition of his work, called *Storia della Italiana Litteratura;* but a more appropriate title for which would be *Archivio ordinato e ragionato di materiali cronologie, documenti e disquisizioni per servire alla storia letteraria d'Italia:—An arranged Collection of Chronological Details, Documents, and Disquisitions, intended to serve as Materials for the literary History of Italy.* Mr. Roscoe, in the preface to his pontificate of Leo X., mentions it as a work perfect in its kind, and unequalled in any age or country. Though we admit the utility of the book, we cannot concur in so lofty an eulogium upon it; on the contrary, we think, that, to be in any high degree useful, it must be resorted to with precautions which we shall, probably, point out in a future article, when we shall, also, take occasion to notice the use which Guinguéné, and others, have made of it in their works on the literature of Italy. At present, we shall only remark that Tiraboschi, having prescribed to himself, (and not without reason,) a law, that he would never introduce into his history any biographical details, nor any criticisms on the works, of authors who were either contemporary with himself, or who had lived since the beginning of the eighteenth century, in which he wrote, the literary history of that period is still a desideratum. The interest and importance of such a work may be, in some degree, conceived, when we remember, that between the years 1700 and 1750, lived those giants of critical and antiquarian history, whose volumes have afforded food and encouragement to the genius of later historians, and filled the shelves of almost every library in Europe; but have rarely excited either the curiosity of posterity, or the gratitude of those who have consulted them.

The first English traveller who went into Italy with literary views, and, certainly, with all the natural and acquired faculties necessary to their fulfilment, was Addison. This illustrious writer met in Venice, Florence, Rome, and elsewhere, the greatest antiquarians which that country has ever produced. But, from some reason which we cannot explain, he does not mention one; and the reader of his Itinerary would conclude that the only literary merit Italy then possessed were orators and poets; orators, whose sermons inculcated the belief of the miracle of fishes converted to the Christian religion by Saint Antony; and poets, whose works were operas, written to be warbled through the throats of eunuchs.

This omission of Addison's appears, at once, intentional and inexplicable, particularly as he professed to go to Italy in quest of antiquities. His knowledge of Roman history, and, above all, his assiduous study of medals, must have instantly excited his attention to the rivalry then existing among Italians on the subject of these studies, the perseverance with which they pursued them, and the ardour with which they engaged in them; an ardour compared by themselves to a crusade undertaken to rescue the treasures of antiquity from the grasp of time. They sacrificed their fortune, their labour, and, often, their personal safety, to the discovery not only of monumental remains, but of the truth of facts and principles which the barbarism of the middle ages and the superstition of the papal church had conspired to pervert and conceal.

The richest and most authentic collection of medals in Italy was that of Apostolo Zeno, whom fortune, in one of her capricious moods, had made a most profound antiquarian and critic by inclination, and a poet by necessity. He wrote musical rhymes to get money to buy books and antiquities. But, though he thus threw away half his time and talents against his own natural bias, in order that he might the more fully indulge it with the other half, his favourite studies completely consumed his patrimony, whilst, on the other hand, his poetry procured him a competency for his old age. Having been obliged to sell his collection of medals, which was purchased for the Imperial Museum of Vienna, he, at the same time, agreed to undertake the place of poet laureat to the Emperor, and to write operas for his theatre. Among his contemporaries, he was certainly the best in that walk; and he still enjoys the merit of having initiated Metastasio, his successor in the laureat-ship, in the art of making tragedies to be sung by Dido burning on her funeral pile, Hannibal swallowing the poison which was to deliver him out of the Roman power, and Cato killing himself to escape from Cæsar.

Now it happened, that at the time Addison was in Venice, meditating his "Cato," the plot of the most popular and

fashionable opera there was, as he himself relates, founded on the loves of Cæsar and Scipio for the daughter of the great suicide of Utica. The philosophic hero killed himself in his library, in which, among other books, were his own biography, by Plutarch, and Tasso's Gerusalemme Liberata. Addison laughed, with his usual graceful pleasantry, at these anachronisms of the Venetian Cato of Zeno or others, both in his Travels, and more at length in the Spectator. But it is not the less true, that, very shorly after, the London Cato delivered his stoic philosophy on the stage, dressed in a bag wig and sword. Thus it is that the most eminent writers are obliged to tolerate, and even to introduce into their works, at home, absurdities which they would deride without mercy, if they met with them in a foreign country.

Addison, however, unquestionably contributed to reform the taste of succeeding ages, and to infuse a more refined and a more classical sentiment of civil life and of liberty. But that spirit of freedom, which he lamented to find extinct and forgotten in Italy, was still deep, active, and (as far as times would permit,) courageous, in the hearts and in the actions of many, whom he either had not the inclination, or the good fortune, to know. Apostolo Zeno bequeathed to Italy, especially in all subjects connected with her literary history, an infinite number of minute but authentic facts, dug out of a mass of errors and prejudices, which he had the sagacity to detect and to dissipate. The Church of Rome had then, as ever, her champions; and an antiquarian archbishop, still known under the name of Monsignor Fontanini, traversed Italy with an air of authority, publishing books intended to prove the authenticity of the legends of miracles, and to confute every ancient writer who had spoken the truth. If it had depended on him, all the antiquarians who opposed him would, without doubt, have been sent to an auto-di-fè, since the conclusion of all the learned prelate's arguments in these controversies is, that his opponents are heretics and atheists; an argument which has been in use from the remotest ages, down to the present day, and always with more or less efficacy, in the hands of any man of any nation, who is endowed with the requisite ferocious hypocrisy to avail himself of it.

A work of Apostolo Zeno's,* more consulted and quoted than read, at once annihilated the sophisms of the persecuting archbishop, and overthrew all his claims to reputation as an authority in matters of literature or erudition. The author, however, left the publication to his heirs, when death should

* Bibliotica del' eloquenza di Giusto Fontanini, Arcivescovo d'Ancira, con le anotazione di Apostolo Zeno. Venezia, MDCCLIII.

have put him out of the reach of the arguments of the Holy Inquisition, which are unanswerable. Zeno's most esteemed work is entitled *Dissertazioni Vossiane*. They are illustrative of the lives and literary merits of the Roman Historians. His criticisms are of a totally different character from those, on the same subject, of Bayle and others, who plunge into the deepest obscurity and lengthiness; their object being, not to make discoveries, but to exercise their mental strength in endless investigation; and their pleasure, rather the confutation of error than the establishment of truth. Zeno, on the contrary, carries on his disquisitions just so long as is necessary to disentangle some fact, which, though irrelevant to the matter in hand, acquires great importance in his eyes from being positive and undeniable. Few, consequently, of his decisions have ever been questioned up to the present time.

The Italian literature of that day exhibited a singular phenomenon, which has never been noticed. A great many men devoted themselves to the study of pictures, statues, and buildings:—others composed histories, harangues, and sermons, or verses and rhymes, by thousands; yet there was neither real poetry, nor real eloquence, nor excellence in the fine arts. To find them, it was necessary to go back more than a century, to the age of Michael Angelo, Machiavelli, and Tasso. The sciences were in a somewhat better state, but not much; they had advanced but by one step,—the step made by the great Galileo. The Spanish domination, during the latter half of the sixteenth century, had filled Italy with the perverted taste of the *concettisti*; and the preponderance of French literature, during the first half of the century following, introduced the over-refinements and fastidious laws, by means of which criticism becomes a bondage to the man of genius, who must always, in some degree, conform to the tastes and opinions of the times for which he writes. The literary language of the nation was barbarized and inflated; and those who endeavoured to repolish it, by study and by rules, rendered it timid, cold, and nerveless. Traditional fame, which is of extensive, lasting, and most powerful authority, has preserved, in high credit, the names of Filicaja and Guidi. Mr. Matthias, in this country, became their editor, illustrator, and imitator, at a time when, in Italy, they were already consigned to that post of respectable reputation to which they were fairly entitled. In the same manner, the English, on the Continent, almost always hear Richardson cried up as the first of novellists, and Young as the greatest of poets. The names of Guidi and Filicaja enjoyed that sort of pre-eminence in Italy, in their day, now enjoyed by Byron in the whole of Europe; with this difference, that Byron raised himself, like the youth-

ful Achilles, above the crowd of tried warriors by whom he was surrounded; while Filicaja and Guidi, and a few others of less reputation but equal merit, had no competitors around them but men of moderate talents; academicians, whose eternal business it was to recite sonnets, madrigals, and pastoral eclogues, and critics who composed volumes of dissertations on every line of this miserable and wordy trifling.

To shew the state of poetry and literature in general, in Italy, it is sufficient to state the fact, that few even mentioned Dante, and fewer still read him; and that the latest edition then known was more than a century old. Yet, even then, did the writers on antiquarian learning explore new mines of knowledge, and accumulate treasures of materials for history; and that, not so much for any fame they could reap from them, as for the sake of leaving them to those writers who might, hereafter, avail themselves of any part of these hoards to acquire popularity. Yet we must not, therefore, presume that they were indifferent to the applauses obtained by lighter literature. Some of them sought, and obtained, readers and admirers of their poetry, which, in a later age, has become the object of ridicule, and left them to enjoy the venerable reputation of writers of those huge volumes of historical criticism, to be found in the libraries of all learned bodies. In their day, however, they passed for excellent poets. The fame of Maffei's "Merope" made more noise in Europe than the contemporaneous tragedy of Cato, by Addison. The names of both of them are now ominous to the stage, and Merope has this greater demerit, that it cannot be quoted as a model either of versification or of style. Yet, in its day, it excited the jealousy of Voltaire, who not only wrote a rival tragedy on the same subject, but criticised it with his usual acuteness, and with those tricks of a crooked policy, unworthy of a second-rate *littérateur*. He wrote, under a feigned name, a severe, but just critique of Maffei's tragedy; then wrote a reply in his own name, in which he undertakes to confute rather the severity than the justice of the anonymous critic. All these circumstances are now forgotten, and the "Merope" is never mentioned except in Verona, which happens to be Maffei's native city, and which raised a statue to him while yet living; and richly he deserved it. He illustrated the Roman antiquities, and the history of that city with true genius. He built a museum with the munificence of a prince, and the elegance of a classical artist; he furnished it with antiquities and inscriptions, chosen with the profoundest antiquarian learning. In this department of literature, his reputation lives and reigns among scholars; so that Porson, the greatest of their body, when treating of the authenticity of

medals and interpretations of remains of antiquity, refers to the authority of Maffei as infallible.

Another Veronese antiquary, of less reputation, but of much greater genius, was Francesco Bianchini. Italy, perhaps, never produced a man of more profound or more comprehensive mind. He visited the university of Cambridge for scientific purposes, and Sir Isaac Newton acknowledged him to be one of the greatest astronomers of that age, at the same time that he was the greatest architect then living. In order to reduce architecture to a science, by means of observations on the buildings of the antients, he undertook to discover and to restore the plan of the imperial palace of the Cæsars, at Rome, which, growing under each successive emperor, had covered the whole Palatine hill, and extended itself to the contiguous hills. Bianchini first sacrificed his fortune, and, lastly, his life to this undertaking. The work, which still keeps alive his claims to a great reputation, though it has not been reprinted for a century, and is very little read, consists of the first part of an *Universal History, proved by antient remains.* The remains of antiquity, which he takes as authority, are chiefly those bearing sculptured figures, which he regards as allegorical, and as historical records of nations, whose name alone has come down to us; he illustrated planetary mythology by astronomical calculations, so that not only he extracted facts from fables, but freed them from confusion, arranging them according to epochs, centuries, and years. That the constellations, and their names, originated in the desire of consecrating and perpetuating, by allusions to the heavenly bodies, the extraordinary events passing upon the earth, has been the opinion of many learned men, supported by the authority of Plato, among the antients, and of Bacon among the moderns. But the attempt to write a history, in which poetical and fabulous tradition was to furnish evidence and demonstration of the existence and of the vicissitudes of nations lost in the oblivion of ages, was, doubtless, as new as it was daring. The work, however, was never finished. Besides, although Bianchini was, perhaps, the only antiquarian who possessed the secret—never common, and now lost in Italy—of combining elegance with force of diction, and of writing Italian without alloy of barbarisms on the one hand, or affectation of purity on the other, yet his style partakes of the severity of his mind; and even the subject of the work demands a class of readers not ordinarily to be found. A work of a more popular language and style was composed about thirty years ago, in France, of the same materials, but with a different object. On examining the two works, it is evident, that the structure of Dupuis' *Origine de tous les Cultes,* was raised on the plan marked out by Bianchini.

Of another of these self-devoted labourers in the task of bringing to light and accumulating the remains of learned antiquity for the benefit of succeeding ages, not a work, nor even a fragment, has come down to us. He was brought up to the business of a goldsmith, which he followed till the fortieth year of his age, when he suddenly gave up his shop, and devoted himself, exclusively, to collecting books, and to study. His immense erudition would never have been known, had not several volumes of letters been published after his death from all the men of distinguished learning in Europe, from various universities, and from several courts, thanking him for information he had communicated. His whole time was spent either in answering the queries addressed to him from all parts, or in devouring the books and manuscripts with which he had entirely filled his house, every stair, from the top to the bottom, being encumbered, and every possible entrance by which his friends could gain access to his library, blocked up. It was thought, and the tenor of his life justified the conjecture, that he had devised this extraordinary disposition of his books, as the best expedient for keeping visitors at a distance. Certain it is, that, when Gronovius, the coryphæus of German scholars, passed through Florence, although he had long kept up a correspondence with his brother antiquarian, he could obtain no other knowledge of his person, than what he got through a little open wicket in his library door. He rarely went out, ate very little, and always of viands which needed no cooking; he drank water, thus combining a sedentary life with health and economy; and, to secure himself from every possible disturbance, he would have no servant, male or female. That he might not be enticed to spend more time in sleep than his literary correspondents could conveniently afford, he had no bed, and slept in a sort of chaise-longue, wrapped in a long woollen morning gown, which served him for blanket and clothing all the year round. In this way did he live, from the day he quitted his trade as a goldsmith, for forty years more, and died at upwards of eighty, in full possession of the powerful and retentive memory for which he had always been remarkable. He never took notes of any thing he read, and he never forgot any thing. He quoted, without hesitation, the volume, page, line, and edition, of any work about which he was consulted. Mabillon, in his *Tour in Italy*, speaks of him in yet higher terms.* Some sove-

* Virum ex longo literarum commercio nobis jamdudum amicissimum. Is enim ea præditus est sagacitate, nihil est ipsum lateat; ea memoria, ut omnes libros habeat in numero ipse museum inambulans et viva quædam bibliotheca."—*Inter Italicum*, p. 157.

reigns, among whom was Louis XIV., were so astonished at the accounts they received of him from travellers, that they sent to him for his portrait, and were desirous, for once at least, of appearing in the list of his learned correspondents.

Nothing has come down to us but the lavish, and, perhaps, exaggerated praises of his erudition; at all events, there was a great deal of pedantry and affectation, not only in Magliabecchi himself, but in the various classes of literati, travellers, and academicians, who continued to hold him up as an object of admiration to the whole human race. It is by no means astonishing, that the memory should attain to extraordinary strength, when it is cultivated to the exclusion of all the other faculties. When the heart is utterly without domestic affections, the imagination free from illusions, and the reason and other faculties of the mind inactive; when, at the same time, the body is insensible to the appetites or the pleasures of animal, or to the comforts of social, life, the whole man is in a state of profound repose; and his memory, even without any extraordinary natural strength, finds the ground clear, and acts without interruption or impediment. The mind, in this state, is more inert than is usually imagined. This anomaly of erudition died in 1714, and left his books, and a sum of money, to found and maintain a library, which is now open to the public in Florence, and is called, after its founder, the Biblioteca Magliabecchiana.

Muratori, on the contrary, who, reckoning his own works, in Latin and Italian, and those of the ancients which he edited and illustrated, published a hundred folio volumes, never devoted more than nine hours a day to study; and for two or three months of every year, when he went into the country with his friends, never took up a book. Another of his habits (we know not whether from system or from necessity,) was, never to study in his own house. He went, every morning early, to the Duke of Modena's library, of which he was librarian; mounted above a hundred stairs, to a room which he had converted into a study, and quitted it before evening. At the foot of this staircase he found a half stupid *buon compagnone*, who was regularly there waiting for him; they went together to hear the story-tellers and ballad-singers, in the squares, the exploits of *policinello*, the performances of itinerant musicians, the sermons of friars in the market-place, and to see the various shows and pastimes, of which every city in Italy was then full. The subjects and the merits of the actors, in these exhibitions, was the sole subject of conversation between these two friends. Muratori said that he found, in this kind of society, both diversion and repose to his faculties; and that, if ever, after his studies, he conversed with literary men, or with persons at all superior in intellect to his *buon compagnone*, they left his mind in a state of

excitement which unfitted him for his usual patient and vigorous application the following day.

Muratori was the contemporary of all the antiquarians we have named, and the greatest among them. He survived several of them, and died about the middle of the eighteenth century. But the far higher and nobler merit which distinguished him, was, that his studies, and his thoughts, and his writings, were constantly directed to render dry erudition subsidiary not merely to the purpose of illustrating the history of past times, but of purging the Christian religion of many of the superstitions by which it was corrupted, and restoring kings and nations to the independence which had been wrested from them by the church. It may be easily imagined, that he had to struggle against a host of enemies in Italy: the jesuits threatened and attacked him on every side, with every variety of their crafty and cruel arts. This fiendish sect, which is now resorting to every kind of intrigue to re-establish itself, had then just reached the summit of that power which alarmed even monarchs, and, at length, forced them to combine for its suppression. This event happened about thirty years after Muratori's death. Eustace, who professed to make a literary tour in Italy, was guilty of a most glaring anachronism, in reckoning this great antiquary among the suppressed jesuits. The puerile and ridiculous blunders in almost every page of this voluminous tour, afford the best presumption that he inserted this without any fraudulent design. Eustace always appears a literary charlatan, but sincere; though, perhaps, in this instance, and, indeed, throughout the work, he was the unconscious instrument of impostors, and believed them with the same credulity as the public afterwards believed the pompous fables which he calls his Classical Tour. Be that as it may, the error, ridiculous as it is, about Muratori, deserves serious confutation; especially at this moment, when the jesuits are successfully reviving all their frauds and stratagems, one of which, has always been to assert that all the most eminent men of letters were educated in their colleges, and professed the rules of their order. As nobody in Italy is ignorant who Muratori was, it appears impossible that any but a crafty priest could have prompted him, after giving the names of several learned men of the order, to add, that Muratori, "the most learned antiquary, the most inquisitive, and, at the same time, the most impartial historian that the last century has produced," was a jesuit.* Either we are much mistaken, or ignorance and charlatanism were, in this instance, combined

* *Class. Tour*, vol. i., p. 250. 4to.

with the dishonesty and trickery of proselyting jesuitism. The fact is, that one of the offences for which Muratori was in great danger of being cited by the Holy Inquisition, was a treatise calculated to turn the popular detestation against the superstitions inculcated by the jesuits, and the profanation of the sacraments of confession and communion, especially with the boys in their colleges, and women in the churches. Fortunately, the monkish persecutions to which he was exposed, arose in the pontificate of Benedict XIV., better known under the name of Pope Lambertini, who united profound theological learning with philosophical tolerance, great amenity of manners, and an inherent predilection for learned men of every country. He had lived on terms of friendship with Muratori, from his youth. He would not, therefore, permit the holy office, and the priests, to enjoy the satisfaction of burning the author of works which were hostile to their interests. They then endeavoured to indemnify themselves for leaving the author alive, by burning his books by the hands of their hangman. But neither did they succeed in this; and they were obliged to content themselves with preaching the most infamous calumnies against him, and writing articles in journals denouncing him as a heretic, because he had triumphantly adduced the testimony of ecclesiastical history, which they had adulterated or kept from view, in Italy, up to that time.

Muratori has no merit as a writer. It rarely happens that a man who writes a great deal, can combine despatch with elegance of diction, vigour and condensation of ideas, and fervour of style. But, independently of this reason, and of another to which we have already adverted,—the low ebb of literature in his times,—it appears that nature had denied him the power of writing in a manner to be read with admiration or pleasure. His turn of expression is never dignified, and, sometimes, in attempting to be natural, he is even vulgar. He is, however, an easy, precise, and clear writer; perhaps rather too much so, for he does not stimulate the reader to think. Such a style, when continued through many volumes, never fails to bring upon its author the unpardonable charge of dullness, and thus to deter many readers who, if they read him, would not think him dull, and would see, that were it not for the materials dug up, discussed, verified, and arranged by Muratori, the history of the Roman Empire in the middle ages would be still perfectly unknown; and the genius, philosophy, and eloquence of later historians would be left to wander blindly in the thick darkness which, until the latter half of the last century, enveloped the history of those remarkable times.

The history of Gibbon traverses the same period as the *Annali d'Italia* of Muratori; and the eloquent historian, who

sometimes appears to be borne along in the chariot of the sun, and to look down on the transactions of earth, speaks with wonder of the inflexible perseverance of the slow and cautious annalist who proceeds, step by step, and regards his predecessor with the exultation of the youthful David in the presence of his huge adversary. Perhaps he had reason for his triumph; but the question is, whether Gibbon, or any other man, could have treated of that magnificent portion of the history of mankind, if Muratori had not preceded him. Dates are to history what the notes in music are to the harmony of an orchestra. If the dates of two contiguous events are confounded, so that their order of antecedence and sequence is inverted, their natural harmony is lost for ever;—that which was cause appears effect, and *vice versâ*. But in the convulsions which tore the Roman empire, during the long period of the middle ages, events succeeded each other with such impetuosity, that they overlaid and concealed each other. Emperors and their dynasties appeared, only to be instantly reduced to nothing, and forgotten by the race over whom they had tyrannized. The conquering hordes of the North rolled on, wave after wave; and, after overwhelming and devastating the empire, turned their exterminating arms against each other,—often so successfully, that they left posterity no trace of their origin, or of the time and place of their disappearance for ever. Ignorance, which followed in the train of barbarism, diminished the number of writers; despotism, which spread wider and wider, reduced them to silence; and the religion which had gained an absolute ascendancy, diffused, not facts or history, but miracles and legends, and destroyed every record which could furnish impartial evidence of the truth. Let it be observed, that these causes, a single one of which would have sufficed to prevent posterity from coming at any accurate knowledge of those times, were combined; that their growth was simultaneous; and that they co-operated in confounding the order of dates and events; that is, in fact, in rendering it impossible to write history.

Gibbon embraces, during the same period, a greater extent of territory, and a greater number of people; and describes events and characters which do not come within the plan of the Italian annalist, and which, even if they had, he was quite incompetent to describe. Those circumstances which they concur in relating, assume colour, life, and passion, under the pen of Gibbon, while, in the pages of Muratori, they scarcely excite the smallest interest. We will suppose that the historian, even if not preceded by the annalist, could have dug up that immense multitude of facts which form the basis of his work. But if he had been bound to establish the truth of them, and to assign to them certain or probable dates, he would have

been compelled to write, not history, but as many, or perhaps more, volumes of dissertations, discussions, and proofs, in support of his authorities and of his chronology. Without this previous labour, the world could not have trusted to the fidelity of his narrative: nor could he himself. Lastly, if he had interwoven these dissertations with his history, he would have tried in vain to be eloquent, animated, or rapid; his history would, in short, have been no longer the history of a man of genius; and, with all his powers of writing, he must infallibly have produced one of those books which become, at once, useful and tedious, from the multitude of knotty questions they contain, and the logical manner in which these questions are treated.

This task, so unsuitable and irksome to the historian of the decline of the Roman Empire, was executed for him by Muratori, with an astonishing union of boldness and caution, and in a method entirely new. In his Annals of Italy he relates the vicissitudes of the Empire, from the reign of Trajan, year by year, in a narrative, the facts of which are so thoroughly sifted and established, that it is rarely possible to controvert their substance or their chronological arrangement. He had already prepared and published his authorities, having printed and illustrated, in two large collections, all the ancient historians of the middle ages, many of whom had slept in manuscripts, in libraries and monasteries, and the rest had been published without any discrimination or critical design. In these two collections, he examines the authenticity of every manuscript; the age and character of every old writer of histories or chronicles; the degree of credit due either to their general narrative, or to certain particular and extraordinary facts. Lastly, from these collections he drew all his accounts of the laws, customs, agriculture, commerce, peculiar modes of living, and civil and ecclesiastical institutions, of the middle ages. He examined the origin and the effects of the various constitutions imported by the northern nations, and the causes of the numerous revolutions and conquests which succeeded each other with such rapidity. All these researches he published in separate volumes, arranged in the order of the matter. After having thus illustrated the period of the middle ages as a whole, he went over it, through the long course of fifteen centuries, year by year, and step by step. His annals have been taken by all subsequent historians as infallible guides.

His mind, although not very prone to generalization, was more philosophical and analytical than is thought by most of his readers. The truth is, that many reflections are thought new or profound, according to the style in which they are expressed; and a sentiment which appears magnificent in the language of Montesquieu, or in Johnson, would lose all its value in a different dress. The simplicity of Muratoris'

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style leads ordinary readers to imagine that he was not a thinker, and that the just and original reflections which flow from his pen were not his own; though they are spontaneously and necessarily suggested by the facts he records.

The opposite extreme, at which we are now arrived, that of considering every fact with a philosophic eye, may be advantageous to the tendency of history, but not to the historic art. We remarked, in the beginning of this paper, that a philosophical mind is one of the qualities necessary in a historian, but that the smaller, or greater, or excessive use he may make of it, and the modifications of the union of philosophy with history, depends not so much on the writers themselves as on the age in which they live. There is no historian, ancient or modern; there is no writer of memoirs, no meagre chronicler, who has not some object; and the more enlarged is the mind, the more vast is its aim, and the more extensive its horizon. Now-a-days, if a historian treats of some particular epoch, however circumscribed his field, he keeps in view the whole world, and the nature of the human race. Without this, it appears, now, that no historian can become popular, either among learned or unlearned; and the expression *philosophic eye* is taken as a sort of guide or standard in criticising works of this description. But as this expression has been used to signify too much, or, rather, every thing, it has come, at last, to present only vague ideas which evaporate into nothing. To bring it back to its true signification, let us take, by way of illustration, the old and the modern historians of the wars between the Parliament and Charles I. If we separate them into classes and periods, we shall find, that some wrote to favour personal feelings of liking or antipathy; others, the interests of particular towns or districts; others, the interests of parties, as, for instance, by citing facts in support of the rights either of the republican party or of the crown; others, to deduce from this single period and country general observations on politics, and principles of government, applicable to other nations in similar crises. Nevertheless, however different their object, all the historians of all these classes must relate the same facts, and must introduce the same actors. Generally speaking, the historical horizon widens in the ratio of the distance at which the writer lives from that which he is describing. What he gains in extent, however, he loses in detail. Hence the characters of the actors become almost ideal, many genuine traits of nature are lost, and, while the author gains in dignity of expression and depth of expression, he loses in the fidelity of his narrative. Considering him as a painter of great men and great events, the countenances of his figures have the expression peculiar to their respective characters, but, like the historical painter, he has neither the power nor the will to make them portraits.

The philosophy of history, from its earliest period to our own days, has gradually embraced a wider horizon; and this was the necessary consequence of the times in which the historians lived. Thucydides, Polybius, Livy, and Tacitus, the four greatest philosophical historians of antiquity, had never seen either countries or men out of Greece, or the territory of the Roman Republic. Not a word is to be found in them, of theories of natural rights or imprescriptible principles of universal justice, or of constitutional systems. They bring us acquainted with one people, segregated from the rest of the species so as to exhibit neither resemblances nor differences between nations; nor do they deduce any general reflections on the origin, or progress, or vicissitudes of the various political societies of our globe.

After the revival of letters, Machiavel was the first who described the events of his own little republic of Florence, as if they ought to serve as a lesson to all the other free states in the world; and the subject of his history, though scarcely more than municipal, derives interest and dignity from its tendency, application, and from the profound reflections which the historian continually awakens in our minds. The first book served as a model to Montesquieu, in his "Historical Considerations on the Greatness and the Decay of Rome," and to Robertson, for his "Introduction to his History of Charles V." A celebrated scholar of Germany accuses Montesquieu of plagiary from Machiavel; and some Italians are not much more merciful to Robertson. We are of opinion, that Montesquieu would have produced the work he did, though Machiavel had never written; but we cannot say the same of Robertson; to whom, however, it would be great injustice to deny the merit of having added facts and established proofs, and coloured the sketch left by Machiavel, with the hand of a master.

Guicciardini, his cotemporary, related the events of the same period in such a manner as to embrace the political changes and interests of every country in Europe. This historian, in the opinion of Lord Bolingbroke, was the first who suggested the balance of power, afterwards acted upon by the statesmen of the contemporaneous reigns of Elizabeth, Henry IV. and Sixtus V.

The historic art may be arranged under three epochs: the first, that of the Greeks and Romans; the second, that of the Italians; the third, which includes our own time, that of the French and English. The philosophic eye of the historian now embraces so large a field, that the mind is in great danger of being discouraged by its extent. The more we learn to philosophize on history, the greater will be the difficulties in the way of narrating well. Now-a-days, however brief the

period, however small the corner of earth described by a historian, he must observe and examine with the utmost attention, not only rulers, courts, and armies, but finances, commerce, manufactures, and literature; he must explore the causes and mark the results of every event, and, from this investigation, must ascend to the discovery of those universal and permanent causes, which, in every country, and in every age, have governed the destinies of mankind. It is indisputable that, from the accurate observation of universal and permanent causes, we come at the knowledge of those fixed laws to which all nations are, by nature, subject; and that, in proportion as theory and practice are accommodated to natural laws, systems of government and political constitutions become more stable and more beneficial. To this great end, historical works of genius, from the middle of the last century up to the present time, seem invariably to tend. Unfortunately, some sit down to their task after they have adopted the passions and the interests of a party, and, unconsciously, accommodate their narrative to their prejudices. Others hold some general principle as infallible and eternal, and resort to every expedient to connect facts so as to produce a concatenated system, the first link of which hangs upon their favorite principle. With historians of this stamp, facts are true or false, not in proportion to the weight or the credibility of the testimony on which they rest, but to the ease with which they can be made to fit their system; and when they are found unaccommodating, all historical evidence of them is regarded as suspicious, and inexorably excluded.

Some disadvantages, therefore, are attendant on the advantages of our manner of writing history. But, if we could, we ought not to change it, or try to return to the manner of the ancients, who unite inexplicable defects to their inimitable excellencies. They are totally silent on subjects of agriculture, commerce, and finance; as if the influence of these on the political constitution or on the well-being of nations, was but slight. Indeed, since Bayle, Montesquieu, and Voltaire, who, while they were carried along by the current of their age, added to its force, introduced this mode of considering and of treating history, whatever changes our posterity may make, we must follow in their track. The excess to which Raynal (in his historical work on the two Indies) and Gibbon carried philosophizing and dissertation in history, seems now to be moderated.

The volcano of the revolution, which was ready to burst over the whole of Europe, had long given indications of its approaching eruption, and had inflamed all minds, especially those of men of genius. The style of history, consequently, became more grave and earnest: but that discordancy of

theories and of political events, which fomented wars between nations, insinuated itself into the thoughts and opinions of many writers; nor does it appear that the experience of the revolution has taught them that the historian is, above all men, bound to shun extremes.

If any means of avoiding these exist, they must lie in the use of authenticated facts, caution in all the details, accuracy in the dates, and consequent evidence for causes and effects, and for their order of concatenation.

And since neither the talents nor the life of one man are sufficient to collect and prepare these materials, which are the only true and useful bases of history, the great antiquarians of every nation, who spend their lives in this preliminary and indispensible labour, deserve to be attentively consulted, not only by the writers, but the readers of history. The very coldness and inelegance of their style, and the scrupulous discussion of details and dates, which make them so fatiguing to read, render them peculiarly useful, since they shew us, by contrast, in what way, and to what extent, the imagination of a historian of genius, his eloquence, or the philosophical theories he has imbibed from his age, may have led him to alter facts, or to pervert them to a different tendency from their real one. The patience and calmness, and even the apparent apathy, of compilers of ponderous books of reference, may act as a curb on the imagination of those who have recourse to them; and, by establishing every principle and every deduction solely on the truth of facts neither extenuated nor exaggerated, may invest history with the character, not of a political partisan, but of a judge.

ART. VII.—*The Life of General Monck, Duke of Albemarle, &c. with Remarks upon his Actions. By* Tho. Gumble, *D.D. one of his Grace's Chaplains. London: Printed by J. S. for Tho. Barret, at the George, near Clifford's Inn, in Fleet Street.* 1671.

The following is the sequel of the Life of Monk, down to the period of the Restoration. The preceding portion, the reader will perhaps recollect, was given in our last number.

I am now to relate the measures of the General, and his great acts in the accomplishment of his majesty's most glorious Restoration.

Some time before he put himself in motion and set his face to the South, he had established a correspondence with divers persons in London; and, by this means, had very good intelli-

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gence of all the proceedings of the pretended powers then in being. And as the several persons who corresponded with him were unknown one to another, and could not therefore conspire to deceive him, he was the more secure when their informations agreed.

He next concerned himself well to understand the affections of his officers, of whom by his instruments he sounded such as were known to be remote from the hypocrisy and fanaticism of the times; and found in many of them a generous spirit and as much zeal for the work as could be desired. Of such as had been displaced and desired to preserve their commissions, he was most sure; for seldom do men of parts mistake their interests; and poverty disposes us to virtue, though it is but a small degree thereof that is built upon necessity. Three months, however, did he allow to pass over, before he made public his declaration. Meanwhile he busied himself in examining the packets, which arrived from London six times a week; and upon these, to be the more private, did he often spend whole nights. This he did, to obtain a more perfect view of the state of affairs, and a more certain knowledge of the persons in whom he should confide.

At length, on the 17th of October, 1659, the day on which he had intelligence of the parliament's having been forced by Lambert and Fleetwood, he laid the plan of his intended operations; and to the end that they might have no jealousy of his motions, he gave special orders that no packets be allowed to pass into England. Next day he moved with his guards from Dalkeith to Edinburgh, where was quartered his own regiment of foot; and where he seizes upon and secures all the officers who, he knew, would be dissatisfied with his proceedings. The rest of his forces he draws into the field, and declares before them his resolution to adhere to the civil authority, and not to follow the English army in their mad counsels and fanatical courses. They received it with great joy, as did also the whole Scottish nation, which latter hoped it might be the means of breaking the yoke that had been laid upon their necks. Berwick, where most of the officers were anabaptists, he next secures by sending thither a troop of horse, which arrived the night before Colonel Cobbet, sent on the part of the English army, got thither. The dissentient officers and Colonel Cobbet were conveyed into Scotland, and lodged in the Castle of Edinburgh. Same day he sends expresses, inviting several officers—commanders in fortified places, or heads of regiments—to meet him at Edinburgh; whom he secures by the way, and finding them averse to his designs detains in custody, and their commands disposes of to others.

October 20th., the general takes possession of the garrison

of Leith, and holds a general council of officers, who approve of his measures against the insolence of the English army, and engage to adhere faithfully to him in the prosecution of them. Before, however, going the length of shedding the blood of their old friends, some of them did desire an admonition might be sent to the English officers; and though, by the wise and honester part, this motion was secretly condemned, as sounding an alarm before matters were ripe, yet was it agreed that, to shew all proper tenderness, letters of admonition should be forthwith despatched. Same time, moreover, they write to the Speaker, to know from authority whether the House had not been forced; to Lambert and Fleetwood, to apprize them of the intelligence that had been received in Scotland, and announce the resolution of the Scotch army to uphold the civil authority; and to the army in Ireland, as well as to many individuals and garrisons in England, to invite them to a concurrence with the general's views. The answers to these invitations were not favourable—could not see what end the General proposed—did not think the offence of their brethren in England needed so sharp a remedy—craved leave, therefore, to object and propose a pacific way of settling the differences existing.

The General did not despond. He published several papers on the nature and object of the controversy now on foot, which were no small comfort to his own troops, and reduced his adversaries to many shifts and evasions in their answers. Their letters of expostulation they took care to send by the hand of cunning and popular men, who were instructed to try the fidelity of the General's officers. Of this sort of vermin came many both from England and Ireland.

A considerable fleet was riding in the Downs at this period. To them, the General writes an account of his proceedings; trusting that his name is not altogether forgotten among the brave souls with whom he had formerly fought and conquered; but the fleets being then under the command of persons ill-affected to the cause he had espoused, his letters meet with a cold reception. But when the weather changed, and it began to clear up in the *North*, they had then the *North-star* to guide them, and could tack to their advantage.

By these refusals of aid and countenance, on behalf of the Irish army-garrisons in England and the fleet, was the insolence of the officers whom the general had displaced, and who had liberty given them to wind up their accounts, mightily increased. To their side they drew over many officers still in command, who began to compare the present advantages of security and payment of arrears upon laying down their commissions, with the probable dangers of an enterprize, to which

all around appeared hostile. These, however, did the General give to understand that he must distinguish between officers whom he had himself displaced, and whose demands he would therefore satisfy, and those who voluntarily laid down their commissions; he could not pretend to furnish them with the money wanting to pay his own troops; they might seek their arrears of those to whom they were going; and thus gets he rid of about one hundred and forty ill-disposed officers, and introduces sure and faithful men in their room.

To keep two doors open into England, the General had secured Berwick, and now he despatches Captain Deane with his troop to secure Carlisle; but the honest captain, instead of getting the garrison, had like to have lost himself; for the governor held him in treaty till he had seduced his whole troop, who forsook their captain and entered the town.

Notwithstanding the general kept his face steadfastly set towards England, he was resolved to have an eye also behind him to watch over Scotland; in order that they of the English army might have no cause to complain, that he had given up the country which had been entrusted to his keeping. As so many chains to keep the loyal Scots in slavery, there had been built, under the usurpation, at a charge of above £300,000, four citadels at Leith, Ayr, St. Johnston's, and Inverness; fortifications so regular, as perhaps all Europe could not shew better. In these, and in Sterling, Dumbarton, and Edinburgh Castles, he resolved to leave four of the ten regiments of foot then in Scotland, and to march southward with the remaining six.

About this time, October the 24th, the messenger sent from the general council of officers arrives in London, with the letters before spoken of to the Speaker, Fleetwood, and Lambert, which had been printed at Edinburgh; and with a "declaration to the gathered churches," which he was desired to print in London, that it might not incense the "presbytery of Scotland, who would have been offended thereat." Of this declaration to the gathered churches the purport was, "that they should be assured of their liberties, both civil and spiritual;" a declaration judged necessary, inasmuch as there were many officers, both of the English and Scottish armies, that were members of those churches; for, in those times, "good honest men of parishes" were scarcely capable of employment; and this assurance of the free enjoyment of their principles, by shewing that the war was intended not against creeds and doctrines, but against the ambition of the great English officers, did not a little conduce to the success of the whole affair.

At these letters and papers, was the pretended authority then existing under the name and title of a *Committee of Safety*, strangely amazed; for *they could not dream of such a*

danger from the North. Much did they marvel whence these designs should come into the General's head; and more, that he had conceived them at so critical a moment when their armies were divided. But these preaching and professing saints were mistaken in their man; and, though they could prophesy, had not the gift of discerning. They thought him a mere ignorant soldier; but, like Junius Brutus, he did conceal himself, and took the best of times to redeem his country; so that they were forced to come to school to him, to learn policy, and (but that they were unteachable on that head) *honesty* too—a hard lesson, and not easily learned by old sinners. As fears and crimes are ever wakeful, this alarm breaks their rest and keeps them in consultation all night. "They always doubted that this cloud, that had hovered so long on the hills of Scotland, would in the end pour down a sad shower." Fearing to rouse the lion, they first fall upon fair means; and, on the second of November, two persons of eminence arrived at Edinburgh, appointed to use their interest to persuade the General to an agreement; but this was throwing oil on the flame; for their persuasions were but the effects of fear, and were so interpreted. However, the General consented to treat, seeing that, in civil wars, it is not safe to reject advances to a reconciliation, lest you lose ground with your own side.

Business multiplying on the General's hands, though he had all along used the good advice and pains of his friends, he now resolves to constitute a committee of the oldest and most eminent colonels of his army, to whom he consigns the task of preparing answers to all letters from the general councils of officers in England and Ireland. This was no light duty, as there was a council of officers at London, another at Newcastle, and another in Dublin, so that letters poured in upon them: but they of the English army in Scotland well understood that their enemies were gifted brethren—skirmishers with the pen and the tongue, wherein they in England and Ireland were better skilled than in arms. It would be raillery not unpleasant to print the papers exchanged on both sides: for like two women, that in scolding call each other ——, and are perhaps neither of them mistaken, they accused one another of treason; and traitors, indeed, had too many of them been, both to God and "the best of kings." Nevertheless, the General's pen-men played their parts well, dealing in all things generously and faithfully, so that little need had we of arms abroad, when we had so good counsel at home.

And now that we were facing about in politics, needs must we begin to use the old methods; so that the general had his *privy-council*, which was this committee, and his *great council*, which was all the commissioned officers in the army. A pleasant sight it was to see the General at the end of a long table

in a room full of officers, putting the question, (as many as consent to the motion, *hold up your hands;)* and then an ensign making a long speech against it, who was but started from a corporal the other day; but all this and more did the general suffer for the good of all and for *amor patriæ*. Let those who think he was not long enough in "declaring," recollect what the Admiral Colignie used to say of an army of volunteers, how that it was *a horrible thing to have to command* them. Howbeit, by the prudence and artifice of those he trusted, did the General obtain by persuasion all he desired; for "though he was good at driving," yet was he now obliged to lead gently.

Great care was taken to catechise the soldiers well in the "first rudiments" of their duty, and to spirit men into an understanding and sense of the quarrel;* for it was more than probable that ours of the Scotch army would with difficulty be brought to fight against them of the English army; and it was much to be feared they would, on the contrary, run over one to another. Therefore, to fix the soldiery, all endeavours were used, and good sergeants and corporals appointed, who are the eyes and tongues of their several companies, and have opportunity to observe the inclinations of the privates, as well as to make impression upon their minds. To them were private directions given, that they should take occasion upon their guards to enter into discourse on the justness and necessity of the "engagement;" and because they might not be able orators, diverse "printed papers" were put into their hands, setting forth the obligation of every Englishman to oppose the tyranny of the army under Lambert; and, among these, a dialogue between a soldier of the Scottish army and a soldier of the English army, in which the whole quarrel was stated. Also, every week, was an officer (who was guilty of a little wit) appointed to write a Gazette; and this and the rest were dispersed among the soldiers and read upon the guard.

All this time, the English army kept up a battery by messengers and letters and expostulations; being a fardle of such pretended godliness as might make a man tremble but to read. Those of our officers to whom the care of these matters appertained, though they laughed in their sleeve at those godly pretences, yet thought fit to pay them in their own coin, and "with the Cretans to play the Cretans."

Among those that came from England were some so villa-

* The doctor means here only the quarrel with Lambert and the English officers, not the king's quarrel with the Parliament; for whether at this time the king was or was not in the General's "belly," as some said, he certainly was not at all in his mouth. The engagement so often spoken of, as taken by Monk and his army, was only an engagement to support the civil against the military power.

nous, that the gallows had been but their due, who poisoned a great part of our horse, of which we had but few to spare, being in all but four regiments, and these wanting their full numbers. And now they resolve to run away in whole troops; and Robinson, a captain of dragoons, lately preferred to the pay of horse, and therefore thought fit to be trusted on the Borders to watch others, ran away with his troop to Newcastle; though they had just received back, breast, and pot in token of their new dignity of troopers. Twistleton's regiment, also, refused service; but these being quartered in convenient places were happily dismounted, and red-coats put upon their horses. Hard shifts were these, though the foot stood firm, and swore they would fight without the horse. Not many of those, I ween, that now censure the General's long silence, but would have thought it wisdom at this time to dissemble a little; for the grand objection of the silly fellows that ran away, was, "that the KING was in his belly"; wherein were they not far amiss, for, "sure I am, he was in his heart."

The Independent Churches, thankful for the army's declaring for liberty of conscience and security, take upon them to be mediators, and send down Mr. Caryll and Mr. Barker, in the capacity of ministers of Christ and messengers of the church, to endeavour after unity and the prevention of blood-shed. They did not disgrace their office; deporting themselves with prudence, and not intermeddling in affairs, whether public or private; and I wish all others had come upon the same errand, or, having come, had so deported themselves. The General, who had always a reverence for such as "were called" ministers of Jesus Christ, conferred frequently with them in private, and even gave them a public audience before some of the most intelligent of his officers, and such as understood the arts and subtleties of these kind of people, who were apt to mix politics with religion, a method which I wish be not now too much in fashion. Mr. Caryll spoke long and well; but were I to attempt to repeat the particulars of his discourse, I must invent them; which, though it be after the example of the ancients, who take too much liberty of this kind, to shew their own wits rather than the truth of story, I shall crave leave to dispense with. But the minister coming at length to charge all the blood that should be shed upon the General, the latter could not forbear interrupting him, and replied with so much reason and conscience, that the auditors, and even the objector himself, acknowledged themselves satisfied.

About this time, also, came down Major-General Morgan, sent on the part of Lambert, whose heart ached at the thought of a war with the General, whom he always feared and never loved, to dissuade the latter from fulfilling his engagement.

This gentleman, who had proved his skill and conduct abroad, both in France and Flanders, did the more willingly charge himself with the message, as he had resolved to join with General Monk at all hazards. Nevertheless, would he act like a soldier, and, as a man of honour, deliver his message first; and then, if the General would not consent to the proposition, why he was at liberty to join with him. This *little man* was of more worth, at that time, to us than the seventeen score of officers that had deserted. With General Morgan came also John Troutbeck, doctor in physick and chirurgeon, whose company the General always loved,* and who was very pleasing to all the officers of the army. He brought an assurance from the Lord Fairfax, that his Lordship would not fail to be assistant to the General; which message was kept very private, that his Lordship might meet with no prevention.

After divers letters and messages, the General's council of officers did agree to treat, and that too at London; and three commissioners were sent with public instructions from the council and private directions from the General. The latter respected the use they were to make of their eyes, and ears, and discretion, in sounding the state of matters on the spot. But, on their arrival in London, they were made almost prisoners, and watched day and night; till, by importunity and false rumours of the General's army having deserted him, the English officers extorted from them their consent to a treaty.

There was in the General's quarters at this time a gentleman of good parts and well bred, who had come down as a mediator from the English army. Him they sounded on the subject of Lambert, and affected to wonder why a person of valour and some honour, like that leader, should engage with persons that had neither one nor the other; hinting, that if he would withdraw his opposition, the lieutenancy of Ireland might easily be obtained. The gentleman, having first desired to hear this assurance from the General's own mouth, communicates it to Lambert, who is said to have returned for answer, "that he was not able to govern that unruly army, to which he was the head."

Though a treaty was on foot, the wiser sort looked for no good from it, and therefore all diligence was used to new-model the army. Several regiments were drawn down towards Edinburgh; and some loose companies, that were quartered nearer, were ordered to be enrolled along with them; but the officers of the latter deserted, and the soldiers themselves re-

* "He [the Duke of Albemarle] is grown a drunken sot, and drinks with nobody but Troutbecke; whom nobody else will keep company with."—Pepys, in his *Diary*.

fused to engage, unless they might have the election of their officers,—a pleasant notion, but withal to be borne with, for a civil war admits not of severe discipline. So they must needs choose their own serjeants and corporals; but, like the people of Capua, in Pacuvius his time, all were for being commanders, and none for being commanded; whereupon they, at last, consented to receive such as their superiors appointed. Thus did we see a comedy, that had heretofore been enacted at London, represented in Musselburgh. "Man's extremity is God's opportunity; and the greatest anarchy is the readiest means to a just settlement."

And now the General, by his letters to the shires and burghs of Scotland, calls a convention to meet at Edinburgh; whither, accordingly, repaired a brave show of nobles and burghers, to whom he tenders a proposal, that, seeing the necessity he was under of marching into England to free it from the usurpation and tyranny of the army, they should forthwith advance the assessments that were in arrear; craving also their advice how the country of Scotland might be preserved in peace, and what order should be kept in the Highlands and Borders to prevent plunderings and misdemeanors in his absence. After taking time to deliberate, the convention answered, by the mouth of the Earl of Glencairn, that they humbly thanked the General for consulting them on his great affairs; and for his desire touching the assessments, that they would take especial heed to advance them timely enough for his march; which they faithfully performed. Now, some do think that the Scotch raised the money "upon their own account;" but it is a mistake, for Scotland was at that time, with all its people, very poor, though very loyal; and they offered bravely to raise 20,000 men, officered with the best nobility of all Scotland, and to march along with the General. The Scots' fingers did *itch* to be handling arms, like as children will cry for the knife that has heretofore cut their fingers. The General was sensible of their great loyalty; and, had his troops not stood firm, would have engaged with them, and resolutely have espoused the king's quarrel. Thus were the Scotch nation furtherers of the king's restoration; and thereby did witness to all the world, that, though deluded, they were not obstinate sinners against his majesty; the name of Commonwealth being odious to them even as the worst of tyrannies.

The General having now, about the 10th of November, drawn down his forces to the south, all new-modelled and officered, very brisk and courageous; and being at Haddington, in order to his journey to the Borders, was, as he sat one night at supper, saluted with the agreement which his own commissioners had entered into with the officers at London. Having

read it, he hands it over in silence to his officers, without expressing so much as an opinion thereupon; but they fall into a rage at it, as a thing destructive not only of their interests but of those of the three nations. Next day the General, having returned to Edinburgh, comes into the public room, where he walks up and down very melancholy and dark, but says not a word all the while. One with whom he was always wont to be free and pleasant, in what humour soever he was, happening to enter the room, the General, who had not as yet spoken a word to any of his officers, cries out to him, "How now, what say *you* to this agreement?"—"Truly, sir," returns the other, "I hear so well of it, that I am come to make a little request; even that you would sign me a pass to go into Holland; and, by good luck, yonder is a ship at Leith ready to sail."—"What," demands the General, "will you leave me?"—"I know not," replies the other, "how *you* may shift for yourself, with your greatness, but I doubt they will never rest till they have torn from you your command; and what they will do with you then, it concerns yourself to consider. But as for *me*, poor though I am, I will not put myself in their power;—it will not be for my safety." To this the General answers hastily, "Do you lay the blame on me? If the army will stick to me, I will stick to the army." Upon his saying which, all present gave him assurance, that they would live and die with him; and such was the joy among the officers, that some expressed it with tears in their eyes; for all had been ready to mutiny because of that agreement. For their honesty and gallantry herein, these officers (wheresoever they be) deserve his majesty's gracious favour; for had they tamely entertained this agreement, those, that now boast of having done his business without them, might not have worn so much as a head upon their shoulders.

And now there is another face on things—the General serene and cheerful—officers merry and jovial—being agreed, not indeed openly to refuse the agreement, but to demur upon some of the articles, as being vague or obscure, and by desiring explanation thereof to suspend the confirmation of the whole. To this politic suspension they owe their success; for time was thus given to many designs, which they knew to be on foot both in Ireland and England, to come to maturity. Before this time was Lambert come to Newcastle with all his forces, though ill provided with money; and his army itself a miscellany of confused interests jumbled together, some being for the parliament, some creatures of Fleetwood's, who were not hearty in the cause, lest Lambert should prevail, and give their master a lift out of his command; others, again, entertaining a strong affection for General Monk, and some not knowing

whether most to fear Lambert's open ambition, or Monk's concealed intentions. Thus, though in appearance formidable, the English army was in reality weak; whereas the General's, being new-modelled, wholly depended upon himself and had but one mind.

The General now sets forth a second time from Edinburgh, and the Scots seem to part sadly with their old guests; and sure never soldiers left a country where they had been enemies, with such high testimonies of kindness. The head quarters being now at Berwick, the old course of scolding and expostulating is resumed; and the English officers press the General to renew the treaty, whilst he craves time to speak with his commissioners, who, as having debated the articles, could best explain them; and it might be that their explanation would spare the trouble of any further treating. All this was, however, only to gain time which is always precious, but which, in this juncture, did save much blood; and artifices to avoid shedding blood are most justifiable, for he must be a cruel beast that delights in so savage an employment.

Some time before this, the General had sent letters to the Lord Mayor and common-council, in which he set forth that the authors of the violence done to Parliament had assumed a power, without consent of the people first had in Parliament, to raise money and make laws and repeal them; that if this were allowed, it was to no purpose that the people had expended their blood and treasure; that religion was not the subject of controversy, as "all were agreed for liberty of conscience;" that under an unlimited arbitrary power there was no certainty to them for their estates, liberties, or lives; and that if the General should miscarry for want of their timely aid, it would be too late for them then to attempt the recovery of their freedom, whilst, if he succeeded, it would be dishonourable for a City, so renowned, to have no share in asserting its own liberty. These incontrovertible statements did much awaken the City; and thus, though the General's sword had heretofore marked him with great honour, yet now his *pen* did win for him much more. And, as was said of Philip the Second of Spain, (though it be a bold allusion) that with a goose-quill he had ruled the old world and the new, so, with the same implement, did the General raise and arm three nations.*

About the sixth of December came intelligence, that a

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* These compositions, which were to gain the General more fame than his sword, were, no doubt, written by the reverend author himself.

party of Lambert's, consisting of three regiments of horse and one of dragoons, with two *drakes*, were marched into Northumberland, and had possessed themselves of Chillingworth castle, intending, it was thought, to seize the rents of the Lord Gray of Wark; howbeit this treasure they of the Scottish army had been beforehand with them in securing, and did afterwards safely restore. Upon this the General gets on horseback, by two in the morning, to visit the fords down the Tweed; and it being dark, and the ways covered with ice, and all up hill and down hill, we might well say we were set in *slippery places*; for it was God's mercy that some of our necks were not broken, which, I fear me, the fanatics did heartily pray for. The General was so intent on his observations, that though we "entreated his great care," he would keep a good pace; acting herein like the Theban Captain, who said, it was for private men to take care of themselves, but not for those to whom was committed the care of others. At eleven o'clock, the General took up his quarters at Coldstream, where we found a regiment of foot already stationed: the honest red-coats bade us heartily welcome, but the knaves had eaten up all the meat, and drank all the drink of the town. The General being lodged, fell to his usual cheer—chewing tobacco, which he used highly to commend: but this not being cheer to satisfy younger stomachs, a party of us, finding nothing in Coldstream to buy or sell, speeded to a hill about half a mile from the town, to look out for some gentleman's house. There we got sight of the Lord of Hume's chimneys, who lived half a mile further on; and riding hard to overtake a dinner, we found this noble earl, by whom we were entertained. We had all the civilities of the house, and among them the grace-cup, which is a great dish or cogue, with two handles, that would hold a good pail-full; and yet, they told us, that several persons thereabout would empty it at a draught; so we concluded that these thirsty souls had been lately at Coldstream, and drunk it dry. On our return we found our General fasting devoutly, and, I hope, praying too. He told us he had sent to Berwick for provisions, and so pacified us, who were exclaiming against the place we were in, where was nothing to drink but water, and that covered with ice so thick as could scarcely be broken. Neither durst we cry "Roast-meat," and tell our adventures, where we had been, for so envious is the world that men are forced to hide their happiness for quietness' sake.

Making what shift we could that night, a new confederacy of us, next day, resolve on a foot party to cross the Tweed upon the ice; an excursion not quite so safe, both by reason of the way, and Lambert's dragoons. But nothing could prevail on us to forbear treading on English ground, which we all thought

was pleasanter and warmer, and the air sweeter, though on the Scottish side was much better land. So we resolved never more to laugh at the Highlander, who being at Edinburgh, and wishing the city was his, was asked what he would do with it?—"Do with it?" replied he, "I would buy land in the Hielands." Not far from the castle of Wark was a gentleman's house, a person of some six score pounds a year—and that is a rich laird in the North country, where, by favour of one of our company that was a relation, we found a hearty welcome, and a dinner that kept us alive for another day. But, by this time, Berwick had supplied our troops with provisions, and all was well, on our return in the evening. Here we remained for six weeks; and this is that famous leaguer, where the General, as it were, encamped and besieged England and Ireland, and brought them to yield to terms.

The commissioners, whom the council of officers had sent up to London to treat, were now returned. They had, doubtless, *authority* for concluding the agreement, but they ought not to have done it so quickly, but have temporized, and well informed themselves what assistance was likely to come into the General, as well as spoken with the discontented officers. But they were overawed by the officers at London, and continually attended upon by them under pretence of civility, but really in order to prevent their communicating with such as might spirit them into resistance. Certain it is, that great good came by this agreement; not, indeed, by the ratification of it, but by suspending the ratification; for thus were the English officers, who imagined that any blind would serve to cheat General Monk, themselves ensnared. And be it also remembered, that the English officers themselves could not have observed the terms of that agreement; for no new called parliament, (which was an article in it,) would have countenanced them in what was inconsistent with every kind of government but that in which they were the governors.

And though his commissioners omitted, or were unable, to give him intelligence, the General had many, both in England and Ireland, from whom he received it twice in the week at least; the letters, to avoid interception, being sometimes directed to merchants in Edinburgh, sometimes conveyed into Scotland by market people, who went the way of Chevy-chase out of the line of the soldiery; and sometimes concealed among bills of exchange and other letters of merchandise, that if inquisitive people chanced to search the packet, they might still find only mercantile business, and so make it up again, without being at the trouble to look through to the last. Messengers also he had, who came to him out of Yorkshire, not by the great road, but through by-ways; and to the credit of

the church be it said, that many clergymen, finding him zealous for the ministry as well as magistracy, did constantly bring him information from Newcastle, which they contrived to do, by riding northward, as on a visit to some neighbour parson, who went with the news to his next neighbour, and so on till it reached the General.

In full expectation of having many pieces of intelligence, that he had received, confirmed, General Monk remains still at Coldstream; where he appointed several days of public fasting and prayer, to implore God's blessing upon the means which he had used, and was about to use, for his country's weal. Religion, indeed, and virtue, the General did very much countenance at all times; swearing, drinking, and whoring were in his army only by their names known, and not by practice; or if any so monstrous action did appear, the offender was cashiered, lest, like a putrid member, he should corrupt others. Virtue hath always befriended courage, which is no modern opinion; for Godfrey of Boulogne, being asked, by a Saracen king, "How he had hands so able to fight?" replied, "Because he had never defiled them with any notorious sin." And Colonel Washington, who was as stout as any, and had been a wild slip in his younger days, used to say that a man of great courage must be either a religious or a desperately wicked man.

The General had chosen his position so well, that he kept Lambert at bay, who could not quarter near him without being under the necessity of dispersing his forces over no less a space than twenty miles, or so. Lambert's army, moreover, at first coming down, had but a month's pay, whereas the General could have subsisted his forces above twelve months, what with the credit of his officers and the money he had in hand. This town of Coldstream, because General Monk did it the honour to make it his head-quarters, hath given title to a small company of men, whom poor though they were God made the instrument of great things, by the no dishonourable name of "Coldstreamers;"* that is to say, such officers, as, when all others in England and Ireland were obstinate to perpetuate the tyranny under which the country lay, did hazard their commissions and their blood to restore to their rightful prince his native land and lawful authority. The town of Coldstream is seated upon the banks of the Tweed, and was called a market; but I dare bring all the English that were in it, in my time, to swear the contrary. The ground about is very moist, being flooded

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* Hence, perhaps, is derived the name of the 3rd, or Coldstream, regiment of Foot-guards.

by the Tweed; and, at this time, there was nothing but ice and snow to be seen, nor could we discover which was land and which was water. It had once a religious house in it, and penitents surely do they deserve to be thought, that live in this cold bleak place. The General's palace was a little cottage as black as a peat-stack, and about the height of the gudewife herself, with two great dunghills at the door, and a hall or entry so dark and narrow that a man could not turn in it. The room, which served him for both lodging and parlour, was too bad for description; his bed was like a bird's nest, into which he crept, having overhead a canopy of boards, for curtains were things unheard of in this place, and glass windows were as precious as crystal even at Edinburgh. And yet, in these strait quarters did his lady pay him a visit; but in business times he loved not such company, and dismissed her next day, and did a little chide her for that unseasonable kindness. But a cottage is the preface to a palace, and humility the way to greatness. The generous hawk that towereth above, and, as the falconer expresseth it, lessens and vanishes, stoops for to purvey entertainment and lodging, very low.

The General's chapel (for he was loth to accommodate himself at the expense of the Scots, by making use of their church, besides that it was a little remotely situate) was big enough for a barn, and none of the cleanest, it having been used for a cow-house, or worse. It was thought to have been part of the old priory, before-mentioned; but, if it were holy ground, I am sure it was unclean, until some honest red-coats, for now they were grown honest, were so devout as to make it clean, which devotion of theirs depended upon their officers' command. The best fare we had was lean mutton and tough stringy poultry; ale, brewed over-night,—rich liquor next day, and drunk with good commendation. Yet I have heard many of our party say afterwards, that they never enjoyed so much content in all their lives; for we were merrier over our hard fare than aldermen at a city feast.

While the General kept himself close in his quarters, news was brought by Captain Campbell, (who, by this good message, did atone for the many sinners of his name) that the forces in Ireland had declared for the General, and secured all such as opposed him. The General, who was always, though without ostentation, truly pious, kept a day of thanksgiving to God Almighty for this return to our prayers; but before we had given thanks for this mercy, came intelligence of another, that the fleet in the Downs, and Hazelrig and others at Portsmouth, had declared for General Monk. To reduce this place, Fleetwood, it appeared, had instantly sent down

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forces; but these last joined with those in the town, and, returning to London, restored the pretended parliament.

And thus the Rump once again recovers its authority, which the Scotch army allowed them to enjoy for a short space; administering, in the meanwhile, fair words by way of diet-drink, but intending, hereafter, to prescribe strong cordials, such as the admission of the secluded members; the parliament having had purging medicines given it already but too often.

Upon this event, General Monk refuses to treat any longer with Lambert, on the ground that the parliament, "by whose authority he acted," had appointed commissioners for the government of the army; that the general council of his own officers had come to a resolution, to enter into no treaty nor ratify any agreement "without consent of parliament," and this resolution of theirs being reasonable and necessary, he could not oppose it. On being apprized of this, General Lambert laid his hand upon his breast, and exclaimed, "that the General had not well used him." This being the civil death of that gentleman, needs must we say, that he was a person of great parts and good courage, and as fit for the Protectorship as Oliver, and some think fitter; but so foolish a farce was not to be again enacted in England. Lambert was close and reserved in his temper, of great pride and ambition, grasping at things above his reach, which was his ruin. It was the opinion of some of his friends, that, could he have new-modelled his officers, and reduced them to depend on himself, he would have pursued General Monk's line of conduct. Certainly, he had wit enough to know his true interest; but this was no opportunity to try what really was in his heart, since he was at the head of an army he could not rule.

General Monk having disposed all matters in Scotland so well as to ensure the quiet of the country, proposes to march into England, with four regiments of horse, and six of foot, not knowing what entertainment to expect at the hands of the English army. In these regiments was many a name deserving to be recorded at Coldstream in a table, in like manner as the followers of the Conqueror were registered in the abbey of Battle. These *Coldstreamers* were like the nobles of Israel, with whom Deborah was so much in love, and of whom she sings in the book of Judges, "because they offered themselves willingly among the people, and jeoparded their lives unto the death, in the high places of the field."

The chaplains of the army were then but two, the rest having declined; Dr. John Price, an honest and learned gentleman,*

* Also a biographer of General Monk.

and this relator, who was preacher to the council, and then had the most lucrative places in the army; "but thanks to God he enjoyed them not one whole year."

On new year's day, a good omen to begin a new world in England, and to bring a new year's gift, the General sent over most of his foot, and followed himself next morning with his horse. It is not to be imagined what offers he now had of regiments and troops of horse to be raised when the danger was over; but he smiled at these addresses, remembering how, a short time before, in the Border counties, they had refused to sell him horses for money tendered on the spot. This minds me of a remark made to the General by a gentleman who happened, in the month of May following, to be looking, with him, out of a window in the General's quarters, at Canterbury; observing the troops, as they marched past in green scarfs and feathers, and summer gaiety, on the way to welcome his majesty. "The General," he said, "had none of these with him at *Coldstream*:—grasshoppers and butterflies never come abroad in frosty weather."

After the restoration of the pretended parliament, upon the revolt and repentance of the English army in and about London, Colonel Salmon came post to inform Major General Lambert of the posture of affairs. The latter instantly quits Newcastle, and conceals himself, first, in Yorkshire, and afterwards in London. So that a gentleman that had lately triumphed over the Cheshire insurgents, and come down to the North with an army able to swallow all Scotland, has now not where to lay his head. The great ones that had attended him on his journey, and the preachers that had addressed him at his several stages with prayers and flattering sermons, now have the impudence to meet General Monk with their thanksgivings.

The General, when he received intelligence of Lambert's retreat, was already on his march. On the night of the 2nd of January his quarters were at Wellar, where we did eat and lodge like Christians; but we had not been long retired to rest when a messenger from the Rump arrives, and obliges us to rise out of bed, though the night was extremely cold and snowed liberally. Their letter consisted of six lines as cold as the night, informing us how they were (unhappily) got together again; and because something was wanted to fill up the space, they put in thanks at the conclusion. The same messenger brought orders for Lambert's forces to disperse to their quarters, and one little better to us, but that we resolved not to understand him. The General put a good face on the matter; the whole army was halted on its march, and the letter read at the head of the several regiments, the foot standing knee-deep in snow, and shouting very hard *to get themselves into some heat*, and many

crying "that they would go up to London, and see the parliament sitting." At Morpeth, the army was met by the sword-bearer from London, bringing an express from the common council and a declaration of their desires for a full parliament; alleging that, in the present one, they had never a member to represent their renowned city. Whither came also the sword-bearer from Newcastle, with compliments and kind invitations from that town. These wary citizens did not care to appear publicly till the coast was clear, and they might address with impunity. And here I cannot but relate a pleasant story to the purpose; after David Lesly had routed Montrose, the committee of estates appointed commissioners, whereof the Earl of Lanerick, a stickling covenanter, was one, to examine those who were charged with having addressed Montrose as the king's lieutenant. Among these was Stewart, of Minto, who, being asked whether he did not kiss the cheek of Montrose, (a ceremony in Scotland peculiar to the king's viceroy,) and not denying it, Lanerick calls out, "Mark that, clerk;" upon this cries Minto, "My lord, if you had been there as I was, you would have been glad to have kissed a worse part, (he spoke plain Scotch)—mark that, clerk,—to have got off as I did!" Lanerick, upon this, dissolved the commission with a laugh, and would act no further in the business.

And now began the General to govern his army more monarchically, and to dispense with all general councils of officers, pretending that there was no danger or necessity for them; but, in reality, not considering them as agreeable to his designs, which required above all things secresy and silence. The saying of Metellus on this head is well known: "that if his shirt were privy to his thoughts, he would burn it." On the fourth of January, the General quartered at Newcastle, where great multitudes of the common people met him upon the road, with acclamations, and railings upon Lambert, and extolling the General to his face, crying "that he looked like a General." From this place he dispatched a messenger to London, with letters and instructions to sound the designs of those in power, and inform him truly of all that was going on; he himself, in the mean time, resolving to make short marches, and linger upon the road till he was fully advertised upon these heads. During the whole march, the General wrapped himself in silence and darkness, and though accosted by many great and worthy persons, gave only a general answer, "that his endeavours should never be wanting for the welfare of his country." As he approached nearer to London, he grew more and more reserved, and his confidents took pains to refute the rumors that were circulated against him, and he did, himself, cudgel some fanatics in Yorkshire for raising malicious reports; all which was

to lay asleep the jealousies of the Rump, who dreaded nothing so much as the return of majesty. In the course of his journey, also, he took upon him, by his own authority, to new-model and reduce many of the English forces, that had been the great abettors of the anarchy and disorders of the army. At York he remained five days, during which he had very secret and private conference with the Lord Fairfax.

Meanwhile, after a tedious journey by night and by day, through Lambert's army, to many of whom he was known for an incendiary, as they called him, with repeated hazard of his life, over roads covered with great drifts of snow, the General's messenger* arrived in London. That day, he attended the House and produced his letter, and, being called in, was introby the sergeant at arms with his mace to the bar, that they might learn his errand, which was not expressed in the letter, but referred to his own report. He told them he was commanded to assure them of the great affection of the Scottish army towards the House; that the soldiers did, upon the arrival of the messenger with the tidings of their return to power, express their joy in acclamations, and desire to come off to see them in that power; that he had also in particular, from the council of officers, to tender their best services, and withal their humble entreaties that they would not employ persons of unsettled principles, either in the army, or the fleet, or in any posts of authority, but men of sober judgments and moderate opinions; that the General did further recommend to them the encouragement of an able and learned ministry, and the maintenance of schools and universities, and that so many mechanic persons might not be intruded upon the functions of preachers of the gospel; finally, that he desired an act of indemnity might pass for all he had done in that undertaking; and that he did not nor would keep any correspondence but what was for their service, with some other matters upon which he dealt very freely, and then withdrew.

This pretended parliament neither dared trust, nor yet openly distrust, the General; and, perhaps, they had reason. The same night, he attended the council of state, sent in his letter, and waited, with great patience, till after midnight, without being called in. At last, he was directed to go to a private lodging, and there to stay their leisure. Here came a committee of the council, rather to examine him than to hear his propositions; but he refused to answer any questions, except before a full council. They, however, had heard too many documents in

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* This messenger, the reader need hardly be told, was the reverend divine himself.

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the House that morning, and were unwilling, to hear more. Their great apprehension was, that General Monk had the king in his heart, and upon this they much insisted. He replied, that he had no knowledge of any such matter, and believed it was a suggestion of their own fear, and so he took his leave.

Though this person spent but three days in London, he had time to observe that the prevailing interest in the parliament consisted of a few and inconsiderable persons, who looked upon all that had either been courted into Oliver's service, or had joined with the Committee of Safety, as apostates from the *good old cause;* that these scraps of a parliament were divided into many interests and factions, and so might the more readily be devoured; and that the more assuming portion of the House were either hare-brained fools, or obscure and unregarded knaves.

Addresses now poured in upon the General from most part of the counties in England, of which some, in very bold terms, required a full and free parliament; and, after these, and the City had led the way, all the rest charged with the like courage. But many, who appeared not at all till this time, have arrogated all the merit to themselves; and, having set their names to an address, do swear that they, not General Monk, were the restorers of his majesty.

And now Mr. Scot and Mr. Robinson were sent down to meet General Monk, and accompany him; a duty to which they had been appointed chiefly at the instigation of his own friends, who had agreed with his messengers to rid themselves, in this way, of two persons that were over-busy in the House. These parliament commissioners the General did so charm with his humility and reserved deportment, that they conceived no jealousy even of the addresses which now came to him from all quarters; and the officers, well understanding the General's mind, never allowed the commissioners' coach to pass them in the march, without halting their regiments, and doing honour to them, as to their Generalisimo. This so gratified these vain-glorious persons, that they wrote to their friends in commendation of the excellent discipline and temper of the forces that had come up from Scotland. At Highgate, the General directs his army to rendezvous, and gave directions for the order of their march into London; viz: the horse regiments first, with himself and the parliament commissioners at their head, and after them, the foot; and thus, early in February, he enters London by Gray's-Inn-Lane, and so to Whitehall, where lodgings were prepared for him.

On his arrival, he is visited and courted by the Commonwealth's men, and others of good degree. They invite him

to sit in council, as he was a member thereof; and being about to take his seat at the board, they tender him the oath of abjuration, which he demurred to rather than refused; for he had learned to temporize and deal with the subtlest of them. He said, that as "a part of their own body had refused that oath, he desired a conference with the non-abjurers, in order that he might proceed with the greater peace and content to himself." To this, though it gave them some apprehensions, they consented. The Monday following was appointed for his receiving the thanks of the House, when he was introduced by the sergeant with the mace, and a chair provided him within the bar. The Speaker addressed him in a plausible harangue, dwelling upon the dangerous estate of the nation, till his appearance with his army; which he likened to the little cloud seen by Elijah's servant upon Carmel, that instanstaneously spread itself over the heavens, and descended in refreshing showers. The General, in reply, said, that "among the many mercies of God to these poor nations, the peaceable restoration of the parliament was not the least;" and that he esteemed it a mark of "God's goodness towards himself, that, among many other worthier instruments, he had been enabled to contribute to so desired an end;" that in his march from Scotland hither he had observed the people in most of the counties had earnest expectations of a settlement, and that several applications were made to him, of which the principal heads were, a desire for a full and free parliament, that the present house would determine its sittings, and that the members excluded before the year 1648, might be re-admitted. He added, that, to these addresses he answered generally, that they were now a free parliament, and that if any fear remained upon them, he would endeavour to remove it; that they had passed a resolution to fill up their House, and then they would be a full parliament also; and that they had already determined their sittings; but as for the gentlemen secluded in 1648, "that the house had already given judgment in that matter, and all people ought to acquiesce in that judgment; and that to admit any member to sit in parliament without the previous oath to serve the government in being, was not the practice of England."

The General, notwithstanding his compliance with the existing authority, was very popular; for people still pleased themselves with the hopes they secretly entertained of him, and which the discourse of his officers did countenance. But the Rump, who were hated by the country, for their usurpation of power and abuse of it, were desirous to involve the General in the odium that attached to themselves, and laid hold of the following occasion to accomplish their end. The City

of London had expressed great dissatisfaction with the government, and in common council had resolved to pay no public taxes, until the House was properly and completely filled up. The council of state, sitting on the 8th of February, upon this, orders General Monk, with his forces, to march into the City, to seize the persons of the most active common-council men, to pull down the posts and chains, and remove the gates and portcullises, and to quarter there with his army. To prevent any contrary impressions being made upon his mind, they keep him till two in the morning, so that, though some of the non-abjurers and moderate men waited his return from council, and endeavoured to dissuade him, yet the hour being so unseasonable, and the General got into bed, he could do no more than merely hear their proposition.

That morning, the General marches into the city, draws up his troops in the old Exchange, secures many eminent and honest citizens, and, finally, issues out orders to pull down the posts, chains, gates, and portcullises. These measures did very much surprise his officers, who, having withdrawn and consulted together, resolved, that they could not obey these orders, and, therefore, tendered their commissions to the General; stating, that they had freely ventured their lives for their country, and that if, for this service, they were to be honoured with being made the city-scavengers, they did desire to begin at Westminster, and make that house clean. The General listened to this, as to the most pleasing music, being, himself, eager for the restoration of religion and law, and of majesty itself, the *custos* of both; but, as he knew not yet how to trust many of his officers, who had been bred up in hostility to the royal family, he sought to pacify them with all manner of sweetness; assuring them, they should yet see all things in good condition, and entreating their obedience, with some dark hints of his own dislike, but that orders from the council must be obeyed. They adhered, notwithstanding, to their resolution; so that the inferior officers were ordered upon that piece of duty. Many stout and honest citizens did remonstrate thereat; telling the General, plainly, that they had impatiently expected him out of Scotland, as one that was to be the instrument of their liberty and security, and not the author of an outrage, which the usurpers, in their greatest pride and ruffle, durst not attempt.

Having pulled down the posts and chains, the General thought the parliament might be satisfied without the removal also of the gates and portcullises, for which he intercedes with them by letter, requesting they would be pleased to recall that part of their order. They, however, grow only the more obstinate, vote down the common council, and send peremptory orders to have the gates and the portcullises beaten to pieces.

But see the vanity of human policies! for this, which they deemed would contribute to their strength, did only accelerate their distruction; and the pulling down the city-gates made the way patent for majesty to enter and chastise them for their treason. This intemperance of the Rump did lose them absolutely in the opinion of the Scotch officers, who now began to justify Lambert's proceedings, and to say, they feared the parliament would enforce them to follow the same measures. And though they obeyed orders and beat down the gates and portcullises, they did it in such a manner, and with such discourse, that the citizens had scarcely room to be displeased with them. They told the latter, that they came from Scotland, where their very enemies were their friends; and now they were making their friends look upon them as enemies. At Newgate, the commanding officer took divers small pieces of wood—fragments of the broken gate, and presented them to his soldiers, as the medals which had been promised them by parliament, at the time they first appeared against Lambert.

Thus did the officers freely exclaim against the drudgery put upon them, in order to make them odious to the public; and even the General expressed himself to some of his servants as glad at their being so sensible of the indignity. About this time, came Colonel Morley, Lieutenant of the Tower, to visit the General in his quarters. They both agreed in their dislike of these violent counsels; and Morley certified to the General, that he might make himself sure of the Tower, of himself and of two regiments then in London, which were commanded by his brother. Here was the project first manifested of giving the parliament a corrective, the design of which had been long entertained; and this project was cheerfully embraced by all the General's officers.

That night, the General returned to Whitehall, to debate the matter with four of his confidential friends. In the end, having resolved that "some method must be used for instant recovery from this politic distemper," he retired to rest, leaving these four persons to prepare a peremptory letter, to be sent to the House, "that, on Friday next, they do issue writs to fill up the vacant seats, and fix a precise time for putting a period to their session, in order that the people may have their desire of a full and free parliament. This was signed next morning by many officers convened for that purpose, and sent to the House by Colonels Lidcot and Clowbery. It was an especial artifice of the General's, to seem to be persuaded to that which he really contrived; but he did not like that any should meddle in cases where he could do all himself; and whenever he was forced to employ others, as in these delicate matters, with an art beyond example, he quickly disentangled himself from the

obligation. That same morning, he resolved to march into the city, betimes, before the letter should be read in the house; and, being arrived, he drew up his forces in Finsbury-fields. The citizens, doubtful what his purpose was, looked upon them with apprehension; but this he quickly dispelled, by desiring the lord mayor to summon a common council, which, as that body had been voted down by parliament, was a direct denial of the Rump's authority. To these the General declares his trouble, at seeing the insults offered them by the council of state, whose orders, though he was under the necessity of obeying them, he did nevertheless dislike. He told them he had not forgotten their kind letter received by him at Morpeth, with which he heartily concurred, but that, like a fencer, he was forced to retire backward to make the better guard and the more advantageous assault. He added, that he had sent that morning to the house, to desire a full parliament, and a speedy termination to their sitting, and that he was come to stay among the citizens, and see his desires fulfilled. This declaration was received by the immense concourse of people in Guildhall, with loud acclamations; and, as the news spread abroad, bonfires were kindled, and bells set a ringing throughout the city. This is the night which was called "The burning the Rump;" a night of such joy as was not seen in the city till his majesty's restoration. The soldiers, who had kept their post all day in the cold, are now welcomed with the best cheer of the city; and the General had no occasion for a list of quarters, as every citizen begged to have some of these guests as a favour. So great was the concourse of people assembled, when the General went to Guildhall, that he had much ado to pass in his coach; and two of his servants, being mistaken for Messrs. Scot and Robinson, did run great hazard of their lives. Their only passport, as often as the people rushed towards the coach, crying out for Scot and Robinson, was to shout "a full and free parliament!" by way of a *shibboleth* to distinguish them from the Rumpers.

The pretended parliament beginning now to feel their own weakness, offer any conditions; and propose anything and everything, by way of satisfaction. But they were told it was too late; that the people would be satisfied with nothing less than a full parliament; and, therefore, sadly they apply themselves to an act for filling up the vacant seats in the House with new elections, to which they inclined as a less evil than re-admitting the secluded members.

It was an unsettled time while the General remained quartered in the city—full of hopes and fears, and uncertainty; like the latter part of Henry VIIIth's reign; when men were burnt in Smithfield, some for denying the king's supremacy, and others

for opposing Popish tenets. One day the General had to give orders for searching a fanatic's, on another a cavalier's, house, for arms; whilst contrary propositions assailed him from all quarters. Sometimes, I fear me, he was forced to give assurances he could not keep; yet many that were led by their hopes, like that Pagan, who was for turning Christian if he might be Pope of Rome, were nevertheless to be cherished. But great men are not to be commended for nursing airy hopes in those who sue to them for favours. Much more praiseworthy was the frankness of William, late Duke of Hamilton, who used tell suitors to their faces, and at once, if he disrelished their proposals, that he would not grant their prayers, but appear against them. All parties, as I said, visited the General; all sought to promote their own ends, and all went away laden with promises. Now, if he could have made good the performance, I dare boldly affirm he would; and, for impossibilities, one must allow a dispensation. At this time, also, endeavours were made to induce the General to assume the government; but he renounced these suggestions with great anger and aversion, holding it more just, as well as safe, to be an honest subject than a great usurper. He had too lately seen the pageantry of Oliver, who had acted the prince, with the scorn of the whole nation, and had gone out in a stink, like the snuff of a candle. He knew, too, that crowns are the "gift of heaven to peculiar families," not to be snatched and violated by rebels and traitors.

On the 17th day of March, the parliament dissolved itself, to the great comfort of the people, who did acknowledge their latter end to have been better than their beginning, inasmuch as they had now laid a happy foundation for the return of majesty.

About this time, Sir John Greenvill did apply himself to the General at St. James's, and delivered a letter from his majesty, inviting the General's best endeavours towards his restoration; which the king did promise to himself with more than ordinary assurance, because the General was a gentleman of education and principles very different from those of certain persons whom his majesty had sometimes dealt withal. The General, who loved to do and not to talk of business, nevertheless, in their private conference, did give Sir John a relation of the great difficulties he had met with in his undertaking; that even at present he was encompassed with circumstances of no small danger, and that secrecy was his best security; so that he did not judge it expedient to write, but bid Sir John assure his majesty, that he would die or bring him home to his royal inheritance; for, notwithstanding a "deluge of treason and rebellion had blotted loyalty almost out of the whole nation, yet he kept a copy in the library of his heart, to have it re-

printed in a more fair and legible edition;" adding, withal, many pieces of advice, and particularly that his majesty's declaring for an act of indemnity, an act for confirming the public sales, and for liberty of conscience, would make him welcome home to all degrees and conditions of men. Sir John sailed "then for Flanders, fraught with great joy and content to his majesty and friends." The General, whom no prosperity made secure, thinking he had never enough provided against danger, caused an address to be drawn up, which professed absolute and unlimited obedience to his excellency himself, to the council of state, and to the parliament about to meet. This was to be offered to all officers and privates in the three nations; and they who refused it were to be cashiered. This was cheerfully consented to by the Scotch officers, and most of the English.

On the 9th of May, the day after this address was presented to the General by the army, he despatched away Mr. Bernard Greenvill to his majesty, with his humble letters, acknowledging his duty and allegiance, humbly thanking his majesty for his good opinion, and giving assurance, that he would restore his majesty at the hazard of his life, and do it *without any previous conditions; for that being such an adorer of majesty, he could not endure to see it shackled with any limitations or exceptions whatsoever; so that he should return a free and absolute monarch to his ancient kingdoms.* And this was a wisdom that none can blame but the enemies of the whole proceeding; forwas it not right that all favours to the people should flow from the king's bounty, not their own bold importunity? Indeed, we must acknowledge, that we hold our lives of his majesty's clemency; and that our free pardon was the act only of his majesty's goodness.

On the 25th of April, the parliament assembled, wherein the General represented his native county of Devon, having been elected also for the University of Cambridge. Here did he sit, not like a great commander, but an humble subject; not to dictate to, or controul the house, but to submit to their votes, as to the oracle of the people of all England, without interposing any entreaty in opposition to their declared pleasure. And this carriage of his was so grateful to the house, that they would have voted him some distinction by way of an eternal memorial of the General's service; but that it was thought best to leave a business of that nature to his majesty, who was known to be a liberal rewarder and a bountiful master, overdoing with his compensations the greatest services of his subjects, and thinking it to be the duty of kings, rather to oblige all the world, than to be in any debt for service to any; which did afterwards fully appear. The General's humility was a prophetic virtue, that foreshewed his greatness: kings are in

in this like Gods, who love not to encourage pride, and the bold challenges of pretended deservers.

On the 27th of April arrives Sir John Greenvill, with letters from his majesty to the House of Lords, and to the Speaker of the House of Commons, which were received with the greatest imaginable joy and thankfulness. To these were returned acknowledgments of duty and allegiance, with presents of many thousand pounds from parliament and city, and earnest invitations to his majesty, "to hasten over to his poor distressed subjects, who did all languish for his majesty's presence;" for, till this time, these unhappy nations had been without a head, and were sick at heart. Men may fancy golden dreams, but 'tis religion and justice that make a people happy; —to give God the things that are God's, and Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's.

"I must now leave all reflections, for kings are Gods, according to Scripture, and their counsels are divine; and we must not pry into them, but renounce and adore them at the greatest distance. There are boundaries set to honest subjects, which are fenced with loyalty, and which they must not pass, to profane the counsels of princes."

END OF PART I. VOL. XIV.

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THE

Retrospective Review.

Vol. XIV. Part II.

Art. I.—*Henrie Cornelius Agrippa, of the Vanitie and Uncertaintie of Arts and Sciences: Englished by* Ja. San. Gent. *Imprinted at London by Henrie Bynneman, dwelling in Knightryder Street, at the signe of the Mermayde. Anno* 1575.

It is somewhat paradoxical, that one of the most intellectual men of his day should have deducted some of the few leisure hours of a most active and multifariously occupied life, in declaiming against those very arts and sciences to which he owed, in a great degree, his high and well-earned character. The mystery may, however, in some measure be cleared up, by a knowledge of the leading features of the part he played in the caravansera of human existence; and when we see into what an infinity of dangerous predicaments his talents and acquisitions led him, directly or indirectly, he may, we think, stand excused for considering arts and sciences not merely as simple vanities, but as a species of edged tools, to be handled with the utmost care and circumspection. He may, moreover, possibly have agreed by anticipation with the poet:—

> "At thirty, man suspects himself a fool;
> Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan."

We doubt, however, whether Cornelius was exactly one of these self-condemning philosophers, who either did, or ought to have, entertained so humble an opinion of himself. If folly there was, the fault was not at his door; his procreators were alone to blame, in sending him into the world at least three centuries before the period suited to the developement of faculties like

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his, in a luckless season of priest-ridden ignorance and oppression; and, consequently, one of the great merits of his work consists in pointing out, with a master's hand and artist's accuracy, the rocks and shoals in every branch of mental improvement, on which either he himself had suffered, or others might suffer, shipwreck. To make this prefatory remark plain to our readers, we shall give a brief account of his life, collected from the various fragments which his friends or enemies, or himself, have left on record; a life comprehending one of the most important periods of historical interest; for, born at Cologne, in 1486, and dying in 1536, he lived to see the commencement of the gradual emancipation of the human mind from the fetters of ignorance; and bore, occasionally, no inconsiderable share in the political scenes connected with the memorable struggle of the reformation. His shrewdness and penetrating insight into character afforded him, moreover, ample means of observing the secret main-springs by which this great work was effected, and enough to prejudice him against the chief engines employed in these active campaigns, in which every passion of man, good and bad, were alike enlisted, in fierce and interminable warfare. In these days of voracious appetite for biographical memoirs, the discovery of a MS. bearing the indisputable sign-manual of Cornelius Agrippa, would, indeed, have proved a mine of wealth to the fortunate discoverer, for few were better calculated than Cornelius to give a true and lively picture of those eventful times in every department, civil, political, and religious.

Entering life as secretary in the service of the Emperor Maximilian, he soon evinced as much skill in the management of the sword as the pen, and was, accordingly, knighted, for honours fairly won during a seven years' service in the Italian wars. Not satisfied with these, however, we soon find him figuring in the world in the twofold character of Doctor of Laws and Medicine, filling up the fractional portion of his hours of idleness by mastering no less than eight languages, in which, together with a knowledge of abstruse studies and the whole circle of sciences, he was, according to his own account, well grounded. As might naturally be expected, in a season when the intellect was awakening from its long slumber of five centuries, and the infallibility, as well as power, of the Romish hierarchy began to be questioned, a man of his acuteness, under the influence of inordinate curiosity and an uncontrollable pen, could not long busy himself in a search after truth without drawing down the vengeance and hatred of the church establishment. In fact, he speedily roused the lethargic spirit of the whole priesthood, from the cardinal to the mendicant friar, who, one and all, were, in their respective departments, ready

and willing to stigmatize as heretical every thing removed an iota beyond their limited comprehension, and which had not heretofore been admitted in their legends and missals. But whatever pain or mortification he might have felt, from the anathemas of this holy combination of ignorance and intolerance, all was more than compensated by his gratifying reception amongst the lay aristocracy. By their exertions, he was, in 1518, appointed to a highly respectable situation at Metz; but this he was soon compelled to relinquish, owing to a persecution excited by the monks, who, in consequence of his interference in favor of a poor girl suspected of sorcery, and equally unpardonable refutation of certain orthodox opinions respecting the three traditional husbands of St. Anne, threatened him with the arguments of an active inquisition, on the alert to overwhelm one who dared to protest against their views of witchcraft, and St. Anne's matrimonial biography.

His itinerant mode of life had by no means tended to fill a dilapidated purse; accordingly, we find him frequently in the greatest distress, not a little increased by the claims of a wife and family, who followed his fortunes. In 1524, however, he succeeded in being placed on the pension-list of Francis I., as physician to his mother, Louisa of Savoy; but this proved a more flattering than beneficial appointment, for his salary was wretchedly, if indeed ever, paid; and, finally, he had the misfortune to displease his royal mistress, not the meekest of human lambs, by presuming to differ in opinion respecting the comparative merits of astrology and medicine; she, with true female curiosity, insisting upon his telling the fortunes of France by consulting the stars, instead of attending to the medical pursuits for which he was engaged. It is, indeed, probable that his prudence might have dictated an apparent preference for the latter, as it was suspected that he had, in fact, consulted the horoscope of French politics, and, finding it somewhat discordant with the hopes of the gentle Louisa, preferred a pretended ignorance to a developement which might have eventually proved still more injurious to his views. With the loss of his place, poor Cornelius, unfortunately, lost his temper; he stamped, swore, threatened, spoke, and wrote in succession, and, as a climax, designated his patroness a second Jezabel:— "nec ultra illam ego pro principe mea, (jam enim esse desiit) sed pro atrocissimâ et perfidâ quadam Jesabele mihi habendam decrevi."* Having evaporated his spleen, the next step was to procure another establishment, which he was fortunate enough to meet with, at Antwerp, where we find him in 1528.

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* "Epist." 67, lib. iv., p. 884.

During his short residence there, he seems not to have hid his candle in a bushel, for, in the following year, he received a simultaneous invitation from Henry VIII. of England, the Italian and German States, and Margaret of Austria, aunt of Charles V. Preferring the latter, he was appointed historiographer to the emperor; but, Margaret dying in 1530, he had little more to do in his new function, than compose her funeral oration; a fortunate event, in all probability, as his old enemies, the monks, had, in that short period, so effectually prejudiced her against him, that his life was in considerable jeopardy. The work before us, (for reasons which will be obvious to our readers, when we quote his opinions of the Romish priesthood,) and another on occult philosophy, added fuel to the flame, and rendered his enemies hopelessly implacable. To the eternal credit, however, of two cardinals—Compeggio and De la Mark—they interested themselves in his cause, and sued, but in vain, for the arrears due for his historiographership, not a farthing of which did he ever receive; in lieu thereof, being committed to prison, in Brussels. By what means he effected his liberation, does not appear; but no sooner was he released, than, with increased zeal, he dedicated his work, "On the Vanitie of Sciences," to his friend the archbishop of Cologne, a prelate conspicuous for his virtue, simplicity of manners, and distinguished learning; a proselyte, moreover, to the doctrines of the reformers: with such a patron, he contended, with redoubled vigour, against the inquisitors, reprinting corrected and enlarged editions of his works faster than they could suppress or destroy the old ones.

In 1535, he was unguarded enough to visit Lyons, on his journey thither being imprisoned, on account of some offence given to the mother of Francis I. His detention was, however, but short; for, being released at the earnest request of some good friends at court, he proceeded to Grenoble, where he died in the course of the same year. It would be no easy matter to give an accurate account of his real faith and opinions. He certainly never formally abjured the church of Rome, and it may, therefore, be reasonably concluded, that he really died in her communion. But that he was liberal in his opinions, will be evident from the extracts we shall annex from his works; and that he was unostentatiously pious, is equally evident from a perusal of his private letters to intimate friends. But, withal, that he most cordially detested the props by which the national religion was upheld, there can be no question. He launches forth in terms of exultation on a work in hand, intended to lay open the crimes and heresies of the predicant friars, whom he accuses of almost every crime in the power of human nature to commit:—such as poisoning the sacramental elements, manu-

facturing miracles and relics by wholesale, exciting sedition and insubordination; in a word, the most inveterate radicals of their day, whose flagitious conduct he declares himself "in eo scilicet libro, dilucidè narrare." As might naturally be expected, they, in return, spare not the lash, accusing him, amongst other numberless sins, of being in constant and familiar intercourse with the devil; a sure card, in the hands of monks, to play before a populace ever ready to swallow a hook baited with a tale of the marvellous. Our authority for this rests on an account given by Paulus Jovius, who, nevertheless, allows him the merit of being a scholar,—"vir educatus in literis." Agrippa, says Paulus, was always accompanied by the devil, in the shape of a huge black dog; and when, on his death-bed, he was exhorted to repent, he called this dog, and taking off a collar studded with nails, forming certain mysterious necromantic words, he exclaimed "avaunt, and away with thee, accursed animal, for thou art the cause of my everlasting perdition!" The dog immediately, it is added, took the hint, and, rushing out of the house, precipitated itself into the river Saone, and was seen no more. How far this will be considered to be fair and legal damnatory evidence, to any but staunch orthodox catholics, we presume not to say; we give the fact: *coram judice lis est*, and there we leave it, softened only with this brief exculpatory testimony of Jean Weir, Agrippa's servant, who insisted that this reported familiar was a *bonâ fide* genuine black dog, which he was constantly in the habit of leading about with a string, feeding at his master's table, and, occasionally, even sharing his chair and bed, and to which they were both strongly attached, on account of his fidelity and affectionate habits.

As an author, he appeared frequently before the public. The following is a list, but we are not prepared to pronounce it a perfect one, of his works:—"A Treatise on the Excellency of Women," written in 1529, composed in compliment to Margaret of Austria, but never actually published.—"A Sketch of the History of the Government of Charles V."—"On the Vanities of the Sciences, 1530."—"On Occult Philosophy, 1530;" which he explained in a manner somewhat similar to that which the Swedenburgians interpret the scriptures: viz. assigning a double sense, one literal and erroneous, the other real, but spiritual and hidden. Perhaps we should be nearer the truth if we considered him as belonging to the sect of quietists, a class of mystics who imagined that there was a celestial light concealed in the deepest recesses of the mind, enabling the initiated to comprehend the operations and developements of the divine will, acting pervasively throughout creation. "A Commentary on the Arts of Raymund Lullius."—"A Dissertation

on Original Sin."—His ideas on this abstruse subject were not quite in accordance with received opinions past or present, inasmuch as he considered the sin of Adam to have consisted in a more general gratification of the pleasures of sense, not confining it simply to disobedience on one particular point; a doctrine, probably, not very congenial with that of the monks, whose habits would much more have inclined them to limit and identify it with one single solitary breach of moral obligation. "An Essay on Marriage;" and several books of letters to various persons.

We come now to the work before us, which, in subdivisions of 102 chapters, comprises every science, art, and medium, through which knowledge can be obtained.

We shall commence with those sciences connected with the operation of the mind, prefacing it with an extract, comprehending a general view of the subject. "Nothing can chaunce unto man more pestilente, than knowledge: this is the very pestilence that putteth al mankinde to ruine, the which chaseth away all innocencie, and hath made us subjecte to many kindes of sinne, and to death also; which hath extinguished the light of faithe, casting our soules into blinde darknesse: which, condemning the truth, hath placed errors in the hiest throne;" an opinion so truly in accordance with the practical views of the Romish Church, that it required no small degree of subsequent heresy to efface the good opinion the profession of such an opinion must have secured.

Respecting the origin of letters, "the whyche oftentimes bring with them no lesse pestilence than pleasure;" he gives the credit of the Chaldean (on the authority of Philo) to Abraham; and of the Hebrew, to Moses, who introduced them for the use of the Jews, though these were afterwards altered by Ezra, who, he supposes, wrote almost all the books of the Old Testament. "Of these begynnings so inconstante, and at every season so mutable, did grammar first proceede, Prometheus being the firste inventour therof;" an art by the "corrupte interpretation of wordes," much deceiving the whole world, "of the which arise no small mischiefes in the common wealth," each party "wresting them," not for the public good, but as best suited "to their owne commoditie." Thus the "divines and hooded friers, putting themselves in among the grammarians, were at daggers drawing for the signification of wordes, with many additions of heresies, turning topseturvie the scriptures, by reason of grammar, being become naughtie interpretours of thinges." He then instances the various contentions and errors which have arisen from parties adhering to their own application, or rather misapplication, of words. Thus, "what greate contention have these two little wordes, *ex* and

per, raised betweene the Greeke and the Latin churches; the Latins affirming that the Holy Ghoste proceeded of the Father and the Sonne, and the Greekes saying that not of the Sonne, but of the Father, by the Sonne. There are, besides, other damnable heresies among the grammarians, but so obscure and subtile, that, except the very wilie divines of Oxforde, and the Sorbonistes of Paris, had perceyved them with their percing eyes, and condemned them with their profounde judgements, scarcely any coulde beware." Poetry fares no better than grammar, being "devysed to no other ende, but to please the eares of foolishe men, with wanton rythmes, with measures, and weyghtinesse of syllables," deceiving them with the "delectation of fables, and with fardelles of lyes;" a string of poetical proofs are forthwith produced of her "unfearefull boldnesse of lying," with "venemous eloquence of wordes, and pestiferouse pleasantnesse of verse." Happy must Cornelius have been in discovering Plato's opinion; "that he that is well in his wittes, knocketh in vayne at the dore of poetrie;" and that Augustine called it "the wine of errour, ministred by drunken doctours," and Hiero, "the meate of devils; an art, in a word, that is "always hungrie, eating up other men's breade like mice."

Of history, it is said, that "albeit it doth chiefly require an order, agreemente, and truthe of all things; notwithstanding, it performeth it leaste of all;" historiographers so much disagreeing amongst themselves, "that it is impossible but that a number of them should be very lyars," and yet, "they finde foolishe men, and withoute judgemente, that believe them" in their "trimme trifles and monstruous lyes."—"Among these are some whiche take in hande to wryte hystories; wryting suche thinges only, as make for theyr purpose, dissembling, overpassing, or diminishing the residue; others, whylest they desire to extoll theyr owne doings, doo diminishe other men's prowesse, and write that whiche is not, that whiche they covet, that whiche they wish, and that whiche pleaseth them, stedfastly trusting that they will not fayle to be companions and defendoures of their lyes, and bee their witnesses, whome they have notably flattered. There bee, moreover, many which wrighte histories, not so muche to tell the truthe, as to delighte, that they may expresse and depainte the image of a noble prince, in whome they please, which if any shall reprove for lying, they saye, that they have not so great a regarde to thinges done, as to the profite of their posteritie, and to the fame of witte, and therefore they have not declared all thinges as they have bin done, but how they oughte to be declared, and that obstinately, they will not defende the truthe, but where the common utilitie dothe require fayning; that

suche a lie is not to be despised, which availeth to the persuasion of honestie." And "there be the causes, why in no part any credit may be thoroughly given to histories," wherein is so "greate a discorde that they reprove one another with their bookes and write very diversely of one self thing."

Rhetorick is affirmed to "be nothing else but an art of perswading and moving the affections, with subtyle eloquence, with exquisite colouring of wordes, and with a false likelihoode of the truth doth allure the mindes of the simple and leadeth them into the pryson of erroure, seeking to subverte the sense of the truthe." The Lacedemonians, it is remarked, banished Ctesiphon, because hee "avaunted that hee coulde talke a whole daye of any thing," there being nothing more odious in their estimation than "this curious cunning of the tongue, trymly attiring it with exquisite elegance of speech to deceyve the mindes of the hearers with pleasantnesse of wordes, and with their tongue to leade them bonde by the eares;" a law we have often wished to be in force, when it was our misfortune to hear certain long-winded orators at public dinners, missionary meetings, branch and spring bible societies, and sometimes, indeed, in the Commons House of Parliament.—As a proof of his sincere attachment to the Romish Church, though as sincerely hostile to its abuses, he quotes the dangers to be apprehended from Luther, and other "ringleaders of the German heresies, so muche praised for the perfecte knowledge of the tongues, for the finenesse of speeche, that nothing could be added to their praises." Logick is "nothing els, but a skilfulnesse of contention and darknesse, by the whiche al other sciences are made more obscure, and harder to learne. These logitioners premisse (as they saye) that they are able to fynde out the essential definition of every thing; notwithstanding they can never make it playne with any wordes, but that the minde is as ignorant as it was before."

Under the head of sophistry, its professors are described as doing nothing more than learning "to erre, and, with unceasing contention, either to make the truth more obscure, or utterly to loose it. Whose glorye is placed in nothing else but tauntes and crakings as they that doe not desyre so much to overcome as to fyghte, and theyr intente is not to finde out the truthe, but to brawle, insomuche that he is accounted the chiefest among them, that cryeth lowdest, that is most shamelesse, and prateth apace." In short, logic appears to have been nearly allied to a sort of mental alchymy, a monstrous arte discovered by Raymundus Lullius,* by which every man

* See Art. on Alchymy, "Retros. Review," vol. xiv. p. 110.

might "plentifully dispute of what matter he listed with a certaine artificial and huge heape of nouns and verbes."

We have a chapter on technical memory, in which the fallacies and plausible advantages of the art are detected with a philosopher's eye. We can well recollect the ephemeral fame of Baron Von Feinagle, who most impudently claimed the discovering of an art mentioned by Cicero as the invention of Simonides Melito, and perfected by Metrodorus Sceptius. But whatever be its pretensions, observes Cornelius, it "cannot stande without naturall memorie, whiche oftentimes is dulled with monstrouse images, burdening it with the images of infinite things and wordes, causing them to become madde with arte that abide not contente with the limits of nature."—Finally, "it is a childish bragge to boaste of memorie; it is a shamefull thing, and a shamelesse manne's propertie to set out in all men's sighte the reading of many thinges, like as merchaunts do their wares whereas in the meane while the house is emptie."

His reasoning upon mathematics borders rather upon that of Amrou, when he burned the Alexandrian Library: he begins by confessing that, notwithstanding it consists in nothing, it is, nevertheless, the most certain of the sciences, and cannot be taxed with introducing heresies, "but as they appertaine nothing to salvation, and withdrawe them from God, they be not the sciences of God."

As for arithmetic, it is rejected as beneath the value of a gentleman, "being had in price of none but marchaunts for covetousnesse sake," unless indeed as being the parent of "cardes, tables, and dice, and all suche hazarding numbers," it might be allowed to shew itself in the purlieus of St. James's, and the exclusive precincts of Crockford's.—For the benefit of that respectable firm, and divers of the same class, we beg to quote Cornelius's opinion of the "arte of Dycing." "This arte," quoth he, "is the mother of lyes, of perjuryes, of theft, of debate, of injuries, of manslaughter, the very invention of the divells of hell, an arte altogether infamous, and yet, notwithstanding, at this day, (and we may add A. D. 1826, inclusive) this is the most accustomed pastyme that kings and noblemen use. What doe I call it a pastyme? Nay, rather their wisdome which herein hath beene damnably instructed to deceyve." Arithmetic, in truth, fares ill with philosophers; Plato declaring it to have been "firste shewed by a wicked spirite togyther with dice play;" and Lycurgus, we are reminded, banished it from Sparta as a "troublous thing." We were quite of the same opinion in our younge days, when, with an appalling sum of 9 figures to multiply by 9, we chaunted that doleful ditty, so well known in the junior classes of

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every school in England. " Multiplication is my vexation," &c.

The very recollection of such operations on a cold winter's morning, before breakfast, worked with fingers red and raw with chilblains, makes us shiver. " Lett our talke, therefore, be of musicke ;" which next comes on Cornelius's list of grievances. He enters into a detailed account of the different measures and style of sounds, tones, &c. : of, for example, the war-strain, which " Porphirius termeth barbarous," and only fitted to " stirre up men to battaile and furie," justly, therefore, called " Bacchical, as furious, violente, and troublous."— Of the moral effect of the Phrygian measure, rather a curious instance is given, how a young man, being stirred up therewith, " hastened to burne a house where there laye a strumpet hidden." The final burden of the song is that, " although men confesse that this arte hath muche sweetnesse, yet the common opinion is, and also every man may see it by experience, that it is the exercise of base men, and of an unprofitable and intemperate wit, which have no consideration of beginning nor ending, as it is reade of Archabius the trumpetour, to whome men were glad to give more to make him cease, than to make him sing." For which cause, as it has ever bin " wandring here and there for price and pence, no grave, modeste, honeste, and valiaunt man ever professed it."—There seems to have been a good deal of controversy amongst the fathers respecting the propriety of admitting it as an adjunct to religious worship. Cornelius gives his casting vote thus : " The divine service is sung, not for the understanding of the hearers, but for the stirring up of the minde : with beastely squeeking ; whyle the children braye the discante, some bellow the tenoure, some bark the counterpoynte, some howle the treble, some grunt the base, and cause many sounds to be hearde, and no words and sentences to be understoode, but in this sorte the authoritie of judgement is taken from the eares and minde."

Of " Daunsing," we must not expect a much more favorable opinion ; but, such as it is, we humbly submit the justice of it to our younger readers, male and female ; for so long is it since we figured at Almack's, that we have no very clear recollection of our own impressions. Is it not, then, an act, quoth Cornelius, very " acceptable to maidens and lovers, whiche they learne with greate care, and without tediousnesse doo prolong it untill midnighte," (the usual hour for closing balls in London, we presume? we ask the question for information,) " and, with greate diligence, do devise to daunce with framed gestures, and with measurable paces, doing, as they thinke, very wisely and subtilly." But, adds our author, " hath not oftentimes the unhappy maiden there learned that, whereoff shee had bene better to bee ignoraunte." In fact, he will have it that qua-

drilles are, after all, but "filthie and wicked things;" in spite of the grave argument urged in their behalf, as "coming by inspiration from the highe heavens, from the course of the starres and planetes, from theyr goying and turning, meeting and order, as it were from a certayne harmoniall daunsing of the heavenly bodyes, together with the generation of the worlde." The ancients, indeed, were occasionally rather smart on the waltzers and singers of the olden times; "for their cause, Saluste did caste Sempronia in the teethe, for that shee sung and daunsed more cunningly than beseemed an honest woman." And when Lucius Murena was accused of going to a ball in Asia, Cicero, as counsel for the defendant, was, we suspect, under the necessity of stretching the truth a little in the service of his client, and therefore "stoutly denyed that hee did." In a word, the whole art, the very essence of which consists in "monstrous thumping of the feete," is pronounced the "vilest vice of all," and "thus wee have sufficiently spoken of daunsing." As a consequence, probably, of ball-going, and waltzing, and quadrilling, the next chapter treats on the arte of fighting with the sworde, which he calls a sort of "daunsing in armoure," "a tragicall arte, doubtlesse," and therefore to be "detested of all men."

The "poor player" is next brought on the stage, to bear the lash prepared for him: his punishment is brief, but most severe; quite according to the taste of Mr. Prynne, of conventicle memory, and admirably calculated for all those who, with good Master Prynne, are of opinion, that "plays were the chief delight of the devil, and all that frequented them were damned."*

Chapter XXI. treats of a style of dancing we never before heard of, at least under that name, viz. "Rhetorisme or Rhetorical Daunsing," for so he terms action and gesticulation, and apparently introduces it for the sole purpose of attacking the "staged friars," so he styles certain preachers who "crie out of the pulpit with marvellous strayning of the voyce, with a divers fashioned countenance, with a rolling and a wanton eie, with casting abroad of armes, with daunsing feete, and with divers movings, revolutions, turnings aboute, bywarde lookes, leapings, and gesturings with the body."

He seems to be rather at a loss for a good argument against geometry, the utmost he can do being to accuse its professors for attempting what they were never able to accomplish; such as failures in finding the true quadrature of the circle, &c. He grants it, on the other hand, its full measure of praise in the framing of tools and artificial instrumentes,

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* See Prynne, "Histrio-Mastix," and Preface to Dodsley's "Old Plays."

magnaries, mackanopoceticks, poliorceticks, &c., &c. The chapter, however, well merits attention, as including a curious epitome of ancient art and ingenuity. Thus, mention is made of "bulls daunsing by themselves, candles making their own weekes;" an artificial animal drinking, and representing the motions of a living creature; speaking and moving images of high antiquity;—a dove of wood, that "rose up on high and flewe."—Archimedes' "heaven of brasse, with so great workmanshippe, that therein the motions of all the planets were most manifestly perceyved," and the revolutions "of all the heavenly sphere."

Under the head of "the arte of opticke," or perspective, we have an enumeration of the various ancient theories of light and sight; most of which prove their authors to have been much in the dark upon a subject little understood. Cornelius satisfies himself with his enumerations, unable or unwilling to say a word of "the vanitie of it" as a science.

Painters, too, come off pretty well; and, possibly, the art of graving and moulding might have been equally fortunate but for the second commandment, which is introduced with fatal effect against its professors, who have brought in an "idolatrie very odiouse to God," and for which they shall be "accursed" and "suffer tormentes." The invention of the art is attributed to the "vanitie of menne, for the temptation of menne's soules, and to beguile the ignorante, and the invention of them is the corruption of life;" never omitting an opportunity of handling the monks roughly. An anecdote is introduced in this chapter, more applicable, indeed, to painting than sculpture; "I learned," saith Cornelius, "that, in tyme past, there was, in pictures and images, an authoritie greatly to be esteemed; for, whereas there was an obstinate strife betweene the Augustine friers and the vulgar chanons, before the Pope, concerning the habite or apparel of St. Augustine, i. e. to say whether he did weare a black weede upon a white coate, or a white weede upon a black coate; and finding nothing in the scriptures whiche made to the ending of the strife, the Roman judges thought good to preferre the whole matter to painters and image-makers." Accordingly, paintings and statues innumerable were searched and examined for authorities, but in vain; for in no place "saw I a frier's cowle:" at length, however, in the forepart of a certain picture, "the divell" was found "painted with a cowle, to witte, he which wente to tempte Christe in the deserte." "At the which," adds Cornelius, I "rejoyced exceedingly," that "I had found, that the divel was the first author of a cowle; of whom, afterwarde, I suppose that other monkes and friers took up the fashion under divers colours; or, perhaps, have retained it as a thing left to them

by inheritance." Chapter XXVI. is upon "the arte of seeing-glasses;" an art accused of deceit, inasmuch as, hereby, things might be magnified, lessened, or multiplied beyond the truth. In speaking of the extent of knowledge upon this subject, it would appear that telescopes were little known in his days, as he expresses himself rather mysteriously respecting a secret of making glasses, by which, "when the sun shineth, all things may very plainely be seene a great space off, as three or foure miles!"

Of the "measure of the worlde," comprising geography and cosmography. This affords him scope for alluding to the absurd ideas broached in various ages, by various persons, concerning the extent, magnitude, and height of the globe; where was its middle, and where its extremities? The orthodox reasoning reminds us of some scriptural passages urged in our days, in favour of contested points. "The divines, also," he says, "putting their hookes among this corne," (i.e. entering into the question of the middle point of the earth,) will have Jerusalem to be the middle point of the earth, because it is written by the prophet, 'God hath wrought salvation in the middest of the earth.'" His conclusion is, that, "whylest this arte endeavoureth to teache us the greatnesse of the earth, &c., we get no other fruite thereof, but that whylest we overgreedily searche out other menne's matters, doe learne not to know our selves, or, as St. Augustine sayeth in his confessions, men goe to wonder at the highnesse of the mountains, the great surges of the sea, and the broad running of the ryvers, the circuite of the ocean sea, and the compasse of the starres, and do forsake themselves."

"There is no doubte but that architecture bringeth us very greate profite and ornamente;" and having said thus much in its favour, he laments over the folly of those who are never satisfied with what they have, but "do desire to enlarge the roome of their houses with some newe thing, being already well built;" a hint of some value in these overbuilding days, when the homes, in which our ancestors dwelt comfortably, are turned out of windows by their dissatisfied posterity. Architecture, according to our author's view, includes hewing of stones and excavations of rocks; he connects it with the "acte of finding metals," which affords ample scope for rebuking men's avidity for earthly pelf. "By this acte, all worldly wealth is maintained, for the greedinesse whereof such a fantasie came in menne's brains, that they go even unto hel alive, and with the great decaie of nature do search riches where damned soules do dwell; and I would to God that men woulde applie themselves to heavenlye thinges, as they do searche out the entrailes of the earth."

XUM

Two long and tedious chapters occur, connecting astronomy and astrology; the substance of which is, that astrologers know nothing about the matter: he confesses, after long experience, that he himself lost much time and labour therein; learning, at length, that "the arte was builte wholly and altogether upon no other foundation but upon mere trifles and fancyings of imagination;" and bitterly he repents having listened to "the importunate prayers of noble personages, (which are wonte oftentimes to abuse passing good wittes, in doing many unworthie actes.") So much for his patroness, Louisa of Savoy.

Having despatched astrology and various other arts closely or remotely connected with it, he at Chapter XII. commences upon "magicke in generall;" after all, a sister art, since he, "which professeth magicke without astrologie, doth nothing but wander out of the way." He defines it to be that "whiche, having intentively beheld the forces of all naturall things and celestiall, doth publish abroade the hidden and secret powers of nature, bringing the thinges which be prepared by nature, applying and setting active things to passive, very oftentymes before the tyme by nature appoynted to bring forth effectes, whiche of the common sort be accounted miracles; whereas, for all that, they be but naturall workes."—But, withal, magicians are "very presumptuous persons, with having gone farre to do all thinges, especially with the favor of that auncient and terrible serpent, the promiser of sciences, that like to him, as apes, they endeavour to counterfeit God and nature."

Sometimes, indeed, the crime carries its own punishment, as it is on record that a certain Demarchaus Pharrhasius, venturing to taste the "inwardes of a childe" which he was sacrificing, was turned into a wolf. We mention this as a caution to those who feel inclined to dabble with these works of "darknesse and bookes of damnable reading," thus becoming "damnable artificers of damnation."—To guard against these "necromanticall magitiers, the ancient fathers skilled in spiritual things, not without cause, have ordeyned that deade men's bodies should be buried in a holy place, and shoulde be accompanied with lightes, sprinkled with holy water, perfumed, purged, and prayed for as long as they were above the earth;" for, as the "Masters of the Hebrews say, all our carnall creature" is left to Azayeli the serpent, for "meate, whiche is lord of fleshe and bloode." Respecting Theurgie, a branch of magic by many deemed not "prohibited," as under the government of "good angelles," we shall merely give Cornelius's own opinion; he declaring it to be an arte the "more damnable," as it appears to the "ignorant more divine."

The mysteries of the "Cabala" claim considerable respect from their high origin, they being a "kinde of magicke which the Jews saie were the gift of God to Moses in the mounte." But we must confess Agrippa combats this argument with great force, insisting upon it, that, if its origin was divine, it never would have been hidden from the mother church, "whiche truly hath knowledge of all things."—Cabala, therefore, must be "nothing else but a certain most pestilent superstition."—Under the article "Jugling," we have instances of skill far beyond the powers of the best Indian professors of the art, or the very king of conjurors himself. One Pasetes, being wont to shew to strangers "a verie sumptuous banket, and, when it pleased him, to cause it to vanishe away;" all they which sat as guests were, with good reason, much surprised, being thus disappointed "both of meate and drinke." Philosophy, in general, excites disapprobation on account of the want of unanimity amongst its leaders. Wherefore, "I knowe not whether I should accompt philosophers among beastes, or among men; they seeme to surmount brutish beasts, because they have reason and understanding: but why shall they be accompted menne, whose reason cannot perswade no constant and certaine thing, but doth alwayes waver in mutable opinions?" Some of their dilemmas are noticed; for instance, that puzzling question, whether the "egg or the birde be firste engendered? seeing that it is not possible that an egge shoulde be layde without a birde, and a birde begotten without an egge." The question of the soul's origin is largely discussed: we will pass over the opinion of the heathen philosophers and briefly touch upon some maintained by Christian divines, amongst whom there is "growne a discorde touching the beginning of soules." Thus "one Origines, a very well learned man, hath it, that the soules of men were made in heaven from the beginning of the worlde. Augustine supposed the soul to have been a sort of itinerante pilgrim of ancient growth, in search of an abode, and, beholding in the bodie a dwelling-place meet for himselfe, he chose it willingly;" others supposed that "one soule is begotten of another, as a bodie of a bodie;" others, again, that there was a constant manufacture, and that "all soules be dayly created:" this was the doctrine of Thomas Aquinas. In short, there is no end to the diversified opinions of souls, which were made to partake, as best suited the theories of each, of a singular, dual, or plural number, of every form and fashion: one conclusion, albeit of pagan authority, will at least be admitted by all, viz. oft times, reasonable souls do get into very unreasonable bodies. The pagan, indeed, alludes to their being occasionally incarcerated in such things as plants and

animals; but we believe experience will bear us out, as Christians, in the verity of the belief, that bodies and souls in this world do not always live in harmony and accordance with each other. The prolific jargon, flowing from metaphysical views of these and similar topics, affords our author abundant weapons against philosophy in general, as adverse to religion. "For what heresies soever have beene at any time, they all have flowed out of the fountaines of philosophie as from theyr very seede plotte," reducing "playne divinitie to caveling and sophisticall babling."

He complains, that moral philosophy is censurable in its fundamental principles, "taking place by right or wrong, according to the use of time and agreement of menne; whereof it cometh to passe, that that which, at one tyme, was vice, at another tyme is accounted virtue; and that whiche to one is honest, to another is dishoneste; that whiche to us is juste, to other is unjuste, according to the opinion or lawes of time, of place, of estate, and of men." Is Master Cornelius quite wrong in this statement? Reader, look around you: we speak as to wise men—judge ye. How far we really feel inclined to go with our author, needs not to be exactly defined, but certainly, not to the full extent of his conclusion, "that moral philosophy is altogyther repugnant to good law, and to Christe himselfe; that the glorie thereof is due to none other, than to Sathan."

And now for his politics—a tender subject at all times, full of Gordian knots on both sides, Whig, and Tory, and Radical; alike disinclined to argue the matter calmly and dispassionately. In giving, therefore, our selection, we beg only that it be remembered, the reasons are Cornelius Agrippa's, not the Retrospective Reviewer's.—"Kinglinesse," saith he, (for we may as well begin at the head,) "hath this pestilent mischiefe in it, that they also, which in time paste, were very good men and allowed by all men's consent, as sone as they had rule in hande, as it were licence to offend, became presumptuouse and very wicked." He gives a curious instance illustrative of the old adage, that private vices are public benefits; as he expresses it, the "multitude of transgressours is the ritches of princes. I had in time past, in Italie, verie familiar conversation with a mightie prince, whome when I exhorted to appease and mitigate the seditions of the Gibellins and Guelfins, he confessed, that, by the occasion of that broyle and taking of partes, he hadde as good as twelve thousande ducates in condemnations yearely brought into his treasure."—So much for monarchy; at which, lest the radical should chuckle over much, we forthwith proceed to popular governments. What says Cornelius, then, of the mighty majesty of the people?—this—"that it is their propertie to understande

nothing, but to runne headlong without advise to doo their own businesse, like to a river that runneth with great violence." Demosthenes calleth it "a naughtie beaste;" to which Plato adds, that is one with many heads, not to be "turned with reasons, with authorities, nor persuasions, because, the one they understande not, the other, they refuse; to hear perswasions they are dull and obstinate; whose manners be always very unconstant, desiring new things, and hating them that are presente." Thus, he sums up; and, in this summing up, whether we be ultras or liberals in our secret thoughts, most cordially do we agree with him. "Finally, no philosophie, no arte, no science, is necessarie to the wel governing of the common weale, but the vertue of the rulers; for very well one, very well a few, very well the people doo governe, if they be vertuous, and most naughtilie, if they be wicked."

We should do Cornelius Agrippa very great injustice, if, from the following conclusion to the chapter on Religion, we were to infer any suspicion of his being deficient in those essentials of which pure and undefiled religion is compounded. He had seen enough of the world to mark well the distinctive line between externals and internals. "In the thinges which have bene invented for the setting forth of religion, and for the salvation of men, there is founde much naughtinesse, joyned with vanitie;" which assertion he proceeds to prove by, as he says, "ranging through every part and parcell." Images and churches he places nearly on a par, as tending to feed the mind rather with the forms than realities of religion, his argument tending to prove that they are "nothing convenient for Christians to the worshipping of God;" in support of which, he quotes Lactantius, "who sayth churches are not to be erected unto God with stones heaped on highe; but every one ought to keepe a place in his harte, whereunto he may go to worshippe God." With respect to religious edifices, at least, we entirely differ; and, in answer, we cannot refrain from reminding our readers of that beautiful passage of Madame de Stael's: "Aucun édifice ne peut être aussi patriotique qu'une église; c'est le seul dans lequel toutes les classes de la nation se réunissent, le seul qui rappelle non seulement les événemens publiques, mais les pensées secrétes, les affections intimes, que les chefs et les citoyens ont apportées dans son enceinte. Le temple de la Divinité semble présent comme elle aux siècles écoulés."* We fear, too, that the wealth displayed in some of our new London churches would ill accord with the sentiments of Cornelius. "Moreover, the sumptuousnesse of their building

* Madame de Stael, Allemagne, vol. i., p. 66.

is stately, whereupon very muche godly money and almesse are consumed, with the which many poore Christians, the true temples and images of God, which die for hunger, for thirste, for heate, for colde, for labour, for feeblenesse, for povertie, ought to be sustayned."

He grievously laments over the unhallowed uses to which "Christian people" have applied "festivall dayes;" and takes occasion to comment on the uncertainty respecting some of the moveable feasts; "to this daye there being no true and certayne day of Easter, disputing of the reformation of the calender, taking counsayle of the astrologers; a worthy thing doubtlesse, for the whiche the churche should sustaine so great a losse for the obstinate religion of one Romish Pope." A tolerably severe slap, by the by, at the presumed infallibility of the sovereign pontiff, from a professed Catholic. Ceremonies and the "pompes of rites, in apparell, in vessels, in lightes, in belles, in organs, in singing, in gestures, in pretious pictures, and such things," he looks upon as "having broughte in innumerable sectes into the churche, and bin the seedes of the greatest schismes;" a charge, which the stoutest defender of the faith in such like matters would have some difficulty to refute. The chapter closes with a hint towards moderation and forbearance, which we recommend alike to Protestant, as well as Catholic, clergy and laity. He is speaking of dissensions in the ecclesiastical world, originating in the fruitful topic of transubstantiation, and adds, "the Roman bishops might have taken away many mischiefes, and have kept the churche quiet and sounde, if they had suffered the leven of the Greekes, and the chalice of the Bohemians."

In discussing the question of church-government, he presses hard on those who, "eyther by filthy flatterie, or by giftes, or by the favour of princes, have climbed and ascended to priesthoods, benefices, and bishoprickes, and those

> That do delite in horse and hownde,
> And grass of sunnie fielde."

From hence to the "sectes of the monkes" is a natural digression; persons "bearing the names of laudable men and most holie fathers," but of whom as "wicked, the number is great. Hooded monsters with beards, with coardes, with leather gyrdels, with corded shoes, with wooden shoes, with bare legges attired in browne, in black, in graye. If I should write the errours and vanities of these men, al the skinnes of Madian would not suffice."

Scurvily as we see Cornelius had been treated by royal patrons and patronesses, he may be pardoned for bearing no extraordinary good will towards "kingly or courtly govern-

ments;" for thus he speaketh of the court. It is "nothing els in effect but a college of giauntes, an assembly of noble men and famous knaves, a theatre of most wicked waiters, a schole of very corrupt customes, and a refuge of detestable wickednesse;" followed by a long-continued tissue of most uncourtly abuse, with which we deem it not advisable to fill our pages. In a succeeding chapter, he notices a class still in existence, in the constant exercise of their same lawful callings: certain "common or meane courtiers, who go from one noble man's house to another, and hold up their tales for a dinner or supper, living at other men's tables:" thus purchasing "acquaintaunce and familiar friendship with noble men, wherein they trusting, doe easily compasse what they desire."

A fearful list of vices and improprieties is placed to the credit of the "women of the court, lurking under those fayre skinnes," better, for the sake of decorum and respect for these ladies, to be passed over, or imagined, rather than written; therefore, taking leave of princes and palaces, proceed we to other "partes of economie," beginning with Marchaundise; "subtell searcher out of privy gaines, never content with enough, but always very miserable for the desire to gette;" and that, too, in the opinion of Cornelius, not always in the most honest way; for "he that dothe not deceyve cannot gayne." But bad as this may be, "these be the leaste mischiefes; farre greater than these are behinde;" *e. g.* trade being nothing else but lyes, dissimulation, clowdes of wordes, privie searching, conspiracie, deceytes, and open treason." Nay, the old fathers thought so ill of it, that Chrysostome avowed, that no "merchaunt could please God:" let no Christian, then, be a merchant; and, if he will be, let him be excommunicated; and Augustine adds, that neither merchants nor soldiers could even truly repent.

Nearly allied to the commercial world are they of the "Treasourership," amongst whom he apparently includes commissaries, army and navy agents, brokers, and so forth: "a certaine theivish kind of men, and, for the most part, servile and hired for monie; rich through the fingers onely, with which they caste accompts of talents and millions, which they have so clammie like birde lime, and beset with infinite crooked hookes, that all money, how light soever it be, fleeting, and sliding and slippery, like adders and eales, touched of these, doth stick faste, nor can easily bee taken awaye."—But as their "marchauntes and treasourers, if at any tyme satisfyed with gayne, at length doo employe themselves to tyll and trimme theyr groundes and possessions; therefore wee wyll add here under what is thought of husbandrie:" against which he has not a syllable of railing accusation to adduce; a goodly

art, which "giveth us, beside divers kyndes of fleshe, milke, cheese, butter, to eate; and for apparell, wool, skinnes, and hides, all doubtlesse as well very necessary, as also profitable to manne's life."

Of Fishing, we are told that it was a sport had in great price among the Romans, who made "fish-pooles and pondes full of most pretious fishes;" that it was, moreover, a royal amusement; for we "reade that the Emperour Octaviane Augustus was wonte to angle for fishe;" but, after all, Cornelius commends it not even on this account, because fish is of "a hard nourishment, and unwholsome for the body."

Of Hunting and Fowling he has little praiseworthy to say, "detestable artes, and vaine studies, and unhappy strifes, with maney labours and watches, to fighte, and exercise tyranny agaynste beastes, from night to night;" and as "cruell an arte whiche our humanitie ought to eschewe, the chiefest exercise of most wicked menne and sinners;" and in his time, "which is more to be lamented, the religion of abbottes, bishops, and other prelates of the churche, whose business" was nothing "els but hunting, wherein they doo chiefly occupie themselves, and shew their worthinesse." But now "let us passe from hunting and husbandmen" to "the arte of Warre and Souldiers," of whom Cato affirmed, that "very valiaunt and worthy souldiers we see begotten." This "arte" he defines to "be nothing els but a common slaughter and sporte of many, souldiers being nothing els than hired theeves," nevertheless approved by "Catholic doctours of the churche," and by no means disallowed by the popes, "albeit Christ and the apostles bee of a contrarie opinion." From war he traces the sects and orders of many holy knights, whose religion "consisteth in bloude, murders, robberies, and piracie." Finally, "battaile and warre doe make many Bishoppes, and oftentimes they fight for the Papacie; and this is then called the constauncie of marterdome, when men fight valiantly for the Papacie with a great slaughter of Christians."

From war, Cornelius proceeds to Nobility, a sort of weed, he seems to infer, springing from it; we fear, indeed, that our worthy author would, in our days, have been classed with our Hunts and Cobbetts; for he speaks severely of dignities, most audaciously maintaining, that "there hath bene no nobilitie, which hath not had a naughtie beginning," backing his argument, it must be confessed, with a sore list of the high and mighty, who were not better than they should be. "Finally, the sufficiencie of all gentlemen is herein declared, if they can hunte, if they have been damnably taught in dysing, if they shewe the strength of their bodie with great quaffing, if they be given to pride, to excesse, and to all intemperance; and,

enimies of vertues, doo forget that they were borne, and that they shall dye :—But they be much more noble, if this wickednesse shall descend from the fathers to the children, and enter into them with greater authoritie !"

From "Warrefare and Nobilitie," he passes to Physic, "a certayne arte of manslaughter altogyther servile," ranking itself superior to law as a profession, seeking to have the next place to divinitie ; "wherefore there is a great contention between phisitians and lawyers." Thus stands their argument, seeing "there be three kyndes of goodes by order—of the soule, body, and fortune ; the divine hath charge of the firste, the phisitian of the seconde, the lawyers the thirde.—But there was a certayne mayor of a citie, that made an end of this matter in variaunce, with a pretty and pleasant demaund. For he asked of them that were in strife, what usage and order was observed in carrying men to the gallowes ? whether wente before, and behinde, the theefe or the hangman ; and when they answered, that the theefe wente before, and the hangman nexte, hee gave sentance, saying, the lawyers then goe before, and the phisitians come after ; reproving, in this manner, theyr notable robberie, and rashe murthers." But whatever be its rank, Cornelius holds it to be but an art established "upon false experimentes, and fortified with lyghte beleefe of the sicke, no less venemous than beneficiall ; so that often times, and well neere alwaies, there is more daunger in the phisitian, and the medicine, than in the sicknesse itselfe, whiche thing, the very chiefest in this arte do freely confesse, to witte, Hippocrates." We recollect an anecdote, currently reported of the late Dr. Baillie, which, if true, places him pretty much on a par with this father of physic. "Our profession," observed the doctor, "is but a profession of guessing ; and he succeeds best who is the best guesser." We think our readers will thank us, for introducing them to a first-rate doctor of physic of the sixteenth century. "Verie excellente also is that phisitian, whiche is clad in brave apparell, having rynges on his fyngers, and glimering with pretious stones, and whiche hath gotten authoritie, fame, and credence, for having beene in farre countryes, for having made long pylgrimages, or for beeing of a divers religion, (as a Jewe or a Marane,) for having a verie effectuall unshamefastnes of face to deceyve, and an obstinate manner of avaunting, with stiffe lies, that they have greate remedies for, having continually in his mouth many wordes, half Greek, and barbarous ;" uttered "with a leaden gravitie, and, as it were, with a souldier's boldnesse."—He who is thus prepared, "then taketh in hand to practise phisicke. First, he visiteth the sicke, he beholdeth the water, he feeleth the pulse, he looketh on the tongue, he gropeth the sides, he

looketh on the ordure, he wil know his manner of diet, and searcheth also if there be any things more secret, as if by these he weigheth the elementes, and as it were tryeth in a balance the humours of the patient, and lyeth apace;" then follows a long list of prescriptions, "with great avaunting thereof," such as, pilles, clisters, plaisters, pitche-clothes, gargarismes and sirupes," &c. &c. "If the patient happens to be rich, or of greate authoritie, then, to the ende that he may have more gayne and reputation, he prolongeth the disease, as much as hee may, and doth not restore him to health, but by little and little.—If, however, he doubteth of the ende, he demaundeth a mate, that he may cure the disease with more suretie, or else, as oftentymes comes to passe, that he may kill him more warely, leaste that another coming in place, who alone restoreth the sicke man to healthe, may take from him his reputation, prayse, and gaine also: and in this maner he maketh men believe, that no sicke man dyeth but through his own faulte, and that no man can be restored to healthe, but by the meanes of the phisitian!"—By Cornelius's account, they appear to have been but sorry company at a dinner party; for, infected with the "dayly visitting of the sicke, and with the fresh vapours of pestilence, whilest he is at dinner, he wil talke of nothing but of ordures, urynes, sweatings, corrupted bloude, vomiting, of botches, of scabbes, &c.; with the filthiness of his communication, he wyll cause all men to lothe the banket, well furnished with verie dayntie dishes." It would be marvellous, indeed, if the apothecaries and surgeons were let off scot free; accordingly, he proceeds with great gusto to declare the "damnable discordes of the knowledge of simple medicines," &c. amongst the former, and to accuse the latter for "their filthiness and bluddy crueltie."

After the remedy comes the cause of half the diseases to which flesh is heir to, by Cookery, or, as he spells it, "Coquerie, an art verie profitable and honest, if so be that it passe not the bounds of discretion;" of its tendency so to do, he gives one or two staggering instances, one of which will suffice, *viz.* "The glutton of Aurelian, who devoured in one day a whole boare, a hundred loaves of bread, a sheepe, and a rosting pigge," &c.! As usual, when possible, he concludes with an attack on his friends, the monks, "there being some which, under the name of religion" do profess to "abstaine and faste, when they have filled themselves with all kinde of fishe and with the best wines, for which they carrie about their lippes, their tongues, teeth, and bellies armed, yet not their purses."

"It remayneth nowe to speake of the knowledge of the Lawe, which avaunteth that she alone knoweth to make difference betwene true and false, just and unjust, honest and dishonest,

of which facultie, at this day, the Pope and the Emperour be chiefe heades and rulers, which boast that they have all the lawes layd up in the chest of their breast, to whom will alone serveth for lawe." From the Civil he proceeds to the Canon, "or the Pope's law, which, to many, may appear most holy, so wittily it doth shadow their precepts of covetousnesse, and manners of robbing under the colour of godlinesse; albeit there be verie fewe things therein ordained appertayning to godlinesse or religion." Launching forth on this text, he reviles the whole conclave for their ambition, "whose arrogance is growne so farre, that they have commaunded the angels of heaven, and have presumed to rob and bring their bootie out of hell, and to put in their hand among the spirits of the dead; and on the law of God, also, they have sometimes exercised their tyrannie, interpreting, declaring, and disputing;" proofs of which assumption of power are annexed, fully bearing him out in his assertions; finally, concluding the whole Canon law to "be of all the most inconstant, and more mutable than the chameleon, and more intricate than Gordian's knotte; and that same Christian religion, at the beginning whereof Christe tooke away ceremonies, have nowe more than ever the Jewes had, the praise of which being put therto, the light and sweete yoke of Christe is become much more grievous than all the reste, and the Christians are enforced to live rather after the order of the Canons, than after the Gospel."

After the Law follow the operatives therein,—"Advocates, Notaries, and Proctours," an unamiable race in all ages, it seems, with "whom, to crie out with a loude voice, to be shamelesse, presumptuous, and clamorous, and obstinate in pleading, is of great importaunce;" and he "is accompted the best advocate, which allureth most to variaunce, putting them in hope to overcome, perswadeth them to goe to lawe, and incenseth them with wicked counsailes, which is a notable tangler, authour of variaunces, whiche, with the babbling and force of his tongue, can prate of every thing, and also can make one cause better than another with the conveyaunces of judgements; and by this meane to make true and righteous thinges appear doubtfull and naught." The perfection of a notary's art he hints to be the manufacture of instruments ("as they term it") so equivocal as to ensure the necessity of going to law afresh, "if any adversarie shall goe aboute to disanull the same; for he will saie either that there is something lefte out, or that there is falset, or deceite, or els he will take some other exception to impugne the credite of the writing."

Of the "Inquisitours" art,—a "companie who doe most cruelly exercise their power according to the canon lawe and decrees of the popes, as if it were impossible that the pope

shoulde erre; neglecting the holy Scripture, as if it were a dead letter and shadowe of the truth; or caste it farre off, as the sheelde and rampire of heretykes." We doubt whether the evidence of Cornelius Agrippa, who had to the full as good an opportunity of ascertaining the truth as the Rev. Blanco White, can be rebutted by all the sophistry of the Catholic advocates for this infernal tribunal. We give it not, indeed, as new, but as another mite in proof of the atrocities which have been committed under the sanction of an orthodox and infallible faith. If "the person for whom inquisition is made doe goe about to defende his opinion with testimonies of the holy Scripture, or with other reasons, interrupting,"—then the judges, "interrupting him with great noyse and angrie checkes, say that he hath not to do with batchlours and scholers in the chayne, but with judges in the judgement seate, that there he may not strive and dispute, but muste answer plainely if he will stande to the decree of the church of Rome, and to revoke his opinion: if not, they shew him fagottes and fire, saying, that with heretikes they may not contende with arguments and Scripture, but with fagottes and fire."

Fit for the age and period of its birth was the "Scholasticall Divinitie, that undiscrete altercation, going from schoole to schoole, moving questions, forging opinions, and wringing the Scriptures with intricate woordes, giving them a contrarie sense, redier craftly to deceyve, than plainely to trie out the truthe." Hence he derives, and most justly, the "controversies aboute the sacramentes, purgatorie, soveraintie, the Pope's commaundementes, indulgencies, Antichriste to come, and many other like, in the whiche they declare their foolishe wisdome, and with the presumption thereof, swollen and puffed up with pryde, lyke the giauntes whiche are mentioned in fables, heaping up questions upon questions, and arguments upon arguments, pronouncing their sentences against God." Others "which reatch not so high, make thereby histories of saincts, chopping-in some lie under the colour of godlinesse," supported by "false relickes, forged miracles, &c." Instead of the gospel, these school-divines are charged with speaking "mere trifles, and wordes of men preaching a newe gospell, and counterfeyting the worde of God. But it is daungerous to reprehend them with too bolde a manner of talke, because they be wonte, as often as they be angred, to conspyre togeather, to bring them in judgement before their inquisitours, whiche reprove them, and constrayne them to say the contrarie, sometimes to chasten them with fire and fagotte, or privily with poyson to take them out of the worlde."

The next chapter is upon the "Divinitie Interpretative," in which he gives a fair and candid account of the various modes

of interpreting the scriptures adopted by the different expositors, according to the sense, feelings, or particular object they may have in view, observing that these "interpreting devines, for so much as they are men, they also suffer humaine things; in one place they erre, in another they write contraries and repugnances, oftentimes they disagree from themselves, in many thinges they goe besides the marke, and every man seeth not al things. For the Holy Ghost alone hath the full knowledge of heavenly thinges, which distributeth to every man after a certaine measure, reserving many thinges to himselfe, that alwaies he maie have us his schollars." This "Spirit," he adds, "speaketh misteries," and "the devinitie entreated of by these holy doctours," is "sometimes not without many errours. Neither do you believe them in all thinges, for many of them have persevered in many erroneous opinions touching faithe, and their opinions condemned as hereticall, although they be canonised for sainctes."

When a Catholic could thus speak of the divinity of his church, and requires proof from the genuine source of holy writ, we might venture to prophecy that a reformation was not far distant; and his conclusion upon this important subject may be recommended to every class of Christians, Catholic or Protestant.—"Understande yee, then, that there is nothing in the holy scriptures so harde, so profounde, so difficulte, so hidden, so holy, which appertayneth not to all them that beleive in Christe, nor that hath in suche sorte bene committed to these our masters, that they ought and may hide it from the Christian people, but rather all divinitie ought to be common to all believers, and to every one according to the capacitie and measure of the gifte of the Holy Ghost. Wherefore it is the dutie of a good doctour to distribute to every man as much as he is able to receive, to one in milke, to another in strong meate, and to beguile no man of the foode of necessarie truthe. Pray, then, to the Lorde God in faithe, that the Lambe of the tribe of Juda may come, and open to you the sealed booke, which Lambe alone is holy and true, which alone hath the keye of knowledge and discretion, which openeth, and no man shutteth, which shutteth, and no man can open:—This is Jesus Christe, the word and Sonne of God the Father, and blessed wisdome."

In concluding our remarks on this curious book, we have again to remind our readers, that its author lived and died in communion with the Church of Rome; that his evidence on the state of that Church is invaluable and incontrovertible; with a mind expanded beyond the times he lived in, he had the good sense to see her errors; and, on that account, became exposed to her vengeance.

XUM

We regret that our limits preclude us from affording stronger proofs of his indefatigable reading and extensive learning; for every chapter is, in fact, a storehouse of knowledge, collected, not as in our degenerate days, from sources provided by a profusion of works of reference, but sought out by persevering labour from mines of literary lore, in his time rare, expensive, and difficult of access. In the chapter on Heraldry, for instance, we find a mass of information derived from classical literature and other sources, however remotely connected with the subject, which must have been the fruit of many an anxious hour, and sufficient to appal the most diligent of our modern students.

In a word, we close the volume with the highest respect for our friend Cornelius, who, notwithstanding many faults of style and paradoxical views, has produced a work replete with deep knowledge of the world and human nature; a work to which readers of every class and profession in life may refer with profit, however severe may be the remarks they must expect to meet with, and unpalatable the truths profusely scattered throughout. Its quaint style and obsolete orthography would not, probably, operate against a more general reception; but we fear a forbidding garb of black-letter type will for ever limit its station to the higher shelves of those antiquated libraries, where dusty volumes

> "Fill the world with dread;
> Are much admired, and but little read."

Art. II.—1. *The Primitive Liturgy and Eucharist, according to the Institution of Christ and his Apostles, for the use of the Oratory.—Small* 8vo. *5th edition, London,* 1727.

2. *A Guide to the Oratory.*

3. *Oratory Transactions, by* I. Henley, M. A. *London,* 1728.

4. *First Sermon preached at the Opening of the Oratory.*

5. *The Oratory Magazine,* 1748.

6. *The Victorious Stroke for Old England.—The Informer's Winding Sheet, or Nine Oaths for a Shilling,* 1748.

7. *Law and Arguments in vindication of the University of Oxford.*

It not unfrequently happens, that the abilities of men of real talent are rendered inefficient to any useful purpose, by their

rashly quitting the beaten track of life in which they were originally all destined to walk. Many a one also, who, in extension of views, has surpassed the age in which he lived, has precluded the benefits which his speculations might have bestowed upon the public at large, by the impudence and eccentricity of his conduct: and if the extravagances of an individual of this description have been noted by the pen of the satirist, or the *burin* of the caricaturist, his actual merits are obscured, and his memory is embalmed in the bitter condiment of ridicule alone.

These remarks are exemplified in the fate of a man, of whom every body has read, but of whose history, character, and acquirements, the great mass of readers are utterly ignorant. Let not the gentle reader start, when we tell him that the man to whom we allude is Orator Henley, who stands, and will for ever stand, exposed in the adamantine pillory of Pope. In consequence of the severe revenge inflicted on this literary and theological experimentalist by the irritated poet, his name is connected with the idea of mere ignorance, charlatanism, and impudence. But from the materials which lie before us, and a list of which is given at the head of this article, we are convinced that Henley was a man of learning, that he entertained just notions of the extent to which religious liberty ought to be carried, that he was sensible of the defects of the system of academical instruction in England; and that, if the questionable shape in which he appeared before the public disqualified him from effecting a reformation in those institutions, he is entitled to the merit of having, at an early period, pointed out the expediency of an amelioration in their constitution. This position will be best evinced by a narrative of his life, which we have compiled from authentic documents of rare occurrence, and which, we trust, will not be uninteresting to our readers.

John Henley was born at Melton Mowbray, in the county of Leicester, on the 3rd of August, 1692. He was a genuine son of the church, his father and his grandfather, by the mother's side, having been vicars of his native place. His paternal grandfather, who was educated among the dissenters, at the time of the Civil wars, but conformed at the Restoration, was also in holy orders, and held the rectory of Salmonby and Thetford, in Lincolnshire. Young Henley learned the rudiments of literature at the free school of Melton, then kept by Mr. Daffy, "a diligent and expert grammarian," under whose instructions he distinguished himself by his rapid progress in the studies adapted to his age. From this seminary he was removed to the free school at Oakham, in Rutlandshire, where he was put under the tuition of Mr. Wright, a

celebrated Greek and Hebrew scholar, and where his improvement was also much promoted by the kind attentions of the usher, the Rev. Mr. Weston. Here he assiduously cultivated the graces of English and Latin poetry, and made considerable advances in a knowledge of the Hebrew tongue.

His father did not fall into the error of sending him at too early a period to the University; for it was not till he had attained the age of seventeen that he was transferred from St. John's College, in Cambridge, where he passed his examination on admission with distinguished applause. In this famous seminary, he went through the stated process of education, and regularly took his degrees of bachelor and master of arts. At this time, however, his restless and inquisitive spirit seems to have revolted against established institutions; for "here," says his friend, Mr. Welstead, "he began to be uneasy, that the art of thinking regularly on all subjects, and for all functions, was not the prevailing instruction. He was impatient that systems of all sorts were put into his hands ready carved out for him, and that he incurred the danger of losing his interest, as well as incurring the scandal of heterodoxy and ill principles, if, as his genius led him, he freely disputed all propositions, and called all points to account, in order to satisfy and convince his own reason. It shocked him to find that he was *commanded* to believe against his judgment, in points of logic, philosophy, and metaphysics, as well as religion; and that a course of mathematics was the least, if any, part of the usual academical education. He was always impatient under the fetters of the free-born mind, and privately resolved, some time or other, to enter his protest against any person's being bred like a slave who is born an Englishman."

These rebellious cogitations, however, he, in all probability, at this time kept concealed in the recesses of his own bosom, since, when he had commenced bachelor of arts, he was appointed, by the trustees of Melton school, as usher, and afterwards as head master, of that seminary; which, under his auspices, speedily rose from a state of decline to great celebrity. And it may be remarked, that, in introducing into the system of school-discipline which he organized on his promotion to the mastership, the practice of improving elocution, by the daily public recital of orations and of passages of the classics, he evinced that love of display which gave a turn to the future fortunes of his life. That he did not, however, confine his attention to superficial accomplishments, is evinced by the fact, that during his residence at Melton, in the quality of master of the free school, he commenced a great work, which he entitled the "Universal Grammar," in which he analysed

the rationale of ten languages. This work he afterwards published, with a dedication to the Duke of Newcastle. About this time, he also published a poem founded on the story of Queen Esther, which was well received, and contains, indeed, many spirited and highly-wrought passages.

Whatever objections Henley might have to the discipline of the University, his dread of spiritual slavery did not deter him from entering into the church; for he was ordained deacon by Dr. Wake, Bishop of Lincoln, and, in due time, he was admitted to priest's orders by Dr. Gibson, who succeeded Wake in that see. The matter of the subscription requisite to admission into holy orders in the church of England, he seems to have got over by the disingenuous plea, adopted by too many even at the present day, that "if every man is obliged to subscribe, (according to some doctors) in that sense which he thinks most consistent with the Scripture, any man may subscribe on those terms; and till the Church of England declares in what particular sense any candidate for orders shall sign her decrees, that sense stands on equal authority with that of any private determination." When the orator had risen to notoriety, he offered to maintain this latitudinarian principle in a public disputation.

This business of subscription is, indeed, encompassed with difficulties. It seems but reasonable, that a community should be vested with power to prescribe the terms upon which any individual shall be admitted into it as a member. But when honours and emolument are in question, it is by no means an easy task to devise a form of profession which ingenuity, when attended by little scrupulosity, cannot render a dead letter. When we take into consideration the wide difference which subsists between the evangelical and the orthodox clergy of the present day, we must be convinced that subscription does not secure that uniformity of doctrine which it is intended to effect; and we very much doubt whether Bishop Marsh's eighty explanatory propositions will completely fence the ecclesiastical fold from the intrusion of the wolf.

On taking orders, Mr. Henley undertook the duty of assistant curate in his native town; and we may conclude that he was, from the beginning of his clerical career, a popular preacher, from the circumstance that, during his residence at Melton, he was called upon to preach many occasional discourses, and, particularly, an assize sermon at Leicester, before Mr. Dodd and Mr. Justice Pratt.

The ambition of Henley was not, however, satisfied with the narrow sphere of operations afforded him in the country, and, in the course of a little time after he began to exercise

the clerical functions, he resigned his mastership and his curacy, and repaired to London, furnished, as we are told, by above thirty letters of recommendation from the most considerable men in the county of Leicester, both of the clergy and the laity. He also brought with him to the metropolis the still more weighty patronage of "an agreeable purse of gold," which he had saved by his industry and good husbandry. Upon his arrival in London, he readily embraced every opportunity of displaying his talents, by doing duty for his brethren who were indolent, sick, or absent. The fame which he thus acquired drew upon him the notice of Dr. Burscough, who chose him his assistant-preacher in the chapels of Ormond-street and Bloomsbury. This situation he held for a considerable time, during which period he increased his income and acquired reputation as a scholar, by publishing his grammar, and by translating some of Vertot's works from the French, and Pliny's Epistles from the Latin. These literary efforts obtained for him the favour of that distinguished patron of learned men, the Earl of Macclesfield, who, in the year 1723, presented him to the living of Chelmondiston, in Suffolk. This living was worth £80 a-year; but, having obtained a dispensation from residence, he provided a curate, who performed all the duty of preaching, praying, christening, burying, &c. for an annual stipend of twenty pounds.

While the curate was thus toiling for so scanty a recompense, the rector was making, as we say in modern times, "a great sensation" in London. His style of preaching was, as he himself acknowledges, "much out of the common road." He committed his sermons to memory, enlivened them with declamation and pathos, and endeavoured to commend their delivery by all the graces of studied action. In short, he was the Irving of his day. It is not to be wondered at, then, if he became extremely popular, and was a powerful preacher of charity-sermons; and that "double, nay, oftentimes, treble was the sum collected from his manner of persuading alms-giving, than when any dignified *Don* mounted the same pulpit, either before or after him." In defence of his manner of preaching, which soon became a subject of severe animadversion to those who were bigotted adherents to ancient systems and old practices, he preached a sermon in the church of St. George the Martyr, which he printed under the following title: "The History and advantage of Divine Revelation, with the honour that is due to the Word of God, especially in regard to the most perfect manner of delivering it, formed on the ancient laws of speaking and action; being an essay to restore them. Published at the request of many of the audience." The title-page of this sermon was adorned by a

copper-plate engraving of St. Paul preaching with the action of an orator, with this motto, *Paulum videre prædicantem votum Augustini.* The latter part of this publication contains a sensible and temperate vindication of the impressive delivery of pulpit-discourses. The essence of the principles which it maintains is comprised in the following passage:

"Sacred eloquence consists in a delivery of the Truths of God in the most just, forcible, and complete manner. No man speaks, looks, and behaves himself in the same manner, when he is angry as when he is pleased; when he loves as when he detests; and it would be very absurd to mention the pains of Hell with a gay aspect; to press the fear of God with an air of negligence; or to exhibit and persuade in the posture of forbidding and of rebuke. As this infers a necessary variety in proper speaking and gesture, so the advantages of it are great and manifold. It awakens, draws, and fastens the attention; it works most sensibly on the understanding, the memory, the imagination, and the affections; it conveys instruction with more force and delight, and attains all the ends of public speaking in the most entire and effectual manner."

They who quit the common highway of any of the liberal professions, expose themselves to the severity of the keenest criticism; and the man who spreads all sail to catch the breeze of popular applause is sure to encounter sunken rocks and shoals through which it is almost impossible for him to steer his course with safety. The popularity of Henley as a preacher excited the jealousy of many of his brethren, whom he, indeed, provoked, by characterising them as "hum-drum drones." The serious portion of the community condemned his style of delivery as theatrical; and it is the bent of high ecclesiastical authorities, to regard with suspicion the proceedings of clergymen who study to throw themselves for support and patronage on the favour of the people. Hence, detraction was busied in slandering the private life of the orator. His moral character was impeached by whisperings and backbitings, to which many were ready to lend a willing ear. How far the imputations, at this time levelled against Henley, were true, it is impossible now to decide. He was popular;—but popularity is no sure test of correctness of conduct in an eloquent divine. Dr. Dodd was a favourite preacher, to the very moment when he committed a capital crime, in order to repair the dilapidation of his fortune, which was caused by extravagance and dissipation. At the same time, we must receive with caution the allegations of personal enemies, and of competitors for fame, who are outshone by the superior lustre of a successful rival. The reports to Henley's disadvantage seem to have induced one of his patrons to decline fulfilling a promise which he had made him, to give him a living in London; but his diocesan, on receiving complaints

against him, exercised no farther severity than that of requiring him, in the year 1725, to quit the metropolis and reside at his living of Chelmondiston.

In these circumstances, Henley did not hesitate as to the resolution which he should take. He proudly answered, that "it was beneath him to hold what it was in the complainant's power to take away,"—and resigned both his rectory and his lectureship.

The world was now before him; and he was left to his own resources. Fond of a London life, and looking upon the capital as the only theatre worthy of the exhibition of his powers, he determined to exercise his gift of preaching independently of ecclesiastical controul. He, accordingly, rented a building in Newport market, which he fitted up as a place of public worship, under the name of the Oratory, and licensed it under the Toleration Act, as a dissenting meeting-house. This conventicle was highly ornamented. The pulpit, which is celebrated by Pope, was covered with scarlet velvet, richly fringed with gold. Over the altar-piece was written, in letters of gold, THE PRIMITIVE EUCHARIST. The emoluments of the preacher were principally derived from the seat-rent paid by annual subscribers; to each of whom was delivered a medal, the device of which was a star rising to the meridian, with the motto—AD SUMMA; and below, INVENIAM VIAM AUT FACIAM. From casual auditors, he levied an admission-fee of one shilling. In defending himself against the vituperations of his adversaries, who had animadverted upon his enforcing these contributions from his audience, he illustrates his argument by the following anecdote. "Where, then, is the mighty difference of paying (for pay is the word in every church and chapel in London) weekly or quarterly. Neither can I suppose you to be ignorant of the well-known and true story of my Lord Rochester's going, with another nobleman, to the parish-church of sweet St. Giles's in the Fields, to hear Dr. Sharp, late Archbishop of York. The two peers went *incog:*—but, as strangers, could not gain admittance into any of the lower isles. Upon which, my Lord Rochester run up stairs, clapt a shilling into the blower's hand, and got into the organ loft; and looking down and seeing his friend at last seated, he called out to him—"My Lord," says he, "what do you pay for the Pit? I have paid a shilling for the Upper Gallery."—It is, indeed, matter of scandal that the private appropriation of pews, and the levying of a tax upon casual auditors who cannot, or will not, endure the fatigue of standing during a long service, tend to banish from our churches, especially from those of the metropolis, the poor and needy—those who have precisely the most occasion for religious instruction and religious consolation.

Though Henley, by procuring a license for his Oratory as a place of worship under the Toleration Act, declared himself a

dissenter from the established church, he did not join any of the multitudinous sects which then existed in England, but endeavoured to trace out for himself and for those who might become his followers, under the designaton of Henleyarians, a new path at once to fame and to heaven. Being attached to forms of prayer, which circumstance would of itself exclude him from the communion of the great body of the dissenters of that day, he drew up, for the use of his congregation, a formulary comprising three services for the morning, and one evening service, which, under the title of the "Primitive Liturgy," he caused to be printed in a beautiful black-letter type with real Rubrics, the directions for the conduct of the public worship practised in his conventicle being printed in red ink. To these services is appended the form of administering the sacrament, under the designation of the "Primitive Eucharist." This word "Primitive" he adopted as the strongest recommendation of his system and form of worship, which he professed principally to have copied from ancient liturgies, and especially from the Apostolical Constitutions, the genuineness of which, though disputed by many learned men, he stoutly and peremptorily maintained. With one stroke of his pen he got rid of the creed of St. Athanasius, which he affirmed "was not made by him, was never seen till 400 years after the death of Athanasius, and not received in the Church till about 1000 years after Christ." With the same decision he also expunged the Nicene creed. For these formularies of faith, he substituted two creeds taken from the Apostolical Constitutions. Instead of the Trinitarian "Gloria Patri," he adopted the heterodox one—"Glory be to the Father, *through* the Son and *in* the Holy Ghost," which form, he maintained, was used by "the first Fathers, at latest till the beginning of the first age." This innovation upon the established ritual certainly savours strongly of Arianism: and the creed which he introduced into his first service is completely Arian. He, however, positively disavowed all partiality to the heresies of the great opponent of Athanasius, cunningly and equivocally averring that his doxology and his creeds "were used throughout the church long before Athanasius was born." In some few passages of his Liturgy, too, we may distinguish a faint shadow of Trinitarianism; whence it may be concluded, that if he had any fixed opinions as to the Christian doctrine, he was what we believe is called, in the techincal language of theological controversy, a Trimmer—that is, he adopted phrases of doubtful import, which people of different sentiments might interpret in their own respective sense. He appears, also, to have endeavoured to entice stray dissenters into his fold, by observing that his Services were "recommended," not "imposed," and that he was by no means hostile to extempore prayer, the free use of

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which he indulged in the prayer introductory to the sermon. As to the rest, his services are reasonably short; as he observes, with some appearance of justice, that the ritual of the established church, being an amalgamation of three different services, is rather tedious. His prayers and collects are well composed, being, indeed, principally translated from ancient forms; and the additional matter consisting, almost entirely, of Scripture expressions; and in the eucharistic service there prevails a solemnity and dignity, and sometimes a sublimity, which is not a little striking. As to the sacrament, he vindicated its weekly and even daily administration by the medium of unleavened bread and mixed wine, which he deemed so essential to the rite, that without them he asserted the ceremony was no sacrament at all. Henley opened his Oratory in Newport Market on Sunday July 3rd, 1726, with a sermon on Isaiah lii. 15. "That which hath not been told them, they see; and that which they have not heard, shall they consider." From these words, which must be allowed to be appropriate, the preacher took occasion to explain and vindicate his new system of worship. "To retrieve," says he, "the morning lustre of gospel truth, and dispel the shadows of modern error, is the aim of one branch of the institution we now celebrate, as a more perfect establishment in favour of universal knowledge than has occurred either in this or any nation, is the other part of it. These, though in themselves as ancient as the understanding of men and the beginning of Christianity, yet, represented and applied in the view now intended, are in a great degree to us new, and in a public light unconsidered. But then, originally, the use of letters and the dispensation of our Christian covenant were new. The sacred volumes of our faith are called expressly the New Testament: so that it is not the seeming particularity, but the truth and justness of an undertaking, that is in all respects to be regarded."

In opening the grounds and reasons of his proposed innovations on the established faith and worship, he uses the following decisive language.

"To an attentive eye, curious to search the merits of this argument, a growing number of modern deviations from the elder principles would rise up: as to our very bibles, the code of scripture, the rule of faith: the instituted matter of essence and form of the sacrament; the subordination of particular synods to general councils, in point of authority, the nullity of the English orders, (and the entire dependence of the church upon the state, in consequence of the nullity, overthrowing what some argued about the distinct and indelible character in a late famous case before the House of Lords) by comparing the clause by which only Matthew Parker was consecrated, with the express consecrations of antiquity, which only can be true episcopal commissions; the coercive power of the Church, unknown to the first ages, over the

bodies, lives, and fortunes of men; the admitting those to baptism who were catechumens, making baptism essential without an apostolical mission; the making human decisions, creeds, constitutions, and articles of faith, and as necessary parts of religion as revelations from God; the corruptions and ill consequences flowing from fixed possessions, annexed only to certain uncertain schemes of religion, and calling those corruptions, possessions, and schemes all together the Church, &c. These will yield sufficient matter at present to ruminate upon; and the rest I refer to my articles and future representations. This, in the Scripture phrase, might be thought a brand plucked out of the fire; but another scripture commandeth, that truth and peace must attend upon each other. Our drift would be, in the most calm and rational manner, to revive a due veneration for those good old days, exalt the genius of the primitive ages, and make them the standard of our religion, as they ought to have been of the Reformation."

Henley shewed his skill in anticipating the topic of the firebrand. In thus impugning *en masse* the doctrines of the established church, as varying from the tenets of the primitive fathers, in hinting objections to the magnitude of its revenues, and in challenging the validity of its orders, he certainly afforded strong grounds to his adversaries to raise an outcry against him as an incendiary. With regard to the doctrines of the Church, this is high matter, with which we have no inclination to meddle; nor shall we discuss the expediency of the wealth of its endowments. As to the invalidity of Matthew Parker's ordination, however, a subject to which Henley seems frequently to have alluded, it may suffice to remark that the regularity of that rite is admitted by the critical acumen of Dr. Lingard, sharpened as that acumen certainly is by hostility against a Church which has stript his own of its honours and emoluments.

Henley still further opened the plan of the devotional services of the Oratory, in a Homily (he was fond of the phraseolgy of antiquity) on 2 Timothy i. 13, "Hold fast the form of sound words, which thou hast heard of me." In this discourse he thus manfully and sensibly defended himself from the imputation of schism.

"As to the first, I would ask this question, Who is a judge between me and God, in the case of my religion? If God has made no such judge, I have as good an authority to prescribe to another as he has to me; and he is, by consequence, as much guilty of a schism from me, as I am from him; if we take different methods of worship. So that the notion of schism falls so far equally on either side, because none has a greater right of judging than another. If reasoning will conclude it, I say, that he who separates from the ancient way of worship of the most primitive church, is guilty of the separation, because the most primitive must be the most true. The church of Rome calls those schismatics, who separate from her, though they plead her errors and

corruptions for that separation. But do they therefore think themselves schismatics in the sight of God, because she calls them so? No, say they, we think she is grossly erroneous, and therefore we separate from her; we regard not her charge of schism, because we have reason to separate, and she has no authority to oblige us to the contrary.—I use the same plea. I think the modern churches grossly erroneous, and I therefore divide; and I think he only that separates from the primitive church is guilty of schism; and whom has God made a judge between us, to determine the controversy?.... What difference is there between Popery and Protestantism, if, in the Protestant religion, I have not the liberty to judge for myself, or if a man be oppressed for his religious opinions? If a Protestant Church sets up a right of judging for others, the Romish Church does no more: only the absurdity is, that the former judges for you, without so much as pretending to be more infallible than you are yourself; and the other lays a claim to infallibility; and, therefore, to an implicit faith in her followers."

It is to be observed, that in the published pulpit discourses of Henley there occurs nothing ranting or declamatory, nothing which will vindicate any candid reader, in calling him, as he is generally characterised, a clerical jack-pudding. In style, they are clear and precise, and frequently evince no ordinary powers of shrewd argumentation. The orator was evidently well versed in the use of the weapons supplied by scholastic logic, in the wielding of which he seems to delight in manifesting his prowess and his skill. But he uniformly appeals to the reason of his auditors; and hardly ever attempts to move their passions. We may be therefore justified in conjecturing, that his audiences (and they were, for a time at least, numerous) consisted principally of the free thinkers who abounded in all parts of the kingdom, and especially in the metropolis, in the reign of the two first kings of the House of Hanover. These monarchs were regarded with an evil eye by the High-Church party, and were consequently tolerant, if not favourable, to dissenters of every description. Our conjecture as to the description of the people who attended the services of the Oratory is strengthened by the fact, that Welsted was one of Henley's staunch supporters, as appears by a narrative of the preacher's life, which he prefixed to a "Defence of the Oratory, in an Academical discourse, delivered at Newport Market by Mr. Henley, A. D. 1728, on 2 Cor. vi. 8, 9.—By honour and dishonour, by evil report and good report, as deceivers and yet true; as dying, and behold we live."

But the enterprising spirit of Henley not only prompted him to these innovations upon the national religion; it also suggested to him the necessity of material reform and improvements in the established system of education. He had long regarded the course of study adopted in the universities of Oxford

and Cambridge as defective and confined: and more likely to confirm the human mind in an attachment to ancient errors than to open it to the reception, or to stimulate it to the discovery, of truth. Hence he not only established in his Oratory weekly disputations, on subjects relating to theology, morals, and literature, for the conduct of which he drew up an admirable set of rules; but also conceived the idea of connecting with his system an enlarged course of liberal education, of which he proposed himself as principal, to superintend the labours of professors, of ability and acquirements, competent to this important task. In short, let not Mr. Brougham and Sir James Mackintosh be startled, when we apprise them, that Orator Henley, in the year 1726, projected a LONDON UNIVERSITY. On the expedience, and indeed the necessity, of such an Institution, he thus descants in his opening sermon.

"Pass we now to our Academical undertaking, the subserviency of which to Religion will justify the immediate display we think ourselves obliged to give of it.

"Its design is no less than that of an universal school of science and letters, in theory and practice, for instruction, exercise, and accomplishment, in all the parts of them."

"The want of an University in this capital has been often deplored.

"Europe is the general seat of politeness, and this is the only Metropolis which is destitute of an University.

"Its advantage would outweigh every objection; it would be improved by the opportunities of converse and intercourse, the residence of the Court, which is, or ought be, the supreme standard of elegancy—the variety of tastes, pursuits, characters, professions, and a thousand other enlargements.

"The defects, the narrowness, of our usual education might here expect a more probable cure.

"Licentiousness of manners might here be checked by the same restraint, and put under as wholesome discipline, as we experience it elsewhere.

"Nor could it be thought an injury to others, unless they be looked upon as privileged marts of learning, exclusive of other places for the distribution of it, which would be a common injury to all mankind.

"They are bodies corporate, vested by the crown with certain immunities. To invade their rights and to exercise their jurisdiction, to confer their legal qualifications, would be an unnatural offer. But to discharge the office of a preceptor in the sciences they ought to teach, is no encroachment on their tenure: it is rather an enforcement to their main concern, and an addition to their glory.

"But it is our aim to redress the complaints of misconduct in their institution, as well as to supply in some measure the absence of an University in this great city.

"Some exceptions have been taken on this head, which demand a remedy, and should therefore be excused in the mention. Bigotry to a set of notions, a confined way of thinking, a negligence of some of the

most useful and polite arts; a management by interest and party, more than an encouragement of genius and industry; a forbidding loftiness and austerity in the ruling part, which tends rather to lessen the relish of virtue and discipline than to promote it, and an enslaving of youth to tests, subscriptions, and forms, which they neither understand, nor believe, nor approve; these and other complaints, with the train of ill consequences flowing from each of them, we would employ our humble endeavours, with the utmost submission, to rectify.

"But our intention is still more extensive; to diffuse a taste of literature and just thinking among persons of all ranks and capacities, without the profusion of time and expense, which must attend a more formal application."

In an appendix to a publication of Henley's, entitled "*A Defence of the Oratory*," we find a *programme* of the course of study, laid down for this projected seminary of learning. It is very comprehensive, promises very largely, and engages, in a moderately short period of time, to enable the pupil to judge and dispute *de omni scibili*. A favorite object with the projector was what he called the revival of ancient eloquence.

"The word of God," says he in his opening Sermon, "should be the savour of life; but inaction is the image of death. Surely, some awful politician, a foe to the energy of preaching, introduced it. Unhappy he, whom neither our schools nor Universities teach to speak, to look, or to move, or even to read properly! To action, all the renown of the ancient orators was owing. This was the great secret, the wonder, the charm, of the famous old eloquence. It was this that shook the Areopagus, the Forum, the Capitol. It was with this, O Demosthenes and Tully! that ye lightened and gave your thunder. Here all the beauties of music and painting are united. Nature is its rule, and art its accomplishment; all the rhetoricians have ever recommended it, and all just speakers have ever practised it. No man ever cavilled at action, but he used it, though perhaps awkwardly, while he railed against it; nor can any be a foe to it, who is a friend to common sense, and a judge of truth and nature."

Henley's University made a figure upon paper, but no where else. We must not, however, look for the cause of its failure in the essence of its scheme. Some twenty years ago, the late Doctor Solomon, of Balm of Gilead memory, established, in the town of Liverpool, a daily newspaper, which lived for a few months, and was then given up for want of encouragement. This experiment cost the Doctor a considerable sum of money, on which circumstance we once heard him remark to a good-natured friend, who kindly reminded him of its failure, "Sir, the project was a good one. Liverpool can support a daily paper; but I was not the man to make it succeed. A newspaper, sir, is a literary production, and I spent a thousand pounds or more in

finding out, that my name, though it will recommend the Balm of Gilead, will damn a literary publication." So we say of a London University: the project is good, but Henley was not the man to make it succeed. Under the auspices of the able and influential men who have of late undertaken its execution, we hope it will go on and prosper. In the mean time, let Henley receive his due meed of praise for his early conception of such an institution, and let it be observed that the reasons which he alleges for the expediency of its establishment in the metropolis, are precisely the same as those which have been detailed with so much skill and energy in a journal of our times, of great and deserved celebrity.

Henley experienced the fate of all reformers. He excited against himself a still more numerous host of enemies than before. As he did not spare the church, the church did not spare him. As a professed dissenter, the toleration act shielded him against ecclesiastical censures. When he ceased to be a preacher of the establishment, the jurisdiction of his diocesan over him was at an end. The surrender of his living was the price of his spiritual freedom. But the militant divines, whose ranks he had quitted, exercised against him that unsparing hostility, to which all dissenters are deemed to be justly subject. They renewed their impeachments against his moral character; but he averred that their imputations were as false as they were malignant. They still more loudly than before stigmatized his mode of delivery as theatrical; but he replied that he had adopted it before he had ever seen a theatre, and shrewdly asked, as there were enough of religious dormitories in the metropolis, why should he be blamed for providing one place of worship where people were kept awake?

In his *Guide to the Oratory*, the new heresiarch boldly beat up his enemies' quarters. His chief antagonist was Dr. Cobden, chaplain of Somerset House, of whom he says, "this heavy-headed lump of theology has, by an unconnected jumble of stupid rhimes, buried Mr. Addison's memory much deeper than it was in the power of the grave-digger to inter his body." Dr. Trapp, it should seem, had also animadverted upon his principles and proceedings, and he struck a body-blow against the luckless professor of poetry, by quoting, in reference to his celebrated translation of Virgil, the following epigram written by Dr. Evans, of St. John's College, Oxford.

> "Read the Commandments, Trapp; translate no further;
> For there 'tis written—"thou shalt commit no murther."

A third opponent appeared in the person of one Wingfield, whom he had formerly employed as his amanuensis, but whom he had been obliged to discharge, as he alleges, "both for

his indolence, and his ignorance in writing false Latin and spelling false English." Against this quondam humble coadjutor in his studies, he brings a more serious imputation, by thus giving warning to those whom it might concern, of his book-collecting propensities—"whenever he is trusted alone in a gentleman's study, if not looked narrowly after, he will certainly make a library of his own pocket. *Probatum est.*" In this manner the orator carried on the war of words, and certainly was a match for his opponents in the culling of those flowers of rhetoric which are said to flourish at Billingsgate. What little argument was used on this occasion was certainly on his side. He was vilified for exercising the right of private judgment in religion, and the defence of the right of private judgment was an easy task to the shrewdness and practical good sense of Henley, who proceeded boldly in his design, and kept his Oratory open, and preached to numerous audiences, for many years.

He did not, however, become the founder of a religious sect. In the long list of Protestant heresies which a certain wag of a priest last year read to his astonished flock in a Catholic chapel in Ireland, we do not find, ranking even with Muggletonians, the tribe of Henleyarians. In point of fact, the orator did not possess the qualifications requisite to organize and to establish a religious sect. He had little or no enthusiasm; so that whatever dogmas he propounded, he laid them down without any appearance of zeal. There was also an indefiniteness in his opinions, which threw suspicion upon his sincerity. His discourses might rise to the pathos of moral exhortation, but they were destitute of that mystical raving which is known among religionists by the name of "unction," and contained none of those soul-stirring passages, which warm the affections, or alarm the fears, of the commonalty. He was no wholesale dealer in damnation, and did not make heaven or hell the alternative consequence of belief or disbelief in his doctrine. Instead of contracting, he widened, the meshes of his creed; and, consequently, if, in his character of fisher for men, he facilitated their entrance into the net of his Church, he also facilitated their exit out of it. As he advanced in his theological career, he dwelt more and more on the praises of reason. "The religion professed here," says he, in a sermon preached in the year 1748, "is that of a RATIONALIST; a practiser of universal right reason, to his capacity, on all occasions." Now, in the establishment and confirmation of sects, zeal and passion will beat reason hollow; for, in the affair of religion, men in general want not to be enlightened, but to be moved. Besides, Henley affected no austerity in his manners and conduct.

He "came eating and drinking;"—he partook of the pleasures and amusements of life with an eagerness incompatible with the character of a religious reformer. However magnificent, then, were the ornaments of his conventicle, however gorgeous was the array of his priestly robes—(and in the rubrick to the eucharist, he recommends the use of the "splendid vestment,") however graceful was his action, and however tuneful his voice, as his system was not founded on definitive principle, nor recommended by those powerful motives which reach the heart, he failed in his attempt to establish an independent church, as he did in his scheme of an university; and prolonged his existence as a preacher only by the excitement of the public curiosity, which he stimulated by regular advertisements of the subjects which he intended to discuss on each successive Sunday. To render his services the more attractive, he frequently preached upon topics suggested by the transactions of the day, which also formed a more legitimate subject for a lecture and conference which he held on the Wednesday evenings in each week. In these lectures, he professed, in his "programme," to hold a reading on some learned or polite subject, formed on the most natural deduction, to complete a course of human knowledge in the most just and regular method." Though he did not long continue to hold those week-day meetings, he frequently quitted the field of theology on the Sunday, to treat of those miscellaneous topics which the just taste and correct feeling of the generality of modern divines have excluded from the pulpit; and from time to time harangued upon the political questions which then agitated the public mind. In his handling of these dangerous subjects, he gave outrage to the ministry, whose proceedings he seems to have catechized with so much severity, that, in the year 1746, some of their adherents repaired one Sunday evening to the Oratory, where they interrupted the preacher with contumelious language, drew their swords upon those who attempted to turn them out, and forcibly put an end to the service; thus, as Henley pointedly observed, "breaking the laws to preserve the state." Illegal proceedings like this, are attended with little peril to those who break the peace on the side of power. In such cases, the never-failing recipe is to anticipate the complaint of the injured party. In pursuance of this approved method, the rioters circulated a paper purporting to be a record of certain seditious expressions which had been uttered by the orator in the course of his sermons. They also lodged an information against him in the office of Lord Chesterfield, who was then Secretary of State for the home department, and who forthwith issued a warrant for the seizure of the orator and his papers; but after a short

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detention, Henley was set at liberty, and his papers were restored to him. It should seem, however, that, for some time after, the threats of a prosecution were held over him in "terrorem;" for, prefixed to a pamphlet which he published in 1748, entitled "The Victorious Stroke for Old England," we find an eloquent address to jurymen, exhorting them to take "rational preachers" under their protection. "Let no ill-intentioned or iniquitous superiors, equals or inferiors, friends or foes, judges, justices, or counsellors, by intimidating, cajoling, or sophistical efforts, erroneously incline you against them; and God, angels, and men, your consciences, and your country, will repay you ten thousand fold into your bosom." The pamphlet itself, which is in the form of a series of sermons, contains an able and spirited vindication of the right inherent in British subjects, to canvass with freedom the measures of the king's ministers. The text of his first discourse, being taken from Acts xxxvi. 1. "Then Paul stretched forth his hand, and answered for himself;" he opens his discourse with the following characteristic observation: "In this last verse we have an authority for action in public speaking and preaching, in the example of St. Paul; a proof that it is not in itself theatrical, and that it may not only be used without sin or indecency, but with propriety and force." In the second sermon, he analyses the paper which had been circulated, charging him with sedition, which he answers point by point, insisting upon it, that what he really said on the occasions when these notes were taken, was, when viewed in its connexion with the foregoing and antecedent passages of his discourse, innocent and loyal. The turns which he here gives to some of the allegations against him are strange and ludicrous. For instance, he was charged with influencing the Court of St. Germains, the common topic of the squirearchy of the time, against the Hanover family; but he protested the informer was drunk and mistaken, as, in point of fact, he had ridiculed the Court of St. Germains. Again, it was affirmed that the preacher had said, that Mr. Ratcliffe, who, having fled from justice after condemnation in the year 1715, was executed upon his old sentence in 1745, was not properly identified; but he averred that he had only declared that some persons affirmed that Ratcliffe "was not himself" when he was brought up for judgment.

In a third discourse, the orator vindicated the liberty of preaching, from the appropriate text, 1 Samuel xx. 15. "Let not the king impute any thing to his servant, nor to all the house of my father." The essence of this sermon may be found in the following pertinent remarks:

"Sedition is a crime not defined by the law, but one idea of it, as tending to break allegiance, seems to determine it. Allegiance cannot

be violated, but by a breach of law; and whoever speaks upon such matters as are looked upon to be public grievances, in order to obtain the redress of them by reason, as a rationalist, cannot possibly be a seditionist, who endeavours this point by force of arms. Though Bishop Hoadley is for measures and degrees of resistance, by speaking of measures of obedience: so that a subject of England by his system (for which he was thanked by the House of Commons,) must always be, in some measure and degree, seditious; because obedience is by measure proportioned to the duty of the civil magistrate, who, not being infallible, must, in some affairs, be liable to err, and justify the like measure of sedition. And the office of a king or government is of a political character. When wrong as such, they are private men; so that he who speaks of them as wrong, does not speak upon king or government, but upon private persons like himself, and never can be guilty of sedition. An elector, or one interested, may speak of the management of his trustee; and a preacher has much more right than the press, by which the greatest men have conveyed their freest sentiments on the most arduous points of public conduct. Moral religion is that of God, being the imitation of his attributes, the height of all religion; and by moral religion every man may be an orator in his own habitation or property. To punish him for it, would be inquisition and popery. He has authority to dissent from and protest against any other, though he be an emperor, who shall tell him what he is, or is not, to preach, or in what manner. If once that restraint be laid, which even the papists do not lay on their priests and monks, there is no protestancy, no religious liberty to a preacher, whose duty and privilege it is to rebuke all vice boldly, in all ranks of men, unmolested."

In the first of this series of sermons, Henley lays down the following judicious canon.

"Words are not actions. Overt words and overt acts differ in themselves and in law. No words whatever ought to be punished, that do not infringe the property, liberty, or reputation, of one who was no aggressor. The reputation of a political officer is what all are concerned (because interested in a trust) to examine and be free with; not that of a private individual: the former is no libel, the latter may be."

In the year 1748, Henley also published the third number of the "Oratory Magazine," in which he endeavoured again to defend himself against the continued attacks of his opponents. This work contains much mysticism, accompanied by pretty indications of deistical principles, intermixed with specimens of that buffoonery which is so generally supposed to have constituted the whole of his character. As a specimen of the last, we shall quote the following extract, from what he styled a scriptural proof of the propriety of his manner of preaching.

" For boldness in preaching and rebuking all ranks of men, Jer. i. 17, 18. Be not afraid of their forces; whatsoever I command thee; i. e. Right Reason commands thee (St. John calls reason God,) that thou shalt speak. Behold I have made thee a fenced city and an iron pillar, a *brazen* wall (which Pope, and such scribblers, blasphemously call *bronze* and *a brazen face;* in preaching it is God's command) against the whole land, against the kings and princes, against the priest and people. So Ezekiel iii. 8. Behold I have made thy face strong against their faces; thy forehead strong against their foreheads; as an adamant harder than flint have I made thy forehead; fear them not, neither be dismayed, though they be a rebellious house."

In the same discourse, he thus vindicated the jocular strain in which he sometimes addressed his auditors:

" For pleasantry, mirth, and ridicule, Prov. iii. 17. Her ways are ways of pleasantness, 2. Kings ii. Elisha ridiculed Baal's priests at the altar. Ps. 2. 4. The Lord shall have them in derision. Ps. c. 5. Serve the Lord with gladness."

This mode of appealing to Scripture, by which any practices whatsoever may be vindicated, was familiarly adopted by the Rentowels and the Macbriars, who beat the " drum ecclesiastic" during the civil wars of Charles I., and to their enthusiasm it may be pardoned. But, in Henley, it was inexcusable. He well knew the futility of his quotations, as to their alleged purpose, and could have only used them to impose upon the ignorant, or to amuse the volatile.

In his attacks on the ministry, he appeared in the odious character of an apostate, as he had for some time published, in their defence, a weekly pamphlet or journal, under the title of the Hyp Doctor, for the composition of which he received from the treasury a hundred a year; but which did not evince any considerable degree of ability: his stipend was consequently withdrawn; " hinc illæ lacrymæ." He also gained an addition to his income, by occasionally working for the booksellers. The following list of his publications, prefixed to the third number of his " Oratory Magazine," which appeared in the year 1748, will evince that he was not an idle man: 1. Scholastic and Academical Exercises in Prose and Verse, English, Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Chaldee, from the age of six to fifteen. 2. Sir Isaac Newton's Principles of Philosophy vindicated. 3. Translation of the last parting of Hector and Andromache, and two other Poems. 4. Esther, Queen of Persia, a Poem. 5. A Latin Oration spoken at Melta Mowbray school. 6. The Complete Linguist, or an universal Grammar of the Languages, and the Art of soon learning any Language. 7. A Funeral Oration spoken at the Interment of the late Duke of Marlborough. 8.

A compendious History of Sweden. 9. Translations from the French. 10. Translation of Pliny's Epistles. 11. Montfaucon's Italian Travels, in folio, from the Latin. 12. Version of Mr. Addison's Latin Poems. 13. A new edition of the Duke of Buckingham's Poems. 14. A Supplement to Dean Swift's Miscellanies. 15. Sermons. 16. Errors of Painters, &c. 17. Lectures on various subjects. 18. The Greek, Hebrew, and Œthiopic Inscriptions on the Monuments of the two wives of Sir Samuel Morland, in Westminster Abbey.

The rest of the history of the versatile subject of this memoir will be told in a few words. After carrying on his plan of the Oratory for some years, in Newport Market, he removed his tabernacle to Clare Market. He continued to attract audiences for a longer period than might have been expected. As, however, his physical powers decayed, his popularity decreased, and he died in the year 1756. The satirical verses of Pope, and the notes of the commentator on the Dunciad, have led the public to deny justice to his talents; and the tradition which, on the slight authority of Sir John Hawkins, affixes his name to the jolly clergyman, in Hogarth's Midnight Modern Conversation, has perhaps done equal wrong to his moral character. That he was not circumspect in his conduct, we will readily admit; but that he was a mere buffoon, or an abandoned profligate, we are by no means prepared to believe. His works evince a considerable extent of information and great acuteness of perception; and the industry which he must have exerted during the whole of his life, to procure a livelihood, is incompatible with the extreme dissipation with which he is charged by his adversaries.*

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* The author of the brief life of Henley, in Aikin's *Biographical Dictionary*, asserts, that "he is the principal figure of two of Hogarth's satirical prints. In the first, he is christening a child; and in the other, called "the Oratory," he is represented on a scaffold with a monkey by his side, over whom is written the word *Amen*, and a box of pills, and the Hyp Doctor lying beside him;" &c. It may be observed, that no such prints as above described appear in Boydell's collection of the works of Hogarth, which professes to be a complete one. As to the common stories of Henley's buffoonery, such as his instructing the sons of Crispin how to make a pair of shoes in ten minutes, as they rest on no authority, we deem them unworthy to be repeated.

ART. III.—*A True and Exact History of the Island of Barbadoes. Illustrated with a Map of the Island, as also the principal Trees and Plants there, set forth in their due Proportions and Shapes, drawn out by their several and respective Scales; together with the Ingenio that makes the Sugar, with the Plots of the several Houses, Rooms, and other places, that are used in the whole process of Sugar-making; viz. the Grinding-room, the Boiling-room, the Filling-room, the Curing-house, Still-house, and Furnace; all cut in Copper. By* Richard Ligon, *Gent. London*, 1673.

Every thing sweats in the West Indies. Whites, Blacks, sugar-canes, and even Creole beauty, according to a co-voyager of the new Barbadoes Bishop, in the fifty-gun frigate, with which the reverend prelate seemed determined to *sail down* the methodist parsons, all emulate one another in exsudation. At home, Mr. Obadiah Macauley sweats the lady's maids and milliners of tender conscience at Freemasons' tavern, with reports: the *society* sweats the public for subscriptions, and the planters sweat with fear. No wonder that the West India question is a formidable one, when all parties give such copious signs of sore travail. Poor Quaco! Thou little dreamest, whilst grinning love to Quasheba under the mango leaves, that, two thousand leagues over the sea, a score of talking Whites strive, day and night, to make twenty millions more believe thou hast ever "the iron in thy soul." Thou wottest little of, and carest less for, the preaching admirals, who at least fight *such* battles valiantly, or the juvenile lawyers, who, with a more carnal self-seeking, spout through thee for clappings of hand! "Goramity, young Massa Cauley, why no talkee for dem poor things drop down dead with hungry belly in Engyland? Why no let Massa planter lone, young Massa Cauley?" However, we must not speak of this subject at present. We must enter upon an examination of the work before us, which is one of the few early histories of the sugar-islands.

On the 16th June, 1647, Master John Ligon embarked on board the good ship *Achilles*, Thomas Crowder, of London, master, to run a *risco*, as he styles it, all the way to Barbadoes, although as innocent as a born liege of Cockayne of wotting aught of "smooth, rough, and raging seas, and high-going billows," which, he gravely informs us, "are killing to some constitutions!" But need, which, he says, "makes the old wife trot," and which we shrewdly suspect to have been neither more nor less than a bum-bailiff, drove him to the tropics; then, and for fifty years before, the refuge of all the gallants, in plain words, blackguards of the day, who found it convenient for their

persons to get out of the jurisdiction of Westminster Hall.—Our author touched at Madeira, with which he did not appear to have been well contented. He saw strange sights at sea, like Sinbad and other travellers, such as dolphins, which are good eating with spice and wine, flying-fish and birds roosting upon turtles a yard over, that civilly floated to the top to give them standing-room.—Our author is, as we have seen, but a fresh-water sailor. *There is a fish, saith he, called a*—— What do our readers think? A triton?—No. A Kraken?—No. A marine Ornithorineus?—No. Master Ligon only quotes Horace; he knows nothing of piscine science. "*There is a fish called a* SHARK!" We trust that this information has ever made his readers inexpressibly grateful to the man who could run a *risco* to the New World to find it out. The vessel proceeds to the Cape Verd Islands; but before casting anchor he furnishes us with a quacking theory, which would have made Newton start, although it is amusing from its amazing impudence, with which, indeed, the sciolism of the time was generally paraded.

"In slack winds, and dark nights, we saw nothing under water, but darkness; but in stiff winds, and strong gales, we saw perfectly the keel of the ships; and fishes playing underneath, as lighted by a torch, and yet the nights of equal darkness. Which put me in mind of a point of philosophy I had heard discoursed of, among the learned; that, in the air, rough hard bodies, meeting with one another by violent strokes, rarify the air, so as to make fire. So here, the ship being of a hard substance, and in a violent motion, meeting with the strong resistance of the waves, (who, though they be not hard, yet they are rough, by reason of their saltness,) do cause a light, though no fire; and I may guess, that that light would be fire, were it not quenched by the sea, in the instant it is made; which, in his own element, hath the greater power and predominancy."

At St. Jago, the captain, and some of the passengers and crew, dine with the governor, and our author is nigh falling in love with his black sultana, who was more beautiful than James the First's Queen Anne "dancing the measures with a baron;" for which comparison, James would certainly have roasted him as cordially as he would have burnt Vorstius. He was in a great taking to find out whether she had white teeth, or yellow ones like vulgar negresses. At last, he cunningly bethought himself to make her speak by insinuating a few presents; a never-failing expedient with the sex.

"She then shewed her rows of pearls, so clean, white, orient, and well shaped, as Neptune's court was never paved with such as these; and to shew whether was whiter, or more orient, those or the whites of her eyes, she turned them up, and gave me such a look, as was a

sufficient return for a far greater present; and withal wished, I would think of somewhat wherein she might pleasure me, and I should find her both ready and willing; and so, with a graceful bow of her neck, she took her way towards her own house; which was not above a stone's cast from the Padre's."

The traveller, however, was wise in time; for the *Padre* was "nearly as black as a Molotto (Mulatto), and his eyes so far sunk into his head that, with a large pin, you might have pricked them out in the nape of his neck." A most alarming physiognomy! A few days after, he visits a fountain in the island, where he sees "many pretty young negro virgins," of two of whom he straight becomes enamoured; but, as it is a disputable point, he says, whether a horse between two bottles of hay will not starve, he chose to put an end to the doubt, by starving his exotic inclinations between his two bottles of black beauty. "My affection was not forked;" (biforked love!) "so in this doubtful condition I took my leave." We wonder what they said to this story in Barbadoes!

They then bear away for that Colony, which they reach in twenty-two days.

"Being now come in sight of this happy island, the nearer we came, the more beautiful it appeared to our eyes, for that being in itself extremely beautiful, was best discerned and best judged of when our eyes became full masters of the object; there we saw the high large and lofty trees, with their spreading branches and flourishing tops, seemed to be beholding to the earth and roots that gave them such plenty of sap for their nourishment, as to grow to that perfection of beauty and largeness, whilst they in gratitude return their cool shade to secure and shelter them from the sun's heat, which without it would scorch, and dry away; so that bounty and goodness in the one, and gratefulness in the other, serve to make up this beauty, which otherwise would lie empty and waste; and truly these vegetatives may teach both the sensible and reasonable creatures, what it is that makes up wealth, beauty, and all harmony in that Leviathan, a well-governed Commonwealth, where the mighty men and rulers of the earth, by their prudent and careful protection, secure them from harms, whilst they retribute their pains, and faithful obedience, to serve them in all just commands. And both these, interchangeably and mutually in love, which is the cord that binds up all in perfect harmony. And where these are wanting, the roots dry, and leaves fall away, and a general decay and devastation ensues. Witness the woeful experience of these sad times we live in."

On landing, however, he appears to find reason to draw in the horns of his rapture, for half the people are dead of the plague (yellow fever); and the surviving half ready to follow them from famine. The fever-disease having reached the crew, prevented the ship from proceeding to Antigua, its original destination;

so that Colonel Moddiford, the head of the venture, thought it best to settle at Barbadoes, where he bought a ready-stocked plantation of five hundred acres, on which our author resided in the capacity of deputy-manager, till his return to England, a space of three years.*

Barbadoes was discovered by the Portuguese, in their voyages from Brazil, and from them it received its name, from some of the trees that looked like their own full-bottomed beards. It was found unoccupied; for the Caribbees, for reasons unknown to us, had deserted it. The Portuguese thought it of such little value, after their splendid acquisitions in South America, that they abandoned it to a few swine, which they left for the benefit of navigators who might touch there. The crew of an English vessel, called the "Olive Blossom," on a voyage to Surinam, next visited it in 1605, and took possession in the name of King James. A few years afterwards, a ship of Sir William Courteen's, an eminent London merchant, was driven there by stress of weather, and, on their arrival in England, the crew made so favourable a report of it, that Lord Treasurer Marlborough obtained a grant; and, in 1624, Courteen sent out about thirty persons, under the patronage of the grantee, to settle the island. However, the Earl of Carlisle had already obtained a grant from James of all the Caribbean islands, under the name of the "Province of Carliola;" and, on his laying claim to Barbadoes, a long controversy ensued between him and Lord Marlborough, which ended in his taking the island, on paying an annual rent-charge of three hundred pounds to Lord Marlborough and his heirs for ever. Lord Carlisle subsequently overturned Courteen's establishment, and granted out the lands afresh, at a rent of forty pounds of cotton-wool for each grant. But Harley, one of his governors, having greatly disgusted the planters against the proprietor, and the Civil Wars driving over a vast number of emigrants without permission, (of whom our author appears to have been one,) his authority was soon tacitly relinquished. The Commonwealth sent out a governor of its own, who ruled the island like an ordinary dependency of the State. At the Restoration, Lord Willoughby of Parham, acting under a lease from the heir of Lord Carlisle, applied for leave to go out as governor, which would not have been resisted by the colonists, had they not found that it was to revive Carlisle's claims to the soil. They

* This Col. Moddiford, we believe, was one of those who advised the Protector to attack the Spanish possessions in 1655, which ended in the capture of Jamaica. He was afterwards made a knight, with a number of Barbadians, by Charles the Second, for their loyal resistance against the Commonwealth.

therefore petitioned the new king for his protection, averring that Carlisle's patent was void, and demanding permission to try the matter in the Exchequer. Woe to the wight who expected justice from Charles's hands! Instead of complying with their reasonable and just demands, he referred the whole subject to a committee of the Privy Council, (in those days, the hatching-place of all that was bad, in that bad government;) and a planter, in order to bribe the king to exclude the proprietor, offered a tax on the produce of the colony, to support a governor from the crown, and to make a purse for his majesty's private wants. The king, says Clarendon, "accepted this offer very graciously," as he did every thing that sounded like money; but other planters repudiated it the next day, and proposed only to settle such a revenue on the crown as the Assembly of the island should decide on. The late Lord Carlisle had died eighty thousand pounds in debt, and his creditors immediately came forward on hearing that the island was likely to yield any assets in the shape of income. Lord Marlborough's heirs claimed the arrears of three hundred pounds annuity, and Lord Willoughby insisted on having half the revenue during his lease, according to his bargain with the last Lord Carlisle; the other half, and the entire reversion, were claimed by Lord Kinnoul, the devisee of Lord Carlisle's West-Indian estates.

A Turkish Cadi would have done more justice than this shameless tribunal. It was decided that Lord Willoughby should go out as governor, and insist on the Assembly's granting, for ever, a duty of *four and a half per cent.* in specie, upon all goods grown in the island, exported to any part of the world; to be appropriated, first, towards providing for Lord Kinnoul; secondly, Lord Marlborough's annuity; thirdly, to divide the residue amongst Lord Willoughby, during the remainder of his lease, and Lord Carlisle's creditors, subject to twelve hundred pounds for the King's Governor; and lastly, to the King altogether, subject to the same charge; and, thereupon, the island was to become an ordinary colony, free from all claims of proprietorship. Here there was a tax of nearly *ten per cent.* in effect, juggled out of these poor colonists by an unprincipled and needy king, under the pretext of settling a law-suit about a patent, which had been a thousand times treated as annihilated for twenty years past, and was looked upon by all the world, and by Clarendon, the Lord Chancellor, as altogether void. The colonists murmured; but the arbitrary imprisonment of their leader, Colonel Farmer, awed them into submission. The conduct of the king, in the whole affair, was peculiarly cruel; for the Barbadians had distinguished themselves by the most obstinate loyalty to his family, and had been reduced by the Commonwealth by a very considerable expedition

under Ayscue. Such is the origin of the famous *four-and-a-half per cent. duties*, which continue to the present day, and have so often been the subject of public notice. The payment of the same duty was imposed in the *ceded colonies*, at their capitulation; so that the whole of the Leeward Islands are at present subject to it.

Barbadoes is about twenty-one miles long, and fourteen broad. Carlisle Bay is the only good harbour in the island. Upon the lower part, is built the chief place, Bridge-Town, about as big as Hounslow, in the time of our author; and now consisting of nearly two thousand houses. It was originally built in a marsh, as if the early settlers were dissatisfied with the ordinary mortality of the Antilles. It is now much improved. Like many of the other islands, Barbadoes has few springs. In Antigua, there is not a single source of fresh water; yet its Indian name was "Jamaica," signifying "the country of springs;" a rather disquieting etymology to us of the temperate zones. Such springs as there are in Barbadoes, do not supply water enough, so that the inhabitants are forced to catch the rain in cisterns, on the tops of their houses; which may be turned to great advantage in slave-rebellions; for they are then filled with water, which is "thrown down upon the naked bodies of the negroes, scalding hot." What ingenious ways men invent of doing mischief! In New Zealand, they tomahawk and eat you; in Barbadoes, they boil you, but do not eat you; and in civilized Europe, they blow you to pieces with bomb-shells, and eat turtle instead of you, at Guildhall. We shall not take upon us to decide between tomahawking, boiling, and exploding; but the New Zealander, at least, "saves" most in point of eatable capital.

The Cassava Root, or Maniock, is the wheat of Barbadoes.

"Before it comes to be eaten, it suffers a strange conversion; for, being an absolute poison when 'tis gathered, by good ordering, comes to be wholesome and nourishing; and the manner of doing it is this: they wash the outside of the root clean, and lean it against a wheel, whose sole is about a foot broad, and covered with lattin, made rough like a large grater. The wheel to be turned about with the foot, as a cutler turns his wheel. And as it grates the root, it falls down in a large trough, which is the receiver appointed for that purpose. This root, thus grated, is as rank poison as can be made by the art of an apothecary, of the most venomous simples he can put together: but being put into a strong piece of double canvass, or sack-cloth, and pressed hard, that all the juice may be squeezed out, and then opened upon a cloth, and dried in the sun, 'tis ready to make bread. And thus 'tis done.

"They have a piece of iron, which I guess is cast round, the diameter of which is about twenty inches, a little hollowed in the

middle, not unlike the mould that the spectacle-makers grind their glasses on, but not so much a concave as that; about half an inch thick at the brim or verge, but thicker towards the middle, with three feet like a pot, about six inches high, that fire may be underneath. To such a temper they heat this pone, (as they call it,) as to bake, but not burn. When 'tis made thus hot, the Indians, whom we trust to make it, because they are best acquainted with it, cast the meal upon the pone, the whole breadth of it, and put it down with their hands, and it will presently stick together: and when they think that side almost enough, with a thing like a battle-dore, they turn the other; and so turn and re-turn it so often, till it be enough, which is presently done. So they lay this cake upon a flat board, and make another, and so another, till they have made enough for the whole family. This bread they made, when we came first there, as thick as a pancake; but, after that, they grew to a higher degree of curiosity, and made it as thin as a wafer, and yet purely white and crisp, as a new-made wafer. Salt they never use in it, which I wonder at; for the bread being tasteless of itself, they should give it some little seasoning. There is no way it eats so well as in milk, and there it tastes like almonds. They offer to make pye-crust, but very few attain to the skill of that; for, as you work it up with your hand, or roll it out with a roller, it will always crackle and chop, so that it will not be raised to hold any liquor, neither with, nor without, butter or eggs."

Maize is eaten only by servants and negroes, crushed into "lob-lolly!" The principal drinks are mobby, made from potatoes; rum, punch, and perino.—The latter beverage,

"Which the Indians make for their own drinking, and is made of the Cassavy root, which I told you is strong poison; and this they cause their old wives, who have a small remainder of teeth, to chew and spit out into water, (for the better breaking and macerating of the root.) This juice, in three or four hours, will work, and purge itself of the poisonous quality."

"Having shewed you, in the making of bread, that the moisture being pressed out, which is accounted the poisonous quality that root has, by drying and baking, it is made useful and wholesome, and now having the juice and root both used, and both these put into water, which is moist, I know not which way to reconcile these direct contraries, but this; that poison of the old women's breath and teeth having been tainted with many several poxes, (a disease common amongst them, though they have many and the best cures for it,) are such opposites to the poison of the *Cassavy*, as they bend their forces so vehemently one against another, as they both spend their poisonous qualities in that conflict; and so the relict of them both becomes less unwholesome; and the water, which in itself is pure, casts out the remainder of the ill qualities they leave behind."

Two negatives make an affirmative; therefore, two poisons

cannot fail to make perino.—With regard to meats, they have pork and turkies.—Beef is such a dainty, that if, perchance, a planter ventured upon the slaughter of an ox, he invited all the island to a "beef-feast."—Wonderful are the ways of nature! A few leagues over the sea, on the plains of Cumana, you eat nothing but pure beef: in La Plata, according to Mr. Mawe, they make your fire with it;—with now and then the addition of a "mare!" But in England again, it is such a curiosity, that we have reverend clergymen, who prosecute men unto transportation for appropriating single slices. The Barbadians have but small store of fish: and even the great West-Indian dainty, the turtle, does not take kindly to their shores, because there are no shelving sands for them to take the air on, and lay their eggs.—Let the worshipful court of aldermen read the following, unmoved, if they can; unless the magic word "Calipee" hardens their hearts.

"When you are to kill one of these fishes, the manner is, to lay him on his back on a table, and, when he sees you come with a knife in your hand to kill him, he vapours out the grievousest sighs, that ever you heard any creature make, and sheds as large tears as a stag, that has a far greater body and larger eyes. He has a joint or crevis about an inch within the utmost edge of his shell, which goes round about his body, from his head to his tail, on his belly side; into which joint or crevis, you put your knife, beginning at the head, and so rip up that side, and then do as much to the other; then lifting up his belly, which we call his *Callippee*, we lay open his bowels, and taking them out, come next to his heart, which has three distinct points, but all meet above where the fat is; and if you take it out, and lay it in a dish, it will stir and pant ten hours after the fish is dead. Sure, there is no creature on the earth, or in the seas, that enjoys life with so much sweetness and delight as this poor fish the *Turtle*; nor none more delicate in taste, and more nourishing, than he."

There was a class of men at this time in the West Indies, and the colonies of North America, that exists no longer—the purchased White servants, or Redemptionists. If a presbyterian weaver were discontented with prelacy; if an independent tailor found a presbyter's finger too heavy for his loins; if a pickpocket found the Three Kingdoms too hot to hold him; if a *pauvre diable's* socraticism could not hold out against his scolding wife; or if a man had any other reasons, either of the spirit or the flesh, to go forth from the country; it was the fashion to hie to Bristol, and embark for the plantations; and to pay their passage by allowing the captain to sell one's-self for five years, as a servant or slave, on his arrival. Sometimes, the magistrates of the Western counties engaged in this traffic, to get rid of a vagrant or a foe.—'Squire Western wanted to ship off Jones.—

The Bristol justices used their warrants to kidnap poor wretches for sale. Cromwell sometimes shipped off the Royalists, instead of shooting them; and George the Second, the Highlanders, and other savages, whom the Chevalier led to Derby, instead of imitating the summary manner of William the Third, at Glenco. The moderate party in the French Convention deported the Terrorists, and directed the Royalists to Guiana, which went by the facetious name of the *dry guillotine*; but they were not forced to work.

"Upon the arrival of any ship, that brings servants to the island, the planters go abroad; and having bought such of them as they like send them with a guide to his plantation; and being come, commands them instantly to make their cabins, which they not knowing how to do, are to be advised by other of their servants, that are their seniors; but, if they be churlish, and will not shew them, or if materials be wanting, to make them cabins, they are to lie on the ground that night. These cabins are to be made of sticks, withs, and plantine leaves, under some little shade that may keep the rain off; their suppers being a few potatoes for meat, and water or mobbie for drink. The next day, they are rung out with a bell to work, at six o'clock in the morning, with a severe overseer to command them, till the bell ring again, which is at eleven o'clock; and then they return, and are set to dinner, either with a mess of lob-lolly, bonavist, or potatoes. At one o'clock, they are rung out again to the field, there to work till six, and then home again, to a supper of the same. And if it chance to rain, and wet them through, they have no shift, but must lie so all night. If they put off their clothes, the cold of the night will strike into them; and if they be not strong men, this ill lodging will put them into a sickness: if they complain, they are beaten by the overseer; if they resist, their time is doubled. I have seen an overseer beat a servant with a cane about the head, till the blood has followed, for a fault that is not worth the speaking of; and yet he must have patience, or worse will follow. Truly, I have seen such cruelty there done to servants, as I did not think one Christian could have done to another."

Of another race of men, we believe hardly a vestige remains, except in one or two of the islands, where a few of them still exist, as debased specimens of the once fierce and formidable Caribbees.—Ligon says:

"The women, who are better versed in ordering the Cassavie and making bread than the negroes, we employ for that purpose, as also for making mobby: the men we use for footmen, and killing of fish, which they are good at; with their own bows and arrows they will go out, and, in a day's time, kill as much fish as will serve a family of a dozen persons, two or three days, if you can keep the fish so long. They are very active men, and apt to learn any thing sooner than the negroes; and as different from them in shape, almost, as in colour;

the men very broad-shouldered, deep-breasted, with large heads, and their faces almost three square, broad about the eyes and temples, and sharp at the chin; their skins, some of them brown, some a bright bay; they are much craftier and subtiller than the negroes; and in their nature falser; but in their bodies more active: their women have very small breasts, and have more of the shape of the Europeans than the negroes; their hair black and long, a great part whereof hangs down upon their backs as low as their haunches, with a large lock hanging over either breast, which seldom or never curls: clothes they scorn to wear."

The following touching story is not unknown to our readers; it has been cited in the "Spectator," and dramatized on the stage.

"An Indian woman dwelling near the sea-coast, upon the main, an English ship put into a bay, and sent some of her men ashore, to try what victuals or water they could find, for in some distress they were: but the Indians perceiving them to go up so far into the country, as they were sure they could not make a safe retreat, intercepted them in their return, and fell upon them, chasing them into a wood; and, being dispersed there, some were taken, and some were killed: but a young man amongst them straggling from the rest, was met by this Indian maid, who, upon the first sight, fell in love with him, and hid him close from her countrymen (the Indians) in a cave, and there fed him, till they could safely go down to the shore, where the ship lay at anchor, expecting the return of their friends. But at last, seeing them upon the shore, sent the long-boat for them, took them a-board, and brought them away. But the youth, when he came ashore in the Barbadoes, forgot the kindness of the poor maid, that had ventured her life for his safety, and sold her for a slave, who was as free-born as he: and so poor Yarico, for her love, lost her liberty."

However, a page or two further, we feel our tenderness for "Yarico" very sensibly diminishing; for our author employed her as chiropodist to pick from his nether limbs certain vermin called "chigoes," that insinuate themselves into you through the pores of your skin, and raise excruciating tumors and pus, as if nature had not sufficiently balanced her account of turtle and spontaneous pine-apples, with musquitoes and cock-roaches that suck your blood like tigers. Insects are the curse of the Americans. They are every where, and in every thing; you eat them, drink them, breathe them, and sleep with them. In Buenos Ayres, locusts come in flights, a dozen leagues square, to eat you out of house and home, like Irish cousins; and then fall foul of each other like Algonquins; which, after all, is poor satisfaction for so feloniously putting all your property into their bellies.

In the West Indies, it is as much as your life is worth, or at least your wits, to brave the musquitoes; and even if the

gauze-beds of Exeter 'Change keep them out, you are sure to be sucked by a cock-roach as big as a beetle, that lies in ambush in your bed all day, to carry away an ounce of your blood at night. Every pond and plash ought to have a society—for preserving—persons—nearly dead, not from drowning, but biting. The scorpions are, some of them, according to Ligon, "as big as rats;" but fortunately they do not hurt you. The lizards are green, beautiful, and numerous.

"This little animal loves much to be where men are, and is delighted to stand and gaze in their face, and hearken to their discourse," which shews a degree of good-breeding in the lizards, that we recommend, especially to Political Economists and Members of Parliament out of doors.

"The next of these moving little animals are ants, or pismires, and those are but of a small size, but great in industry; and that which gives them means to attain to their ends, is, they have all one soul. If I should say, they are here or there, I should do them wrong; for they are every where, under ground, where any hollow or loose earth is, amongst the roots of trees, upon the bodies, branches, leaves, and fruit of all trees, in all places, without the houses and within, upon the sides, walls, windows, and roofs without; and on the floors, sidewalls, ceilings, and windows within; tables, cupboards, beds, stools, all are covered with them, so that they are a kind of ubiquitaries. The cockroaches are their mortal enemies; and though they are not able to do them any mischief, being living, (by reason they are far stronger and mightier than a hundred of them, and if they should force any of them with multitudes, he has the liberty of his wings to make his escape,) yet, when they find him dead, they will divide him amongst them into atoms; and, to that purpose, they carry him home to their houses or nests. We sometimes kill a cockroach, and throw him on the ground, and mark what they will do with him; his body is bigger than a hundred of them, and yet they will find the means to take hold of him, and lift him up; and having him above ground, away they carry him; and some go by as ready assistants, if any be weary; and some are the officers that lead and shew the way to the hole into which he must pass; and if the van-courriers perceive, that the body of the cock-roach lies across, and will not pass through the hole or arch, through which they mean to carry him, order is given, and the body turned endwise, and this done a foot before they come to the hole, and that without any stop or stay; and this is observable, that they never pull contrary ways.

"Those that are curious, and will prevent their coming on their tables, cupboards, or beds, have little hollows of timber, filled with water, for the feet of these to stand in; but all this will not serve their turn; for they will, some of them, go up to the ceiling, and let themselves fall upon the teasters of the beds, cupboards, and tables.

"To prevent them from coming on our shelves, where our meat is kept, we hang them to the roof by ropes, and tar those ropes, and the

roofs over them, as also the strings of our hammocks, for which reason we avoid them better in hammocks than in beds.

"Sometimes, when we try conclusions upon them, we take the carpet off the table, and shake it, so that all the ants drop off, and rub down the legs and feet of those tables, (which stood not in water;) and having done so, we lay on the carpet again, and set upon it a sallet dish, or trencher, with sugar in it, which some of them in the room will presently smell, and make towards it as fast as they can; which is a long journey, for he must begin at the foot of the table, and come as high as the inside of the carpet, and so go down to the bottom and up of the outside of the carpet, before he gets on the table, and then to the sugar, which he smells to; and, having found it, returns again the same way, without taking any for his pains, and informs all his friends of this booty; who come in thousands and ten thousands, and, in an instant, fetch it all away: and, when they are thickest upon the table, clap a large book (or any thing fit for that purpose) upon them, so hard as to kill all that are under it, and when you have done so, take away the book, and leave them to themselves but a quarter of an hour, and, when you come again, you shall find all those bodies carried away. Other trials we make of their ingenuity, as this. Take a pewter dish, and fill it half full of water, into which put a little gallypot filled with sugar, and the ants will presently find it, and come upon the table; but when they perceive it environed with water, they try about the brims of the dish, where the gallypot is nearest, and there the most venturous amongst them commits himself to the water, though he be conscious how ill a swimmer he is, and is drowned in the adventure: the next is not warned by his example, but ventures too, and is alike drowned, and many more, so that there is a small foundation of their bodies to venture on; and then they come faster than ever, and so make a bri'ge of their own bodies, for their friends to pass on; neglecting their lives for the good of the public; for, before they make an end, they will make way for the rest, and become masters of the prize. I had a little white sugar, which I desired to keep from them, and was devising which way to do it, and I knocked a nail in the beam of the room, and fastened it to a brown thread; at the lower end of which thread, I tied a large shell of a fish, which, being hollow, I put the sugar in, and locked the door, thinking it safe; but when I returned, I found three quarters of my sugar gone, and the ants in abundance, ascending and descending, like the angels on Jacob's ladder, as I have seen it painted, so that I found no place safe from these more than busy creatures."

Did Mrs. Fry, or any other modish philanthropist, ever exhibit virtue like this! Drown yourself, to make a bridge for another man to go to dinner!

"Judges hang, that jurymen may dine."

that is to say, hang the culprits; but who ever heard of either Chief or Puisne hanging himself, instead of the prisoner, that the panel might take their meal. Learn wisdom, if you will, from babes and sucklings, but learn virtue from these mag-

nanimous pismires! O, Mr. Fowell Buxton, forget awhile philanthropising for the children of Ham, and think of these noble ants when thou again deniest free brewing and cheap lambs'-wool to the thirsty sons of Japhet!—

The other inhabitants of Barbadoes were the negroes and the planters.

"When they are brought to us, the planters buy them out of the ship, where they find them stark naked, and therefore cannot be deceived in any outward infirmity. They choose them as they do horses in a market; the strongest, youthfullest, and most beautiful, yield the greatest prices. Thirty pound sterling is a price for the best man negro; and twenty-five, twenty-six, or twenty-seven pound for a woman; the children are at easier rates. And we buy them so, as the sexes may be equal; for, if they have more men than women, the men, who are unmarried, will come to their masters, and complain that they cannot live without wives, and desire him they may have wives. And he tells them, that the next ship that comes, he will buy them wives, which satisfies them for the present; and so they expect the good time: which the master performing with them, the bravest fellow is to choose first, and so in order, as they are in place; and every one of them knows his better, and gives him the precedence, as cows do one another, in passing through a narrow gate; for the most of them are as near beasts as may be, setting their souls aside. Religion they know none; yet most of them acknowledge a God, as appears by their motions and gestures: for, if one of them do another wrong, and he cannot avenge himself, he looks up to heaven for vengeance, and holds up both his hands, as if the power must come from thence, that must do him right. Chaste they are, as any people under the sun; for, when the men and women are together naked, they never cast their eyes towards the parts that ought to be covered; and those amongst us, that have breeches and petticoats, I never saw so much as a kiss, or embrace, or a wanton glance with their eyes between them. Jealous they are of their wives, and hold it for a great injury and scorn, if another man make the least courtship to his wife. And if any of their wives have two children at a birth, they conclude her false to his bed, and so no more ado but hang her. We had an excellent negro in the plantation, whose name was Macow, and was our chief musician; a very valiant man, and was keeper of our plantine-grove. This negro's wife was brought to bed of two children, and her husband, as their manner is, had provided a cord to hang her. But the overseer, finding what he was about to do, informed the master of it, who sent for Macow, to dissuade him from this cruel act, of murdering his wife, and used all persuasions that possibly he could, to let him see, that such double births are in nature, and that divers precedents were to be found amongst us of the like; so that we rather praised our wives for their fertility, than blamed them for their falseness. But this prevailed little with him, upon whom custom had taken so deep an impression; but resolved, the next thing he did, should be to hang her. Which when the master perceived, and that the ignorance of the man

should take away the life of the woman, who was innocent of the crime her husband condemned her for, told him plainly, that if he hanged her, he himself should be hanged by her upon the same bough; and therefore wished him to consider what he did. This threatening wrought more with him than all the reasons of philosophy that could be given him; and so let her alone; but he never cared for her afterward, but chose another which he liked better. For planters there deny not a slave, that is a brave fellow, and one that has extraordinary qualities, two or three wives; and above that number they seldom go; but no woman is allowed above one husband."

In France, a man is laughed at if he, in any way, aid the publication of his wife's frailty.—"*Le Marquis de B****, a une bosse au front! hi, hi, hi!!!*" And in England, twelve true men soothe "noble rage" with bank notes, which he pockets, and, if brave, shoots the Lothario afterwards. But in no white country have we ever heard of any harsh proceeding against the lady; or, at least, no process of divorce so summary as that in use in Doctors'-Commons' cases amongst the negroes. *Macow* seems to have sought the suspension of his Desdemona, on about as much evidence as Othello stifled his. The Caribbees dashed their wives' brains out, on the least suspicion of their infidelity; upon which the good Père Labat says, with curious simplicity, "*Cela est un peu sauvage à la vérité, mais c'est un frein bien propre pour retenir les femmes dans leur devoir.*"

"At the time the wife is to be brought to bed, her husband removes his board, (which is his bed) to another room, (for many several divisions they have, in their little houses, and none above six foot square) and leaves his wife to God, and her good fortune, in the room, and upon the board alone, and calls a neighbour to come to her, who gives little help to her delivery; but when the child is born, (which she calls her Pickaninny,) she helps to make a little fire near her feet, and that serves instead of possets, broths, and candles. In a fortnight, this woman is at work with her Pickaninny at her back, as merry a soul as any is there; if the overseer be discreet, she is suffered to rest herself a little more than ordinary; but, if not, she is compelled to do as others do. Times they have of suckling their children in the fields, and refreshing themselves; and good reason, for they carry burthens on their backs; and yet work too."

The commencement of the following passage is both lively and touching:

"Some women, whose Pickaninnies are three years old, will, as they work at weeding, which is a stooping work, suffer the he Pickaninny to sit a-stride upon their backs, like St. George a-horseback; and there spur his mother with his heels, and sings and crows on her back, clapping his hands, as if he meant to fly; which the mother is so

pleased with, as she continues her painful stooping posture longer than she would do, rather than discompose her jovial Pickaninny of his pleasure, so glad she is to see him merry. The work which the women do is most of it weeding, a stooping and painful work; at noon and night they are called home by the ring of a bell, where they have two hours time for their repast at noon; and, at night, they rest from six, till six o'clock the next morning.

"On Sunday, they rest, and have the whole day at their pleasure; and the most of them use it as a day of rest and pleasure; but some of them, who will make benefit of that day's liberty, go where the mangrove trees grow, and gather the bark, of which they make ropes, which they truck away for other commodities, as shirts and drawers."

"In the afternoons of Sundays, they have their musick, which is of kettle drums, and those of several sizes; upon the smallest the best musician plays, and the others come in as chorusses: the drum, all men know, has but one tone; and therefore a variety of tunes have little to do in this musick; and yet so strangely they vary their time, as 'tis a pleasure to the most curious ears, and it was to me one of the strangest noises that ever I heard made of one tone; and if they had the variety of tune, which gives the great scope in musick, as they have of time, they would do wonders in that art. And if I had not fallen sick before my coming away, at least seven months in one sickness, I had given them some hints of tunes, which, being understood, would have served as a great addition to their harmony; for time without tune, is not an eighth part of the science of musick.

"I found Macow very apt for it himself; and, one day, coming into the house, (which none of the negroes used to do, unless an officer, as he was,) he found me playing on a Theorbo, and singing to it, which he hearkened very attentively to; and when I had done, he took the Theorbo in his hand, and struck one string, stopping by degrees upon every fret, and finding the notes to vary, till it came to the body of the instrument; and that the nearer the body of the instrument he stopt, the smaller or higher the sound was, which he found was by the shortening of the string, considered with himself, how he might make some trial of this experiment upon such an instrument as he could come by; having no hope ever to have any instrument of this kind to practise on. In a day or two after, walking in the plantine grove,) to refresh me in that cool shade, and to delight myself with the sight of those plants, which are so beautiful, as though they left a fresh impression in me when I parted with them, yet, upon a review, something is discerned in their beauty more than I remembered at parting, which caused me to make often repair thither, I found this negro (whose office it was to attend there, being the keeper of that grove,) sitting on the ground, and before him a piece of large timber, upon which he had laid cross six billets, and having a handsaw and hatchet by him, would cut the billets by little and little, till he had brought them to the tunes he would fit them to; for the shorter they were the higher the notes, which he tried by knocking upon the ends of them with a stick, which he had in his hand. When I found him at it, I took the stick out of his hand, and tried the sound, finding the

billets to have six distinct notes, one above another, which put me in a wonder how he, of himself, should, without teaching, do so much. I then shewed him the difference between flats and sharps, which he presently apprehended, as between Fa and Mi: and he would have cut two more billets to those tunes, but I had then no time to see it done, and so left him to his own enquiries. I say thus much to let you see, that some of these people are capable of learning arts.

"Another, of another kind of speculation I found; but more ingenious than he: and this man, with three or four more, were to take me into the woods, to cut church ways, for I was employed sometimes upon public works; and those men were excellent axe men: and because there were many gullies in the way, which were impassable, and by that means I was compell'd to make traverses up and down in the wood; and was by that in danger to miss of the point to which I was to make my passage to the church, and therefore was fain to take a compass with me, which was a circumferenter, to make my traverses the more exact, and, indeed, without which it could not be done, setting up the circumferenter, and observing the needle, this negro Sambo comes to me, and seeing the needle wag, desired to know the reason of its stirring, and whether it was alive: I told him, no; but it stood upon a point, and for a while it would stir, but by and by stand still, which he observed and found it to be true.

"The next question was, why it stood one way, and would not remove to any other point? I told him that it would stand no way but North and South, and, upon that, shewed him the four cardinal points of the compass, East, West, North, South, which he presently learnt by heart, and promised me never to forget it. His last question was, why it would stand North? I gave this reason: because of the huge rocks of loadstone that were in the North parts of the world, which had a quality to draw iron to it; and this needle being of iron, and touched with a loadstone, it would always stand that way.

"This point of philosophy was a little too hard for him, and so he stood in a strange muse; which to put him out of, I bade him reach his axe, and put it near to the compass, and remove it about; and, as he did so, the needle turned with it, which put him in the greatest admiration that ever I saw a man, and so quite gave over his questions, and desired me, that he might be made a Christian; for he thought, to be a Christian, was to be endued with all those knowledges he wanted.

"I promised to do my best endeavour; and, when I came home, spoke to the master of the plantation, and told him, that poor Sambo desired much to be a Christian. But his answer was, that the people of that Island were governed by the laws of England, and, by those laws, we could not make a Christian a slave. I told him, my request was far different from that, for I desired him to make a slave a Christian. His answer was, that it was true, there was a great difference in that: but, being once a Christian, he could no more account him a slave, and so lose the hold they had of them as slaves, by making them Christians; and by that means should open such a gap, as all the planters in the Island would curse him. So I was struck mute, and poor Sambo kept out of the Church; as ingenious, as honest, and as good a natured poor soul as ever wore black or eat green.

"On Sundays, in the afternoon, their music plays, and to dancing they go, the men by themselves and the women by themselves; no mixed dancing. Their motions are rather what they aim at, than what they do; and, by that means, transgress the less upon the Sunday; their hands having more of motion than their feet, and their heads more than their hands. They may dance a whole day, and never heat themselves; yet, now and then, one of the activest amongst them will leap bolt upright, and fall in his place again, but without cutting a caper. When they have danced an hour or two, the men fall to wrestle, (the music playing all the while) and their manner of wrestling is, to stand like two cocks, with heads as low as their hips; and thrusting their heads one against another, hoping to catch one another by the leg, which sometimes they do: but if both parties be weary, and that they cannot get that advantage, then they raise their heads, by pressing hard one against another, and so, having nothing to take hold of but their bare flesh, they close, and grasp one another about the middle, and have one another in the hug, and then a fair fall is given on the back. And thus two or three couples of them are engaged at once, for an hour together, the women looking on: for, when the men begin to wrestle, the women leave off their dancing, and come to be spectators of the sport.

"When any of them die, they dig a grave, and at evening they bury him, clapping and wringing their hands, and making a doleful sound with their voices. They are a people of a timorous and fearful disposition, and consequently bloody, when they find advantages. If any of them commit a fault, give him present punishment, but do not threaten him; for, if you do, it is an even lay, he will go and hang himself, to avoid the punishment.

"What their other opinions are in a matter of religion, I know not; but, certainly, they are not altogether of the sect of the Sadducees; for they believe a resurrection, and that they shall go into their own country again, and have their youth renewed. And lodging this opinion in their hearts, they make it an ordinary practice, upon any great fright, or threatening of their masters, to hang themselves.

"But Colonel Walrond having lost three or four of his best negroes this way, and in a very little time, caused one of their heads to be cut off, and set upon a pole a dozen foot high; and having done that, caused all his negroes to come forth, and march round about his head, and bid them look on it, whether this were not the head of such an one that hanged himself. Which they acknowledging, he then told them, that they were in a main error, in thinking they went into their own countries, after they were dead; for, this man's head was here, as they all were witnesses of; and how was it possible the body could go without a head. Being convinced by this sad, yet lively, spectacle, they changed their opinions; and, after that, no more hanged themselves."

It must be allowed, that West-India divinity is most extraordinary; and we hope that the new bishops will do their best to purge it. Doubtless, the gallant colonel was not of such a

way of thinking himself; for he lived in days when neither Prelatist, Presbyterian, Independent, Muggletonian, nor other class of pious souls, admitted such heresies. Perhaps, however, he thought any divinity good enough for his negroes. We believe that it is only the Fresh, Eboe, and Whidah negroes that are addicted to suicide.

"I have been very strict, in observing the shapes of these people; and, for the men, they are very well timbered, that is, broad between the shoulders, full breasted, well filletted, and clean legged; and may hold good with Albert Durer's rules, who allows twice the length of the head to the breadth of the shoulders, and twice the length of the face to the breadth of the hips; and according to this rule these men are shaped; but the women not; for the same great master of proportions allows to each woman, twice the length of the face to the breadth of the shoulders, and twice the length of her own head to the breadth of the hips. And, in that, these are faulty; for I have seen very few of them, whose hips have been broader than their shoulders, unless they have been very fat. The young maids have ordinarily very large breasts, which stand strutting out so hard and firm, as no leaping, jumping, or stirring, will cause them to shake any more than the brawns of their arms. But when they come to be old, and have had five or six children, their breasts hang down below their navels, so that when they stoop at their common work of weeding, they hang almost down to the ground, that, at a distance, you would think they had six legs: and the reason of this is, they tie the clothes about their children's backs, which comes upon their breasts, which, by pressing very hard, causes them to hang down to that length. Their children, when they are first born, have the palms of their hands, and the soles of their feet, of a whitish colour, and the sight of their eyes of a blueish colour, not unlike the eyes of a young kitling; but, as they grow older, they become black.

"Their way of reckoning their ages, or any other notable accident they would remember, is by the moon; and so, accounting from the time of their children's births, the time they were brought out of their own country, or the time of their being taken prisoners by some prince or potentate of their own country, or any other notorious accidents that they are resolved to remember, they account by the moon; as, so many moons since one of these, and so many moons since another; and this account they keep as long as they can: but if any of them live long, their arithmetic fails them, and then they are at a dead fault, and to give over the chase, wanting the skill to hunt counter. For what can poor people do, that are without letters and numbers, which is the soul of all business that is acted by mortals, upon the globe of this world.

"Some of them, who have been bred up amongst the Portugals, have some extraordinary qualities, which the others have not; as singing and fencing. I have seen some of these Portugal negroes, at Colonel James Drax's, play at rapier and dagger very skilfully, with their stockadoes, and imbrocadoes, and their passes; and at single ra-

pier too, after the manner of the Charanza, with such comeliness, as, if the skill had been wanting, the motions would have pleased you; but they were skillful too, which I perceived by their binding with their points, and nimble and subtle avoidings with their bodies, and the advantages the strongest man had in the close, which the other avoided by the nimbleness and skilfulness of his motion. For, in this science, I had been so well versed in my youth, as I was now able to be a competent judge. Upon their first appearance upon the stage, they march towards one another, with a slow majestic pace, and a bold commanding look, as if they meant both to conquer; and, coming near together, they shake hands, and embrace one another, with a cheerful look. But their retreat is much quicker than their advance, and, being at first distance, change their countenance, and put themselves into their posture; and so, after a pass or two, retire, and then to it again: and when they have done their play, they embrace, shake hands, and putting on their smoother countenances, give their respects to their master, and so go off. For their singing, I cannot much commend that, having heard so good in Europe; but, for their voices, I have heard many of them loud and sweet.

"Excellent swimmers and divers they are, both men and women. Colonel Drax (who was not so strict an observer of Sundays, as to deny himself lawful recreations) would sometimes, to shew me sport, upon that day in the afternoon, send for one of the Muscovia ducks, and have her put into his largest pond, and calling for some of his best swimming negroes, commanded them to swim and take this duck; but forbad them to dive: for, if they were not barred that play, they would rise up under the duck, and take her as she swam, or meet her in her diving, and so the sport would have too quick an end. But that play being forbidden, the duck would make them good sport, for they are stronger ducks, and better divers by far, than ours: and, in this chase, there was much of pleasure, to see the various swimmings of the negroes; some the ordinary ways, upon their bellies, some on their backs, some by striking out their right leg and left arm, and then turning on the other side, and changing both their leg and arm, which is a stronger and swifter way of swimming, than any of the others: and while we were seeing this sport, and observing the diversities of their swimmings, a negro maid, who was not there at the beginning of the sport, and therefore heard nothing of the forbidding them to dive, put off her petticoat behind a bush, that was at one end of the pond, and closely sunk down into the water, and at one diving got to the duck, pulled her under water, and went back again the same way she came to the bush, all at one dive. We all thought the duck had dived and expected her appearance above water; but nothing could be seen, till the subtilty was discovered, by a Christian that saw her go in, and so the duck was taken from her. But the trick being so finely and so closely done, I beged that the duck might be given her again, which was granted, and the young girl much pleased."

Strange, we repeat, are the ways of nature! In England, dogs hunt ducks, and men men; but, in Barbadoes, men hunt

ducks, and dogs men. It would be edifying enough to see the Barbadian fashion introduced at home; to see mill-ponds pervaded by Bow-street officers, with Mr. Peel and Sir Richard Birnie standing by, to cheer them on; and pick-pockets and needy gentlemen, not having privilege of Parliament, arrested by Teazum and Towser! The Caribbees have another way of hunting. They tie a string to the tail of a remora, about as big as a herring, and send him after a dolphin or a porpoise, to which he sticks so hard, that they draw both ashore. In ancient times, they used to stop the triremes. But they are grown more moderate now-a-days, for they only stop porpoises of half a ton, and sea-cows as big as Sir William Curtis. At least, we never heard of their making our three-deckers bring-to.

He goes on to say,

"Though there be a mark set upon these people, which will hardly ever be wiped off, as of their cruelties when they have advantages, and of their fearfulness and falseness; yet no rule so general but hath his exception: for I believe, and I have strong motives to cause me to be of that persuasion, that there are as honest, faithful, and conscionable people amongst them, as amongst those of Europe, or any part of the world.

"A hint of this, I will give you in a lively example; and it was in a time when victuals were scarce, and plantins were not then so frequently planted, as to afford them enough. So that some of the high-spirited and turbulent amongst them began to mutiny, and had a plot secretly to be revenged on their master; and one or two of these were firemen that made the fires in the furnaces, who were never without store of dry wood by them. These villains were resolved to make fire to such part of the boiling-house, as they were sure would fire the rest, and so burn all, and yet seem ignorant of the fact, as a thing done by accident. But this plot was discovered, by some of the others who hated mischief, as much as they loved it; and so traduced them to their master, and brought in so many witnesses against them, as they were forced to confess, what they meant should have been put in act the next night: so, giving them condign punishment, the master gave orders to the overseer that the rest should have a day's liberty to themselves and their wives, to do what they would; and withall to allow them a double proportion of victual for three days, both which they refused: which we all wondered at, knowing well how much they loved their liberties, and their meat, having been lately pinched of the one, and not having overmuch of the other; and therefore being doubtful what their meaning was in this, suspecting some discontent amongst them, sent for three or four of the best of them, and desired to know why they refused this favour that was offered them, but received such an answer as we little expected; for they told us it was not sullenness, or slighting the gratuity their master bestowed on them, but they would not accept any thing as a recom-

pence for doing that which became them in their duties to do; nor would they have him think it was hope of reward that made them to accuse their fellow servants, but an act of justice, which they thought themselves bound in duty to do, and they thought themselves sufficiently rewarded in the act. The substance of this, in such language as they had, they delivered, and poor Sambo was the orator by whose example the others were led both in the discovery of the plot, and refusal of the gratuity. And withall they said, that if it pleased their master, at any time, to bestow a voluntary boon upon them, be it never so slight, they would willingly and thankfully accept it: and this act might have beseemed the best Christians, though some of them were denied Christianity, when they earnestly sought it. Let others have what opinion they please, yet I am of this belief, that there are to be found amongst them some who are morally honest, as conscionable as humble, as loving to their friends, and as loyal to their masters, as any that live under the sun; and one reason they have to be so, is, they set no great value upon their lives: and this is all I can remember concerning the negroes, except of their games, which I could never learn, because they wanted languge to teach me."

With respect to the remaining inhabitants, the masters, he observes;

"Now for the masters, I have yet said but little, nor am able to say half what they deserve. They are men of great abilities and parts, otherwise they could not go through with such great works as they undertake; the managing of one of their plantations being a work of such a latitude, as will require a very good head-piece, to put in order, and continue it so.

"Now let us consider how many things there are to be thought on, that go to the actuating this great work, and how many cares to prevent the mischances that are incident to the retarding, if not the frustrating, of the whole work; and you will find them wise and provident men, that go on and prosper in a work that depends upon so many contingents."

Of their dispositions, he remarks;

"The next thing is, of their natures and dispositions, which I found compliable in a high degree to all virtues, that those of the best sort of gentlemen call excellent; as, civilly intreating of strangers, with communicating to them any thing within the compass of their knowledge, that might be beneficial to them, in any undertaking amongst them, and assisting them in it, giving them harbour for themselves and servants. And if their intentions were to buy plantations, to make diligent inquiries for such as they desired, and to drive the bargain as near the wind for their advantages, as possibly they could, and to put themselves in some travels, in settling the business; or, if that could not do them service, to recommend them to any friend they

had, that lay more fit and convenient for their purpose. Loving, friendly, and hospitable one to another; and though they are of several persuasions, yet, their discretions ordered every thing so well, as there never were any fallings out between them; which to prevent, some of them, of the better sort, made a law amongst themselves, that whosoever nam'd the word Roundhead or Cavalier, should give to all those that heard him, a shot and a turkey, to be eaten at his house that made the forfeiture; which sometimes was done purposely, that they might enjoy the company of one another; and sometimes this shot and this turkey would draw a dozen dishes more, if company were accordingly; so frank, so loving, and so good-natured were these gentlemen one to another: and to express their affections yet higher, they had particular names one to another; as, neighbour, friend, brother, sister: so that I perceived nothing wanting, that might make up a firm and lasting friendship amongst them; though, after I came away, it was otherwise."

We will here interrupt our account of this work, to make a few observations upon the West-India Question. The uniform tone of the *Retrospective Review* will not only exempt us from the charge of illiberality, but also justify our laying claim to a strong desire to promote in every way the happiness of our species; while the intimate connexion of this subject with the history of Barbadoes, will excuse our deviation into a discussion by no means literary.

It ought to be kept very steadily in view, that the great and nearly exclusive produce of the West-Indian Colonies, is *sugar*, and that all other commodities are of comparatively unimportant extent. The cultivation of sugar requires strong and constant labour. The negroes are summoned to the field before sunrise, and work till after sunset, with an intermission of about two hours for their meals; so that their daily labour is about ten hours. But in crop-time, which lasts nearly five months, they often work very late, frequently all night, in watches, which relieve each other. It is too well known, to need proof, that the profits of West-Indian cultivation do not exceed the ordinary rate, beyond the exigency of the climate, and other inconveniences; and, therefore, however hard the labour appears, it is not harder than is absolutely required to return them. From these facts, we may gather that the real points of the controversy are—first, whether the negro-slave, if free, will perform such labour?—secondly, whether the planter is able to raise any other profitable article of less laborious cultivation, in case it should be found that the free negro would not perform such labour?—And, thirdly, can the planter supply the place of slave-labour by machinery? The two latter may be disposed of first. We say, unhesitatingly, that there is no commodity of any kind whatever, whether of easier culti-

vation or not, that is raisable in the place of sugar. The United States drive our rice, tobacco, and cotton from the market, though raised by the present forced labour. Of indigo, the Islands raise such a glut as would stain the universe blue. And as to provisions, which have been so warmly recommended, we ask, without hope of an answer, whom are they to be sold to? The Haitians are free cultivators, and (conformably with the stories of the abolitionists) raise much produce; and they, at least, ought to cultivate other disposable commodities, instead of sugar. But is that the case? With respect to machinery, we shall content ourselves with observing, that it would have been used already, if discovered and found cheaper than slave-labour; but no such machinery has been invented; for, not long since, the Society of Arts offered a reward of fifty pounds for the invention. We must, therefore, examine the remaining question; and happy would it have been for the tranquillity of the numerous class connected with the Colonies, if it had been examined at the outset of the violent inflammation that has lately shewn itself upon the subject. The enfranchised slave must work for wages; and we believe we shall shew that such are the circumstances that would induce him to remain idle, that nothing but the most excessive remuneration would incite him to labour: nothing, in short, but a rate of wages that no profits, however high, could bear. A brief illustration will put the argument in a clearer light:—Suppose that the articles for which the husbandman or the weaver works at present for the whole week, suddenly became so plentiful that he could get enough of them by working for a single day; it is clear, that, to make him continue to work the whole week, it would require a reward so enormous, that, in fact, he alone could put a limit to it, and his master must cease to carry on his business. Now, it appears that the soil of Haiti is so fruitful, according to President Boyer, that the work of half an hour *per diem* supports the negro for a week. In Jamaica, Mr. Edwards says, that the most industrious negroes never employ more than sixteen hours a month on the provision-grounds from which they derive their subsistence, and it is found amply sufficient. And in Demerara, the slave may exist nearly without labour, such is the prodigious fertility of the land. Under these circumstances, it might be inferred, without the aid of proof, that the national position of the negro is idleness. But facts are not wanting. It is well known, that the free negroes throughout the Colonies will not work at any continuous employment, and that they are the harshest slave-masters. The revolted negroes of Surinam live in listless inactivity; and, with respect to Haiti, there is no evidence to shew that the inhabitants have any kind of industry; but, on the other hand,

there is proof that, in spite of a vast increase of population, their small export of articles, produced from the capital usurped from the French, decreases every year.

Then comes the argument of the general superiority of free-labour, which succeeded so well in the beginning, as ev en to blind M. Say, although a plain fraud on the understanding. A chicaning attorney was advised to plead, as a sham set-off, that the debtor had delivered to the creditor a tiger; to wit, one royal Bengal tiger! A second suit comes, and his clerk hies to Counsellor Quirk. "What shall we do now?" demands the latter. "If you please, sir," says the humble clerk, "*Master will try the tiger again!*" In like manner, the abolitionists try their tiger again and again; although he is a palpably sham beast. Where the average expense of the purchase-money and maintenance of the slave are equal to the aggregate wages of the free-labourer, it is incontestible that the labour of the former will be less valuable than that of the latter, because he will not work so hard; and it will be seen that the instances quoted by the abolitionists in Russia, and amongst the Romans, are all of this nature. But they will not take other circumstances into the account. "I am sure it is *alienus*," says Partridge, in defiance of the neuter: "'tis in the rule *communis, alienus, immunis*, in the Latin grammar; and I always taught *alienus*." Where the nature of the climate, the fruitfulness of the soil, and the habits of the labourer, are of such a nature, that there would be no bound to the wages asked but his own inclination, it is absurd to refer to his superior activity in the abstract. Are, then, the abolitionists prepared to carry their own measures at the cost of ruining the planters? They answer in the negative. They promise conpensation for losses specifically traceable to their execution. But the amount required appears to be little understood. We believe, and we would fain think we have shewn, that, if the slaves were freed, sugar-planting must cease; and as the colonist could have no other employment to resort to, his capital must be lost, and his land become worthless. Compensation, therefore, must be made for the entire value of the stock and land; in other words, for the whole Colonies!

The plans of the abolitionists would be no less fatal to the negroes; for a life of savage idleness, which, we believe, would ensue, must be looked upon as a fatal result. The runaway negroes of Guiana are as barbarous as the blacks of Africa; and the Maroons of Jamaica are some of the most ferocious savages on the face of the globe.

The abolitionists must in vain deny, that their views tend to an immediate or, at least, an extremely rapid emancipation; their promulgated plans, and the virulent attacks which they

countenance on the steps taken by the government, speak too plainly. The government, with prudence and assiduity that do them honour, have established regulations in the Colonies more immediately under their controul, for the improvement of the slaves in habits of order and industry, in order to prepare them for ultimate freedom, and have recommended that similar measures should be fixed in the Colonies that have their own legislatures. The rules are cautious, and their operation will be gradual; but not more so than circumstances demand. But the abolitionists are impatient. Such courses do not suit their passion for oration-making and applause. The rapid changes in public affairs would soon banish them and their subject, if they had not sudden and novel alterations. The Colonists, in the mean time, are over-alarmed, over-talkative, and over-audacious. Not long since, we took up a Trinidad paper, in which we found some resolutions of the planters, in resistance to the new regulations, and, amongst them, read as follows: "It (the new regulations) is avowedly a measure, by which the assumptions of theory are to be subjected to the test of experiment, to be prefixed or confirmed; by which the philosophic legislator is to ascertain, whether a partial infusion of the best principles, extracted from a society of the highest order and refinement, into a system radically vicious and bad, yet hitherto simple in its deformity, will, by the admixture, neutralize and improve the latter, or the whole explode by the repulsion."

Heyday! we exclaimed; hath the *soldado* given us his "Cambyses' vein" with his island; his Spanish rhodomontade with his *Santa Trinidadas?* But we bethought ourselves, that barbarians are the true masters of poetry and eloquence, according to many civilized critics; and it may be, that the Trinidadians take a little after their neighbours, the Arrowawhs and Topinambres: at all events, gentlemen who live with serpents fourscore feet long, and whose eating is of snakes and fricasseed baboons, cannot be reasonably expected to copy our *Cousin Slender* very strictly; and so we must pass over their windiness of style. Now, although we believe that danger would, very probably, ensue to the whites from sudden measures, we cannot persuade ourselves that the prudent steps of the government will produce it. For what hath it done? The Trinidad order, which is to be the standing precedent for the other Colonies, provides that a protector of slaves shall be appointed to advocate, juridically, their causes against their masters; that Sunday markets and labour be abolished, in order to encourage religion; that the whip shall not be used as an incitement to labour, but as a punishment for past idleness; and that females shall be no longer exposed to it; that marriages, and the inseparability of families, be established.

Saving banks are to be established, to give them a desire for property. They are to have the power of redeeming themselves; and their evidence is to be received in courts of justice. The only important point, with respect to danger, is the privilege of self-redemption, which cannot be mischievous, because none but slaves of industrious and sober habits will be able to avail themselves of it; and slaves with such habits will be neither dangerous nor idle, after their emancipation. The Colonists appear so alarmed, that they do many childish things; amongst the rest, they threaten to throw off the yoke of the mother country: in which event, we should like to see how they are to keep down their slaves single-handed. The Government, at first, appeared disposed to act firmly; but, of late, they have shewn symptoms of fear. They seem to think too much of the example of the United States. They essayed to galvanize the tiger there; and because he rent them and broke free, they seem afraid to try the frog. They may be tranquil; for the resistance of the Colonists will evaporate in writing and talking.

We must apologize to our readers for suspending our examination of this work so long. We will now resume it.—In addition to the beasts, already mentioned, the Colonists had camels, horses, assingoes (a species of Lama,) and sheep. Amongst the birds, there is one called a *Counsellor*, "because the head" (it should have been wig, though, often times, head and wig are pretty much the same thing,) "is too big for her body."

"Her tune is such as I have not heard any like her; not for the sweetness, but the strangeness of it, for she performs that with her voice, that no instrument can play, nor no voice sing, but hers: and that is quarter notes, her song being composed of five tones, and every one a quarter of a note higher than other. Mr. John Coprario, a rare composer of music, and my dear friend, told me once, that he was studying a curiosity in music, that no man had ever attempted to do; and that was, of quarter notes; but he not being able to go through with it, gave it over: but if he had lived to have gone with me to the Barbadoes, this bird should have taught him."

There is also the humming bird,

"Much less than a wren, not much bigger than an humble bee: her body long, her wings small and sharp, of a sullen sad green, no pleasant colours on her; her manner of feeding is just as a bee, putting her bill into a blossom or a flower, tastes as lightly as a bee, never sitting, but purring with her wings, all the time she stays with the flower; and the motion of her wings is as nimble and swift as a bee: We have no way to take her, but by shooting sand out of a gun at her, which 'mazes her for the present, that you may take her up; but there is no way to keep her alive, her feeding being such as none can give

her but herself. Now, for the birds that live upon the outward verge of the Island, I have not much to say. Sometimes teals come to our ponds, three or four couple together, but never go away."

Our readers would suppose that the teals fix their residence in the ponds.—No such thing.—They "never go away," because, "when we see them, we take a gun and shoot them."

Having passed through the animals, our planter comes to the trees. There is the physic-nut, that purges you better than Epsom Salts. There are, the poison-tree, that blinds you; the coloquintida, the tamarind, the fig and cherry trees, that are good for nothing; the orange, the lemon, the lime, the pomegranate, the grova, whose seed you cannot kill if you eat it; the cocoa, and the custard apple, the very name of which fills your mouth with water.

"When 'tis ripe, we gather it, and keep it one day, and then it is fit to be eaten. We cut a hole at the lesser end, (that it may stand the firmer in the dish,) so big, as that a spoon may go in with ease, and with the spoon eat it. Never was excellent custard more like itself, than this to it; only this addition, which makes it transcend all custards that art can make, though of natural ingredients; and that is, a fruity taste, which makes it strange and admirable. Many seeds there are in it, but so smooth, as you may put them out of your mouth with some pleasure."

Then there are, the date-tree; the mangrove, big enough for barracks for a troop of Life-Guards; and the calibash, for your crockery-ware. With respect to timber, there are, the cedar, for ships and lead-pencils; the mastick, the lignum-vitæ, the locust, and the palmetto, more beautiful than a Corinthian pillar, with the bottoms of the branches like Xantippe's favorite utensil, "and three hundred feet high;" but, ichabod! in these degenerate days, not more than one hundred and thirty!

There are also the red pepper, to burn, and the water-melon, to quench you; the plaintain and banana, the fruit of which, when cut, presents "the picture of Christ and the Cross, so lively expressed, as no limner can do it (with one colour,) more exactly." Upon which he says;

"Much may be said upon this subject by better wits and abler souls than mine: my contemplation being only this, that, since those men dwelling in that place, professing the names of Christians, and denying to preach to those poor ignorant harmless souls, the negroes, the doctrine of Christ Crucified, which might convert many of them to his worship, he himself has set up his own Cross, to reproach these men, who, rather than they will lose the hold they have of them as slaves, will deny them the benefit and blessing of being Christians. Otherwise, why is this figure set up for these to look on, that never heard of Christ; and God never made any thing useless, or in vain."

We trust that this will not encourage idleness amongst the Moravian or Methodistical brethren.—But, above all, there is the pine-apple, the ambrosial anana.

"In that single name, all that is excellent in a superlative degree, for beauty and taste, is totally and summarily included; and if it were here to speak for itself, it would save me much labour, and do itself much right. 'Tis true, that it takes up double the time the plantine does, in bringing forth the fruit; for 'tis a full year before it be ripe: but when it comes to be eaten, nothing of rare taste can be thought on that is not there; nor is it imaginable, that so full a harmony of tastes can be raised out of so many parts, and all distinguishable. But before I come to say any thing of that, I will give you some little hints of her shape and manner of growth, which, though I must acknowledge myself to be down-right lame, in the expression, yet, rather than you shall lose all, I will endeavour to represent some of her beauties, in such faint expressions as I have. A slip taken from the body of this plant, and set in the ground, will not presently take root, but the crown that grows upon the fruit itself will sooner come to perfection than it, and will have much more beauty all the time of growing. In a quarter of a year, it will be a foot high, and then the leaves will be about seven or eight inches long, which appear to your eyes like semi-circles: the middle being a little hollow, so as I have seen a French sword that is made for lightness and strength. The colour, for the most part, frost upon green, intermixt with carnation, and, upon edges of the leaves, teeth like those upon saws; and these are pure incarnadine. The leaves fall over one another, as they are placed higher on the stem; the points of the lowest touching the ground; in a quarter of a year more, you shall perceive on the top of the stem a blossom, as large as the largest carnation, but of different colours, very small flakes, carnation, crimson and scarlet intermixt; some yellow, some blue leaves, and some peach-colour, intermixt with purple, sky-colour, and orange-tawny, gridaline, and gingeline, white and philyamort; so that the blossom may be said to represent many of the varieties to the sight, which the fruit does to the taste: these colours will continue a week or ten days, and then wither and fall away; under which there will appear a little bunch, of the bigness of a walnut, which has in it all these colours mixt, which in the blossom were disperst; and so grows bigger for two months more, before it shews the perfect shape, which is somewhat of an oval form, but blunt at either end; and, at the upper end, grows out a crown of leaves, much like those below, for colour, but more beautiful; some of the leaves of this crown six inches long; the out leaves, shorter by degrees. This fruit is inclosed with a rind, which begins with a screw at the stalk; and so it goes round till it comes to the top or crown, gently rising; which screw is about $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch broad: and the figures that are embroidered upon that screw near of that dimension, and divisions between. And it falls out so, as those divisions are never over one another in the screw, but are always under the middle of the figures above: those figures do vary so in the colouring, as if you see

an hundred pines they are not one like another, and every one of those figures has a little tuft or beard, some of green, some of yellow, some ash-colour, some carnation."

The sugar-cane was but little cultivated in Barbadoes at our adventurer's arrival; having been but lately introduced from Pernambuco, in Brazil. Perhaps the following particulars concerning it may not be uninteresting to such of our readers as do not sweeten their tea with honey, for the pious purpose of emancipating the slaves by the ruin of the planters. Its English name is said to be derived from the Spanish *Açucar*, a monkish corruption of *Saccharum*. It is supposed to have been known in the East, from time immemorial, and is mentioned in Holy Writ: "Thou hast bought me *sweet cane* with money." Is. ch. 43, v. 24. "To what purpose cometh there to me incense from Sheba, and the *sweet cane* from a far country?" Jer. ch. 6, v. 20; and Lucan describes one of Pompey's auxiliaries as drinking the juice:

"Quique bibunt tenerâ *dulces ab arundine succos*."

It is supposed to have been introduced by the Crusaders into the Morea, Rhodes, and Sicily, about the middle of the twelfth century, and was transplanted from the latter island to Spain, where it grew in great abundance in Valencia; and was afterwards carried to the Azores, Madeira, and the Cape de Verd Islands, by the Spaniards, in the fifteenth century. It is maintained by some, that it thence found its way, at a very early period, to Brazil and the Spanish West-India Islands; but other writers have satisfactorily shewn that it was spontaneously produced in Mexico, the banks of the Rio de la Plata, at the mouths of the Mississippi, and in the South-Sea Islands, so that the West Indians rather owe the art of making sugar to Europe, than the production of the cane itself.—The botanical name is *Arundo Saccharifera*. It is a jointed reed, terminating in leaves or blades, with the edges finely and sharply serrated. The body of the cane is strong, but brittle, and, when ripe, of a yellowish straw colour. It contains a soft, pithy substance, affording a copious supply of juice, of the most agreeable and least cloying sweetness in all nature; and, when converted into sugar, it is not only serviceable to the pastry-cooks, but turns your lungs into very durable confectionary, to the great profit of consumptive patients, according to Dr. Butler, a predecessor of Sydenham, who pithily and elegantly asks,

"If sugar can preserve both pears and plums,
Why can it not as well preserve our lungs?"!

The interval between the joints of the cane varies according to the nature of the soil: in general, it is from one to three

inches long, and the cane from half an inch to an inch in diameter. The height, in like manner, depends upon the soil. On strong soils, or lands richly manured, the canes will measure twelve feet to the upper joint; but the general height is from three feet and a half to seven, and on very rich lands the root will sometimes put forth a hundred shoots. It is not a plant of very nice or difficult cultivation; but it is liable to be destroyed by a species of blight, consisting of myriads of insects, invisible by the naked eye; by *grubs*, called *borers;* and, in some of the islands, by ants that burrow under the roots. When ripe, the canes are all cut and carried to the mill, where they are crushed between three vertical iron cylinders, in such a manner, that, having had a squeezing through the first and second rollers, they are further squeezed between the second and third, when they are fully exhausted of their juice. The juice is afterwards heated in three separate cauldrons, called *clarifiers*, in which, with the aid of lime, it throws off its scum. It is next boiled down in four large coppers, until it becomes thick, and is afterwards allowed to cool in large coolers, where it runs into a coarse mass of half-formed crystals, and separates itself from the molasses; it is then put into hogsheads, in which it is further drained of the molasses, through the spungy stalks of the plantine leaf, stuck through some holes in the bottom. In about three weeks, it is dry and clean, and the process is finished; the sugar thus made is called *Muscovado*. There appears but little essential alteration in the curing, since our author's time. *Lump sugar* was made from the Muscovado, placed in conical pots, with clay on the top, to exclude the air, whilst the molasses exuded through a hole in the bottom. The art is said to have been discovered from observing that a hen, that had walked over some Muscovado sugar with dirty feet, left it whiter in her track. *Rum* is a distillation from the scum rising during the boiling of the juice, and, in our author's time, was distinguished by the very appropriate name of *kill-devil*. The business of sugar making, or, as Ligon facetiously terms it, "the sweet negotiation of sugar," was looked upon at this time as extravagantly profitable as Real del Monte mining, or Raleigh's enterprises to El Dorado. A certain Colonel Drax, one of the planters, had recently began with a capital of *Three hundred pounds*, and, according to our author, had soon money enough to buy an English estate of *Ten thousand pounds a year!* Alas, neither "the sweet negotiation," nor any other, now-a-days, keeps poverty from the West Indian's doors.

Ligon concludes his History with a kind of summing up of the pleasures of living at home and emigration. In England there were hunting, hawking, and racing; but, in Barbadoes, there were neither game to hunt, birds to hawk, nor ground nor

atmosphere for racing. The sight is better pleased with the sky and scenery of Barbadoes; but the violets and roses of England delight the scent most. As to feeling,

"It can be applied but two ways, either in doing or suffering; the poor negroes and Christian servants find it perfectly upon their heads and shoulders by the hands of their severe overseers: so that little pleasure is given the sense, by this coercive kind of feeling, more than a plaister for a sore pate; but this is but a passive kind of feeling: but take it in the highest and most active way it can be applied, which is upon the skins of women, and they are so sweaty and clammy, as the hand cannot pass over, without being glued and cemented in the passage or motion; and, by that means, little pleasure is given to, or received by, the agent or the patient: and, therefore, if this sense be neither pleased in doing nor suffering, we may decline it as useless in a country where down of swans, or wool of beaver, is wanting."

Taste, of course, prefers Barbadoes; as who, indeed, would deign to think of England, when turtle is to be fished, and custard-apple dallies from its branch with your lips. But our author candidly confesses that, in spite of the princely fortunes and the flesh-pots, the yellow fever, and the home-sickness or longing after England, are great draw-backs on happiness. The first vomits you to death in eighteen hours, and is, moreover, of that singularly happy character, that, after three hundred years of depopulation, it still remains to be decided whether it is contagious or curable, to the very signal honour of medicine, and the great convenience of "writing" physicians.—Our author, after nearly dying of it, set sail for England, and was nearly lost, by the sails being split by a tornado, which took an opportunity to blow, when there was no twine to mend them; but a little virgin, who was a passenger, addressed herself to the carpenter, to make her a distaff and spindle, with which she spun the precious commodity; whereupon the sails were made whole, and Ligon reached shore to write his history, and put in the Upper (King's) Bench, to his great misfortune.—"But," he piously adds, "when the great leveller of the world, death, shall run his progress, all estates will be laid even."

"*Mors sceptra Ignatius æquat.*"

Master Ligon here takes leave of his reason, and we shall here take leave of him. His book is amusing, and, with the exception of a fib or two, by way of *sauce piquante*, is a very accurate account of Barbadoes.

ART. IV.—*The Lives of the Roman Emperours, written by Sebastian Franck.* MS. *pp.* 298. 4*to.**

The author, we should rather say, the compiler, of the chronicle which we are about to make known to our readers, has given, in the form of annals, a brief and imperfect narrative of events upon the Continent, from Julius Cæsar to "*Carolus V. the* 121 *Roman Emperour.*" The latest date is *Anno* 1535, after which is an abrupt conclusion.

We are not able to furnish any account of the writer. He appears, from many passages, to have been a steady opponent of the abuses which had grown up in the Papal power; and is equally marked in his reprobation of the extravagance of certain of the separatists. Of his general merits as a historian, our extracts shall enable the reader to form his own judgment.

Pages 40 to 45 treat "*Of the conversion, and fained donation of Constantine vnto Pope Sylvester and his successors;*" which we are not disposed to enter upon here.

At page 63 is the following notice of the famed leader of British chivalry, whose good sword Excalibor and fabled residence in the Isle of Avalon are not forgotten:

"Artus, or Arturus, king of the Brittans, received his kingdom about this tyme,† he was a renowned warrior, and a strong man, who subdued the Barbarians, and brought peace vnto the church, a promotor of the Christian faith, a victorious conqueror in many battels and great actions; he had a sword wherewith he killed four hundred and sixty men in one battle, with his own hand; they carried a shield before him, wherein was painted the figure of Mary, the mother of Christ, whom he honoured as an advocatesse.

"He added vnto his kingdome, in a short tyme, thirty other kingdomes; he was, in his tyme, the richest and most renowned of all kings, and yet, after many noble and courageous actions, he was lost in a feight, being wounded, and also sent into an island, also that the Brittains expected his return many yeeres, and some expect his return vnto this day."

At page 75, the composition of the Koran is thus described:

"THE TURKS' ALCORAN OR LAW BOOK.

"The Alcoran of the Turks is like vnto the Thalmut of the Jews, or the decree of the Papists; in which is comprehended, by Mahomet,

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* We have reason to think that this volume will have its final resting place in the noble library of that illustrious foundation to which our title-page declares our attachment. The writing appears to be of the latter half of the XVIth or beginning of the XVIIth century.

† The reign of Clodoveus, the first Christian King of France, which began anno 479.

the ordre of their religion, being assisted by John Antiochinus, and Sergius, a Jew, in which is proved that Christ ascended into heaven, but that he did not suffer, but Judas the traitor was, by the power of God, when they sought Christ, transformed into the likenesse of Christ, apprehended for him, and so crucified. Whosoever is apprehended in adultery, is stoned to death, by the power of the Alcoran; but whosoever sinneth with one that is vnmarried, he shall have eighty stripes given him; and the law for a thief is this, if he be caught the first and second tyme he shall have some number of stripes given him, att the third tyme, he shall lose both his hands; att the fourth tyme he shall lose both his feet; and many other lawes too long here to relate.

"The Arabian Jews boasted that twelve of their principal doctors assisted in the composition of the Koran. See D'Herbelot's *Bibl. Orient.* edit. Schultens. Werner Rolewink, in the Fasciculus Temporum, of which the most beautiful edition is that of Venice, 1481, litt. goth., tells how ¶ Alchoranus liber componit[ur] a machometo [et] tribus magistris suis: quib' diabol' [et auctoritate [et] industria ministrabat: Prim' magister erat quidam inde'astronom'maxim'. Secund' ioannes de antiochia heretic'. Terti' amergi' arrianus: hi, *&c. fol.* 42, *recto.* At the commencement of the VIIIth century, is a complaint: ¶ In orientalibus, regionib' circa hec [temp]ora valde defecit vera fides [prop]ter impiam [per]fidi machometi legem [et per con]sequens oĩs virt': Sapĩa: [et] honestas: de qua lege execrabili tot turpia [et] carnalia prodierunt ficticia: ut nulli un[quam] sapientes in rebus diuinis et humanis exercitati a principio ei crediderunt: sed hr̃es bestiales in desertis morantes.—*He goes on to say*—Sic heu tra olim fructifera: at[que] illustrium viro[rum] fecunda: nunc tribulos [pro]fert [et] spinas eternis incendijs exuremdas. *And that although* vs[que] hodie: saraceni infinitis diuitijs abundant: [et] pompis inestimalibus at[que] deliciis vacent: t'm ita pueriliter desipiunt: [et per]tinaciter adherent his que sunt [con]tra rationem, ut oĩs vir doctus ac timorat' eo[rum con]sortium fugiat: [et] eos velut caninos:* ac bestiales cum summo tedio abominent at[que] deuitent. *fol.* 45.

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* The word *caninos* shews that the words HEATHENE HOUND, so liberally bestowed in our ancient romances, still continued to point out the followers of the Prophet, to the detestation of true believers. Sir Bevis of Hamptoun, (Ellis's Spec. of Rom. II. p. 108,) furnishes the most discourteous application that we can remember of this objectionable "generic appellation," as it is termed by *the Antiquary.* It may, indeed, be urged in excuse of the youthful knight, that he was then smarting under the effects of a severe beating bestowed by sixty Saracen cavaliers, who, nevertheless, paid for the violence with their lives. We must observe, that the letters placed [thus] in our extracts, are, in the original, represented by certain *nexus et abbreviationes,* which seldom enter into the economy of a modern printing-establishment; we have, therefore, found it advisable to expand the expressions. We will add, that the book just quoted is adorned with curious cuts, among which are representations of the Pantheon of Venice, with its canals and gondoliers, and of the Ciuitas Edissa: in qua habet

In his character of the second and third Othos, our biographer breaks forth with unusual spirit.

"These two last Emperors have bene such diligent and admirable men, (but for want of historians, their valiant acts are little remembred,)* that the one deserved to be called a pale death of the Saracens; and other deserved to be called a wonder of the world." p. 105.

The historian pulls up every now and then in the course of his labours, to record "memorable things about this time." These usually relate to appearances of supernumerary suns and comets *ejaculating* fire; and are varied by accounts of frequent persecutions, and occasional famines. In the year 1010, there was so general a scarcity, "that in many places they could not gett wine for the priests to vse in the masse."

We shall transfer a few of these "memorable things" to our pages.

"In the time of the above-named Emperour Henricus, [i. e. Henry the Second] there were in the Bishoprick of Meydenborgh, in a village, eighteen men and fifteen women in the church-yard dauncing and singing att Christmasse eve, while the priest said masse. The priest came out and cursed them, that they might so daunce and sing for a whole year together, which they did, and in that tyme fell neither raine nor dew upon them; also they grew neither hungry nor drie, nor weary, nor their clothes nor shoes did not wear out. When the year was att an end, they were freed of it, some died presently, some slept three yeares together, some did sheake like the palsie as long as they lived. If this be true, the divell confirms his religion, by the permission of God, with miracles, as more has happened, and shall follow hereafter." p. 108.

The two following are placed between the years 1040 and 1057.

"Att Mayence, arose a tumult, while they were saying masse, by the instigation of the devill, between the Archbisshop's and the Abbot of Fulden's servants, whose lord should sitt next vnto the Emperour; so that they began to feight, and the church was filled with bloud, when the tumult was ceased, and the church was sprinkled with holy water, and that they would make an end of the masse, and that they came to that verse in the Sequentia, Hunc diem gloriosum fecisti, that is, thou hast made this day glorious, a voice of the divell said, this day have I made bloudy; then the people were terrifyed, but the Emperour

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[ur] littera: scripta manu salvatoris dni nostri iesu [christi]: sub abagaro ipsius civitatis rege. Edessa is also memorable as the first strong hold of the Nestorians.

* Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona, &c.

answered and said: 'thou originall of all evill, this day thou hast made full of bloud, but wee, by the grace of God, will make it full of grace vnto the poor,' and this came also to passe, for after service was ended, there was great provision made for the poor, which was a great help to them." p. 109.

Those who are at all conversant with the works of our English Chronicles, will remember the frequent contests, not unattended with violence and even bloodshed, that occurred between the two archbishops for precedency in parliament. Even the primates themselves were not always able to preserve decorum, and Stowe informs us, that upon one occasion, one of the dignitaries proceeded so far as to "thrust his bumme" into the face of his more successful antagonist, to the great scandal of the house. The next story recalls Mr. Southey's *Old Woman of Berkeley*, who was obliged to mount a high-trotting horse.

"A base witch in England was, after her death, much tormented by the divell, and carryed away in the aire upon a terrible horse, so that they could hear her crye above four miles in lengt." p. 109.

Mr. Southey *(Poems II. p.* 143, *Bristol*, 1799) quotes that equivocal personage, Matthew of Westminster, Olaus Magnus, and the Nuremburg Chronicle. If, as we suspect, our MS. be a translation from another language, one of the two last mentioned works, in all probability, supplied the legend. The circumstances leave no doubt of the identity of the old women, though Florilegus (who gives the story at length) places the date two centuries earlier, viz. A. D. 852. This is by no means the only supernatural coal-black steed upon record. Heywood, (Hierarchie of the Blessed Angels, B. IV. p. 252,) relates, that Johannes Teutonicus, canon of Halbersted, in Germany, a great proficient in the art of magic, was, on a christmas day, "transported by the Diuell in the shape of a blacke horse, and seene and heard to say masse the same day, in Halbersted, in Mentz, and in Cullein," [*i. e. Cologne.*]

"In the year 1274, a noble woman, in the bishoprick of Costnitz, brought an vnnatural birth, like a lionessee, having onely the head of a woman." p. 139.

The following suspicious story is very guardedly told. In the romance of Merlin, the holy Blaise is much confounded at beholding the fiend-babe covered with shaggy hair.

"Att Roome a hairy child, with clawes like a beare, was born of one of the she-friends of Pope Nicolaus;* whereof the Pope was so

* The character of Nicholas III. is tolerably free from reproach, excepting his being unhappily led to join in planning the *Sicilian*

ashamed, that he caused all the figures of beares in his pallace in St. Angelo to be scratched out." *Ibid.*

"A sea fish, like vnto a lion, was caught this year, in the moneth of February, and brought vnto the Pope Martinus * in the old citty, which howled and lamented like a man, so that many, when they heard it, were astonished, admiring it; no man knew what it signifyed." *Ibid.*

Our readers cannot have forgotten the extensive conflagration of the moors, in the neighbourhood of Sheffield, in July and August; which was, in the first instance, attributed with great probability to the extreme heat of the sun, although it was said that incendiaries were observed afterwards.—The combustion of the graves is worthy of remark:

"Anno 1473, was the drie summer, wherein many woods and fields being fired by the sunn, were burned to ashes; the Bohemian forrest burned eighteen weeks, also the Duringher forrest, the black forrest, and the wood in the mountains, and on the Etsch, also many villages and towns; for all things for want of raine, and a grat heat, became very drie, also the graves grew drie and took fire in many places, and wheresoever the fire took hold, it was consumed this year."

The ensuing atrocities are of later date than the legend of Hugh of Lincoln, and the affecting story of the poor widow's heroic little son, who, going to school, through the streets of Jewry, sang loudly "O alma redemptoris mater," and whose song was triumphant after a cruel martyrdom.

"Anno 1476, the childe of Trent was martyred by the Jews, upon Maundy Thursday, when it was two year and a half olde; the same base wickedness did the jews five yeares after in the citty Mota, scituated in Friaul, with the killing of another childe, therefore three of the murderers were apprehended, and brought to Venice, and there received their reward."

The same year was distinguished in Franconia, by the promulgation of the happy doctrines of no tythes, no taxes, and community of lands.† The "common people were presently up and swarmed," to Niclaus Huysen, a shepherd and drummer, who declared these glad tidings, by the especial commands of

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Vespers. He died before the actual commission of the crime of which he was morally guilty.

* Martin IV.—*The old citty*, i. e. *Civita Vecchia.*

† Burke has extracted John Bale's sermon, in Jack Straw's rebellion, (from Walsingham,) in a note to his appeal to the old Whigs.—Works, vol vi. p. 222. 8vo.

the Virgin. The Bishop of Wirtsburgh, however, lost no time in consigning this unfortunate political economist to the flames. We find repeated notices of the peasantry being driven to arms by the oppression of the great barons ; we will only indicate pages 214, 243, 244, 245.

In the year 1502,

"The marck grave and those of Neurenborch fell out because of their jurisdiction in consecrating of a church, whereof came no good, for it is the divell's feast."

Above 1000 lives were lost in the quarrel, and notwithstanding the interest which his satanic majesty took in the proceedings, the loss sustained by the citizens is imputed to the Divine displeasure at their presumption. Girald Cambrensis relates a somewhat similar case of disputed right, which however was not attended with such deadly consequences. Those who cannot have recourse to the work of the worthy archdeacon, will find the passage in vol. viii. of the Edinburgh Review.

We will now offer a specimen of our author's method of treating graver matter. Under the year 1242, speaking of the variances between the Papal See, and the empire, he says,

"They that were for the Pope and the Roman church were called Gwelfs, and those who were for the emperour were called Gibellins, these made such parties and mutanies, that all the countrey of Italy was in an vproar, and lived with the sword in their hand, the father against the sonn, and the one friend against the other, so that nobody knew no friends nor relations.

"These divelish names were first invented by the Germans, and had their first birth, (as Ptolomeus saith,) in the citty of Luca, and were after heard in the citty Pistoria, which hath poisoned and made rebellious all Italy except Venice, and lasted about 250 yeeres, with such fury and madness, so that the Italians, amongst themselves, did more mischief to Italy in that time, then it had received from all the infidels and outlandish people ; for in this madness, citties and countreys, and people tumultuously persecuting one another, and not onely their neighbours, but also them that lived affarr of, when they meet one another, as if by these names, they had bene bewitched, and as if they had taken an oath to defend the same, and every party, to the despite of the other, had their private mark, in collours, fruits, cloathes, walking, shewing with the finger, voice, talking, and gesture of the body." p. 135.

The succeeding extract contains the fruit of our author's inquiries into the invaluable discovery of printing. It will be observed that the claims of Laurence Coster and Haerlem are passed *sub silentio :*

"After the birth of Christ 1440, in the time of the Emperor Fridericus the 3, was found out the never too much extolled art of print-

ing in Germany, by Johannis Gentfleysh at Mayence; yet some adscribe it to Johannis Guttenberch of Straesborch, by which the precious jewells, which were written, and had long bene hidden in the grave of oblivian, are made manifest, and brought to light, so that many rare, and for man's vse necessary, books, which in former time were not to be purchased without a great price, now may be had for a small matter; I would to God, it had been found out sooner, then so many rare books formerly written had not perished. A third sort say that this art was invented and brought forth by Johannis Guttenberch, a knight of Mayence, anno 1450." p. 172.

The writer gives circumstantial accounts of the sieges of Buda, Vienna, and Belgrade, in the wars of the Turks and Imperialists, &c., and of the Anabaptists in Munster. Pages 187—199 are occupied with descriptions of the voyages of Columbus and Vesputius; and pages 217—236 contain "*A copy of a letter, written by Ferdinandus Cortesius, head captain of his emperial majesty, of his navigation in the zea* * *oceanus, to the Pope.*"

In these instances, the details are very inartificially taken from the reports of persons concerned, and we may learn the manner in which this was done, from the author's notice at p. 236.

"Thus you have (my reader) an extract of the most remarkable passages of the voiage of the noble knight Ferdinandus Cortesius, sent vnto his majesty, what troubles, treacheries, conspirations and falsities he hath suffered by his enemies, and his owne people, so that one's hair might stand an end to read it, much more to vndergoe it; but his noble enterprises, prudence, stratagems in warre, and faith to his emperiall majesty, I could for brevetie's sake not enlarge upon, because it deserved a larger discription, but what is here wanting read yourselves in his book, published in lattin, and dedicated to his emperiall majesty, or else be satisfied with this."

Many of our readers, no doubt, remember the worthy cordelier in Peregrine Pickle, who, with all his indulgence to the trespasses of his travellers, is furiously enraged with the physician, who ventures a jest at the mysteries of the immaculate conception.

This doctrine, which, in the words of Gibbon,† "the Latin church has not disdained to borrow from the Koran," has long

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* The spelling would seem to hint a translation from the Dutch, while *conspirations* in the next extract would intimate a Latin original.

† Decline and Fall, chap. l. Gibbon states in his note, that, "it is darkly hinted in the Koran, (c. 3, p. 39,) and more clearly explained by the tradition of the Sonnites (Sale's note, and Maracci, tome ii. p. 112)."

XUM

been resolutely maintained, and as incessantly impugned, by different parties in the Roman Catholic church. During the XIIth century, the combatants did not lose sight of decency and moderation; but this Christian disposition did not long continue, and the fray was presently carried on, *à toute outrance*. The arguments, as may be supposed, were subtle in the extreme, the manner of producing them at least equally acrimonious; and polemics were happy in a subject which could not fail to * furnish

Vitiorum alimenta suorum,
Ovid. Met. II. 769.

an inexhaustible supply of food and exercise for the *odium theologicum* of the disputants.

Leo Allatius † flatters himself that he has convincingly demonstrated the celebration of this feast, by several churches in the east, as early as the VIIth century, scil. in 744. Mosheim says, "that about the year 1138, there was a solemn festival instituted in honour of this pretended *conception*, though we know not, with any certainty, by whose authority it was first established, nor in what place it was first celebrated." ‡ About 1140, certain churches in France began to observe it; but it had been observed in England before this period, in consequence of the zealous exhortations of Archbishop Anselm.§ The works of this prelate, under whom clerical celibacy was first *made general* in this country, contain several tractates in praise of the blessed virgin. At p. 144 (*Opera*, ed. Lyons, 1630) is a remarkably curious letter, enjoining the observance of the conception, which he fortifies with many miracles, the first of which is in the time of William the Conqueror.

Father Paul ‖ traces the origin of the virgin's being supposed in her conception and birth to be untainted with the sin of our first parents, from the system of the Nestorians in the Vth century. These held, that there are two persons ¶ in Jesus

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* It will be acknowledged that we have not exaggerated its value, when we mention that the pains-taking diligence of Peter d'Alva and Astorga has amassed forty-eight volumes, in huge folio, upon its mysteries.

† Prolegomena ad Joannem Damascenum, § lxviii. The day of the conception, in the calendar, is the eighth of December.

‡ "MABILLON *Annal. Bened.* tome vi. p. 327. 412.—*Gallia Christiana*, tome i. p. 1198." from Mosheim Eccl. Hist. Cent. xiii. p. ii. ch. iv. § 2.

§ Mosheim, Cent. xii. P. ii. ch. iv. § 19.

‖ Council of Trent, p. 170 of the edition quoted infrà.

¶ The reader must take care not to confound *person* and *nature*. It is scarcely possible, in a note, to convey any idea of the multiplicity

Christ; and that the virgin was not his mother, as God, but only as he was man. The church, in order to counteract the progress of this heresy, and "to inculcate the catholic truth in the minds of the faithful, made often mention of her in the churches, as well of the East as of the West, with this form of words in Greek, *Maria* Θεοτόκος,* in Latin *Maria Mater Dei*. This being instituted only for the honour of Christ, was by little and little communicated also to the mother, and finally applied to her alone; and therefore, when images began to multiply, Christ was painted as a babe in his mother's arms, to put us in mind of the worship due unto him; even in that age. But in progress of time, it was turned into the worship of the mother without the son, he remaining as an appendix in the picture.....in so much, that about the year 1050, a daily office was instituted to the blessed virgin, distinguished by seven canonical hours, in a form which anciently was ever used to the honour of the Divine Majesty; and in the next hundred years, the worship so increased, † that it came to the height, even to attribute that unto her, which the Scriptures speak of the Divine wisdom. And amongst these invented novities this was one, her total exemption from original sin." It appears, however to have been confined to individuals, till, about the year 1136, the canons of Lyons "dared" to insert it in the ecclesiastical offices. St. Bernard, who can never be accused of disrepect to our Lady, immediately condemned this presumptuous innovation, objecting that it attributed to the virgin a privilege due to Christ alone. It was urged, likewise, that the same reason, which induced the celebration in her case, would conclude the like for her parents and ancestors, up to Adam,—at least as far as Abraham, who received the promise of a Redeemer. This presently gave rise to a dispute, in which, for some centuries, the *Scotists* and *Thomists* stood forward as the principal belligerents.

The first of these, were the disciples of the celebrated John Duns Scotus, THE MOST SUBTLE DOCTOR, who was a native

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of combinations of these two words, variously modified.—Mosheim Cent. v. P. ii. ch. v. § 12.

* It was against this epithet, that Nestorius, or rather his friend the presbyter Anastasius, in 428, inveighed with great warmth; Χριστοτόκος was not equally liable to objection.

† Warton, Hist. E. P. iii. p. 29. ed. 8vo. *note*, attributes the exaggerated honours paid to the virgin, in some degree to the *gallantry* of the dark ages.—It is impossible to quote this work, without regretting that the new edition has entirely discarded the pagination of its predecessor. Perhaps the supplementary volume, whose appearance we shall gladly hail, may, in some degree, supply a remedy.

of this island, born about the end of the XIIIth century. He was a Franciscan at Newcastle upon Tyne, and originally a follower of Thomas of Aquino; but, holding different opinions on the subject of divine grace, he formed a distinct school.—The *Thomists* assumed their name from St. Thomas Aquinas, THE ANGELIC DOCTOR, who was born in 1224, died a Dominican in 1274, and was afterwards canonised by John XXII. in order to depress the Franciscans.

Of the immaculate Conception, Duns Scotus was a strenuous assertor: and some have even considered him as the first propounder. He is said to have broached it in the University of Paris, in which he was placed at the head of the Theological School, and his two hundred arguments were so conclusive in its favour, as to induce that learned body to apply it as a test to those who sought to graduate. He enlisted upon his side the followers of St. Francis; the Dominicans, as in duty bound, took part with Aquinas. The Catholic schoolmen were thus divided into two great parties, differing from each other in several points with violent animosity,* and especially distinguished by their respective tenets with regard to the conception of the virgin mother.†

The flame was fanned at Paris in 1384, when an Arragonese Dominican, John de Montesono, affirmed, *inter alia*, that all believers in the doctrine of the immaculate conception were to be considered enemies of the true faith. Harmony might have been restored, had he not repeated his assertion in 1387, with increased virulence. His propositions were condemned by the University, but his party appealed to the French anti-pope, under the name of Clement VII. at Avignon, exclaiming loudly that the character of St. Thomas himself was lightly treated by this decree. Before Clement's decision was given, Montesonus fled to the Pope, Urban VI. at Rome, and was consequently excommunicated. There is great discord respecting the excommunication, which some maintain to include his opinions, others insisting that it was solely incurred by his flight. As, however, the Dominicans denied the validity of the sentence of the University, they were expelled in 1389, and not restored before 1404.‡

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* See Bayle, art. Bzovius, &c.

† According to Father Paul, the Franciscans pushed the doctrine of Duns Scotus farther than Scotus himself, affirming "absolutely for true, that which he had proposed as possible and probable, under this doubtful condition, *if it be not repugnant to the Orthodox Faith.*"

‡ Mosheim, Cent. XIV. P. II. ch. iii. § 10. A previous exclusion of the Dominicans took place in the controversy which raged from 1228 to 1259. Mosheim, Cent. XIII. P. II. ch. ii. § 27.

At the Council of Trent in 1546, when they came to settle the article of original sin, the conflicting opinions had nearly proved a fatal stumbling-block. The Franciscans were very anxious to make an especial exemption of the virgin, and the Dominicans, with the same assiduity, endeavoured to comprehend her by name under the common law. The legate had been labouring with all diligence to divert the discussion of the question; but as politics grew warm, he wrote to the pope, Paul III. who enjoined them to observe the brief of Sixtus IV.* Upon receipt of this, the legate, supported by the wiser prelates, exhorted both parties to cease from their contention, and to make common cause against the Lutherans. "They were, on both sides, contented to be silent, so that their opinion were not prejudiced; yet the *Franciscans* said that the *Canon* was against them if the *Virgin* were not excepted, and the *Dominicans* that they were condemned if she were. It was necessary to find a way how it might be declared that she was neither comprehended, nor affirmatively excepted; which was, by saying, they had no intention either to comprehend or except her. Afterwards, at the great instance of the *Franciscans*, the others were content it should be said, only they had no meaning to comprehend her; and to obey the Pope, it was added, that the constitutions of *Sixtus* IV. should be observed.† The ingenious method of eluding, but not subduing the difficulty, did not escape the remark in Germany.

In the early part of the XVIIth century, a Spanish visionary, named *Mary d'*AGREDA, in a Life‡ of the virgin written in obedience to repeated injunctions from on high, gave a particular account of the conception, which she affected to discover in the twenty-first chapter of Revelations. This work abounded with so many absurdities, that the Sorbonne found it necessary

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* This pope, who was a Franciscan, had written upon this subject before his exaltation to the chair of St. Peter, and made two bulls, one (in favour of the celebration) in 1476, the other in 1483, condemning it as undecided.

† See Book II. pp. 162-73, and p. 176, of the Hist. of the Council of Trent, translated by Sir Nathaniel Brent, from the Italian of Pietro Soave Polano, (Paolo Sarpi Venetiano.) Lond. 1676. fol.

‡ Bayle, to whom we refer the reader, cites the title, as follows, from the translation of Thomas Croset: *La mystique cité de Dieu, miracle de la Toute-puissance, abîme de la Grace, Histoire divine de la vie de la très Sainte Vierge Marie Mère de Dieu, notre Reine et Maîtresse, manifestée dans ces derniers siecles par la Sainte Vierge à la Sœur* Marie de Jesus, *Abesse du Convent de l'Immaculée Conception de la ville d'Agreda, de l'Ordre de Saint François, et écrite par cette même Sœur, par ordre de ses supérieurs et de ses confesseurs.*

to bestow a censure, in which, however, the doctors explicitly avow* their acknowlegment of the immaculate conception. There was a religious order of the Conception : in vol. xii. pp. 291-2, we have extracted an account of the "bewitching habit," (as proclaimed by honest Sam Patterson,) of the sisters of our lady of the conception.

In 1618, Charles de Gonzagues of Cleves, Duke of Nivernois and Rhetebois, established, in Germany, an order of Knights of the Conception, which was confirmed in 1624, by Urban VIII. and had the insignia adorned with the cordon of St. Francis.

In 1652, it was ordained that the Knights of the three ancient military orders in Spain, St. James of the Sword, Calatrava, and Alcantara, should, at their admission, vow to defend the spotless Conception. Of the enthusiastic importance attached to it in the same country at the close of the same century, we find a striking instance in Burnet's History of his own Time : in order to make the final will of Charles II. in favour of Philip of Anjou more acceptable to the Spaniards, "not only the successor's departing from what they call the Catholic faith, but even his not maintaining the immaculate conception of the virgin, was one."† The Dominicans, we think, might have wielded the terrors of the Inquisition with more effect.

In 1708, Clement XI. appointed a festival in honour of the conception, to be celebrated by the whole Roman Church. The Dominicans sturdily refused to obey the mandate.

That the question has not descended into oblivion in the present XIXth century, we have sufficient evidence‡ in the "Vie et Révélations de la Sœur Nativité," printed at Paris, in 1817, 3 tomes, 12mo. The works of Mary d'Agreda, the prototype of the Sœur Nativité, were published at Brussels, 1717, in *three quarto volumes*.

In the beginning of the XVIth century, the Dominicans determined upon a vigorous effort to accomplish the final overthrow of their antagonists, and the means which they adopted for this purpose are not a little celebrated in the annals of religious imposture. We shall introduce the detail afforded by the MS. in the words of a very observing traveller. In the Dominicans' Chapel at Bern, "I saw the famous hole that went

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* See Bayle's note.

† Vol. ii. p. 251 of the orig. fol.—Vol. iv. p. 451 of the BEST and STANDARD edition, printed at the Clarendon, in 1823, under the superintendence (as we learn from the initial appended to the preface) of the learned and venerable President of Magdalen.

‡ See Quarterly Review, vol. xxxii.

to an Image in the Church, from one of the cells of the Dominicans, which leads me to set down that story at some length: for as it was one of the most signal cheats that the world has known, so it falling out about twenty years before the Reformation was received at Bern, it is very probable that it contributed not a little to the preparing of the spirits of the people to that change. I am the more able to give a particular account of it, because I read the original process in the Latin record, signed by the Notaries of the court of the delegates that the Pope sent to try the matter. The record is above one hundred and thirty sheets writ close and of all sides, it being indeed a large volume; and I found the printed accounts so defective, that I was at the pains of reading the whole processe, of which I will here give a true abstract:

"The two famous orders that had possessed themselves of the esteem of those dark ages were engaged in a mighty rivalry. The Dominicans were the most learned, they were the eminentest preachers of those times, and had the conduct of the courts of Inquisition, and the other chief offices in the Church, in their hands. But on the other hand, the Franciscans had an outward appearance of more severity, a ruder habit, stricter rules, and greater poverty: all which gave them such advantages in the eyes of the simple multitude, as were able to balance the other honors of the Dominican order. In short, the two orders were engaged in a high rivalry, but the devotion towards the Virgin being the prevailing passion of those times, the Franciscans upon this had great advantages. The Dominicans, that are all engaged in the defence of Thomas Aquinas's opinions, were thereby obliged to assert that she was born in original sin; this was proposed to the people, by the Franciscans, as no less than blasphemie; and by this, the Dominicans began to lose ground extremely in the minds of the people, who were strongly prepossessed in favor of the immaculate conception.

"About the beginning of the XVth century, a Franciscan happened to preach in Francfort, and one Wigand, a Dominican, coming into the Church, the Cordelier seeing him, broke out in exclamations, praising God that he was not of an order that prophaned the Virgin, or that poysoned princes in the sacrament, (for a Dominican had poysoned the Emperour Henry VII. with the sacrament.) Wigand being extreamelie provoked with this bloody reproach, gave him the lie; upon which a dispute arose, which ended in a tumult, that had almost cost the Dominican his life, yet he got away. The whole order resolved to take their revenge, and in a chapter held at Vimpsen, in the year 1504, they contrived a method for supporting the credit of their order, which was much sunk in the opinion of the people, and for bearing down the reputation of the Franciscans. Four

of the juncto undertook to manage the designe ; for they said, the people were so much disposed to believe dreams and fables, they must dream of their side, and endeavour to cheat the people as well as the others had done."*

The remainder shall be given in the words of our MS., and the notes will supply all the material variations of Burnet's narrative.†

"Anno 1509, contended the two orders of preaching friers,‡ and the friers minoris,§ mightely, of the conception of the Virgin Mary: the friers minoris held she was pure, and conceived without any originall sinn, the preaching friers said she was conceived like other men in originall sinn.

"When much was handeled in this manner, and a disputation held about it att Heydelberg, yet nothing concluded in it, it came to passe, that the preaching friers presumed to establish and confirm their opinion by false miracles; Doctor Wigandus, a preaching frier, writt a book against the clean conception of the virgin Mary, and accused herein the holy fathers, that they had all erred in this point, wherefore Wigandus was cited to Roome.

"Now this false councell of the false miracle was concluded on Anno 1506, in the chapter, and a fitt place enquired after, they had a feare of Franckfort, because of the manifold strange merchants which resort thither [sic], who might prie into their evill pretention, also Neurenborch they thought was to cunning for their fancie, also they chose Bern in Switserland, where there was an honest, simple, unlearn-

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* From "Some letters containing an account of what seemed most remarkable in Switzerland, Italy, &c. written by G. Burnet, D.D. Rotterdam, 1686;" a work of which we hope to give a full account at a future period.

† The translator of Mosheim refers to the following authors as recording the fraud at length. RUCHET, vol. vi. Hist. de la Reformat. en Suisse, and HOTTINGER, Hist. Eccles. Helvet. i. p. 284. He likewise states *Jetzer* to have "died some time after at *Constance*, having poisoned himself, as was believed by some." This would almost appear a mistake, see infrà p. 31, and the note.

‡ This was the original title of the Dominicans, who were mainly instituted for the purpose of public instruction. They were called *Fratres Majores*, in opposition to the Franciscans, and *Jacobins* in France, from the *Rue de St. Jaques*, which contained their first convent built at Paris.

§ The Franciscans, by the humility of their founder, were not called fratres, but fraterculi. Fraticelli, *Ital.* Frères Mineurs, *Fr.* Fratre Minore, *Lat.* This expression probably alludes to the idea entertained in the XIIIth century, from the pretended prophecies of Joachim Abbas, that Francis was the angel, Revelat. xiv. 6, who was to preach the true gospel. See Mosheim, Cent. XIII. P. II. ch. ii. § 33 and 34. And shortly after, Pierre d'Olive considered St. Francis *as entirely transformed into* the person of Christ. *Ibid.* § 36.

ed, boorish, people, yet very valiant, who, if their bussiness succeeded, might help them to defend their opinion, if need required: with this conclusion, four preaching friers of the observants att Bern, undertook the bussiness, being the superiors of the cloister, viz. the prior, supprior, preacher, and the procurator, whose names, for brevitie's sake j omitte, as being unworthy of names.

"They begann diligently to seek an opportunity, with the first conveniency, to produce the miracle, and because they might do it with more security, they conjured the divell, (for one among them was a magician, which they thought very convenient for their purpose,) the divell, whom they had called, appeared presently to them in the form of a blackamore, and after this they had consulted together of the matter, the divell promised them his assistance, with this condition, that they should totally give themselves over to him as his own; also they gave themselves over to the divell, and seigned the writing with their own bloud: in the meane while it happened, that a simple honest young man, aged 23 years, a journey man tayler, came to begg for the ordre, to be a brother of the lowest degree in the cloister, which was presently denyed him, but he beseeched the holy fathers so earnestly, saying he came not with empty hands, but profered them 53 florins and some clothes of Damask and red silk, and prayed them to admit him into the order; this moved the four devote fathers, who presently agreed to take the fish, the 53 florins, and not to lett him escape out of the nett; besides, they thought this taylor to be so simple and fitt for their purpose, therefore they consulted about it, and took him in, and the ready money in their hands.

"When they perceived the grosse simplicity of the brother, they thought to prove him if he would fitt their purpose: also vpon twelf day* Anno 1507 they beganne to trie his simplicity, they threw stoones against his cell and ratteled making a great noise, as if it had bene a ghost, whereby he was terrified; in the mourning, he complained of it to the 4 friers, then they thought their bussinesse would proceed, then they prepared for him a sleeping-place in the procurator's cell, in a hole, and hung in it a bell, which, if any apparition came to him, he should ring, they gave him also holy water, and other relicks, in his cell.

"After that, vpon a night, vpon the Friday before St. Matthias, the supprior, disguised in a white sheete, making a hideous noise, as if he had brought the divell along with him, came into the cell, so that the brother almost dispaired, and the sweat rann down all his body; then the ghost opend and shutt a little chest that the brother had in his cell, oftentimes, and took his couering from his sleep place, also, that he remained onely in the cappe of his order, in greate fear, so that he rang the bell, then the seeming spirit drew nearer to him, and took him by the neck, then the brother cried out, now God help thee, and his gracious mother, when j cannot help thee; then answered the false ghost, O sonn and servant of God, thee and thy brothers might help

* According to Burnet, "the very night after he took the habit, which was on Lady-day, 1507."

me, when for 8 dayes you whip yourselves with rods vntill the bloud come, and say 8 masses for me in St. John's chappel, and you lay by it vpon your face with your arms stretched out, and as often as you say a pater noster kisse the ground, and then j shall be released; this chastising seemed heavy to the brother, yet he promised to tell the fathers of it, wherewith the ghost seemed well contented, and desired him to be earnest with the fathers, that this pennance was made for him, then he would come again the next Friday, about 9 or 10 o'clock, with a great noise, whereof he should not be afraid, for the divell which plagued him, would do him [i. e. *Jetzer*] no harm, being a holy man. With the words, left the false ghost the brother in his sweath, going away with a great noise, rejoycing that he had so cunningly deceived this novice, in hopes, this beginning would prove well to the end, according to their purpose.

"In the mourning, the poor foolish brother diligently related all what had happened vnto him to the 4 friers, desiring the release of this ghost, and their assistance in the pennance, which they easely graunted him, as being the contrivers of the apperition. Then this was noised abroad, and there arose a great rumor and concurrence of people to hear of this ghost and penance: the preacher, doctor Stephen, preached thereof in his sermon, and expounded the ghost and the penance, that there was such a blessed life in their ordre, which was manifested by this, that the brother sought help by them; further, he teached that there was a voluptuous life among the friers minoris, especially at Bern, whose cappes did alwayes smell of wine, and therefore led an offensive life, and brought it so farre with other words, that the friers minoris were much sleighted by the people, and a more concurrence came to the preaching friers, where they saw this holy man dayly prostrated on the ground, behind the priest att masse, but this was among other things intended, that the great brotherhood of St. James att Bern should be given to them.

"Afterwards, the 4 principall occasioners of this wonderfulle and strange historie agreed, that Doctor Stephen, in a confession, should know of the brother his minde and former life, and principally, if he had any doubt of this ghost: the brother had no doubt in the least, and abode constant in his simplicity, therefore they prepared against the aforesaid night, and carried in the brother's cell and the two next him, the holy sacrament, holy water, consecrated lights, a piece of the holy crosse, and such like reliques, and the prior spoke some prayers in the cell, admonishing the brother to take heart and be bold, and not to fear att all, for this time they would know, whether it were a good or an evill spirit, when all things were putt in ordre, it happened vpon the Friday night, att the promised hour, that the false ghost, together with other evill spirits, conjured vp for that purpose, came with such a rattle in the cloister, that all that were in it were terrified, and after a terrible noise he came to the brother's cell, then began the brother to adjure him by the holy passion of Christ, that he should assist him, wherevpon the ghost answered, O brother, it is not needfull to adjure me, but the evill spirits which are round about me and torment me. Immediately, through his simplicity, he adjured the

evill spirits to be quiet, and demanded some questions, which the ghost left vnanswered, and threw a piece of lighting wood in the chamber to him, and then began to tell a long story, viz. that he had bene a master of the Scriptures att the high scoole at Paris, and after that was made a priest, and came into the order of this convent, where in a short time he was made Prior, he gave himself also a name of a long deceased Prior, also that he was soone deprived of his Priorship, and being angry was returned to Paris, and there on a certain time did climbe* out of the cloister, and falling into bad company in strange disguise, was killed vnconfessed, wherefore j am come, (saith he,) in such torment, and because also that j was excommunicated, for an vnmarried woman, which j oftentimes privatly enticed into the cloister.

"Also he named some which were deep in purgatorie, and said there was nothing more pernicious to a frier then proper goods, and in this cloister, (said he,) is one who hath some crucked pennies of his own, which the divell often numbers over for gladnesse: this he said, because he should be the better believed, if he discovered secret things and shewed where things were hid: in the mourning he ordered that this money was brought into the Prior's cell: to whom the propriety of it was not hurtfull.

"Also the ghost thanked the brother and his paters, for the benefit they had shewed him, with this addition, that so his Paters would say 30 masses for him, and read 4 vigilies, and that you would whip your self once more till the bloud come, and then j should be delivered from this paine, which j have now suffered for 160 yeares, and be quite released; and for a seigne, he threw a lanthorn vpon the sleep place in pieces. It is wearisome to tell all the fantastic tricks this false ghost played with the brother, which he himself writt down, in hopes, that if their bussinesse prospered, to sett out in print, as a thing to be chronickled, but the leafe is turned, and their own writting did discover them, therefore it is against their will, with shame anough come into the chronicle.

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* In our own Universities, there are statutes, *De muris noctu non scandendi*, which we fear are held in little reverence by junior members.

† Burnet's account is, that in two visits, the pretended ghost "talked much of the Dominican Order, which he said was excessively dear to the B. Virgin, who knew herself to be conceived in Original sin, and that the Doctors, who taught the contrarie, were in Purgatorie: That the Storie of St. Bernard's appearing with a spot on him, for having opposed himself to the feast of the Conception, was a Forgerie: but that it was true that some hideous flies had appeared on St. Bonaventure's tomb, who taught the contrarie: that the B. Virgin abhorred the Cordeliers for making her equal to her Son, that Scotus was damned, whose Canonisation the Cordeliers were then soliciting hard at Rome, and the town of Bern would be destroyed for harbouring such plagues within their walls." p. 35. Alexander de Hales, THE IRREFRAGABLE DOCTOR, was a native of Gloucestershire, who took

"The Ghost extolled† also the ordre of the preachers, before all other orders, for all some envyed them, because of St. Thomas, who confesse the truth, and teach that Mary was conceived in originall sinn, therefore many of them are punished in purgatorie, as Doctor Alexander de Hales, also that cunning teacher Johannis Scotus, both of the order of the friers minoris. Wherefore, it was very certaine, that the citty of Bern would shortly perish, except they expelled the friers minoris, who, (said he,) are contrarie to our fathers in this point, and because they take yearly pensions of the French king: after that, said the counterfeit ghost, the divell tempted you once that you should go from this order to the Carthusians, if this had happened, then 5 black catts would have tore you in pieces, whereby you may know the holyness of this order, you had also bene almost drowned in the Rhyne, if a holy lady had not come to help you, which I will not name vnto you now, because she intends herself to appear shortly vnto you.

"The two last stories came from Doctor Steven, who had heard it from the brother in his confession; after this, the Ghost blessed the brother, and thanked him for his deliverance, and pretended, that he should come in the 7 order of the Angels, where he would say masse for all his benefits.

"Doctor Steven privately spoke with the brother again, asking him what he thought of the Ghost, and when he vnderstood that all things went right yet, and that the cheat was not discovered yet, he gave him a letter seigned with a great crosse, and wherein were comprehended these following questions:

"In the first place, that he should diligently enquire of the ghost what was become of Pope Alexander, who had caused a frier of the preachers' order, called Hieronymus, to be burnt at Ferrara, as a heretick.

"Secondly, if our Lady was conceived in originall sin or no.

"Thirdly, who in tyme to come should be the great master in the chapter of their order, with six other foolish questions more, purposely omitted.

"The 4 friers kept a private councell, how they might make their bussiness hang together, and vpon the afore said night came one of them in white woman's apparrell before the brother's bed, saying to him that he should prepare himself for the coming of the Virgin Mary, agenst the time of the Mettens, who should answer all his demands, saying att the last, that he should never expect the ghost more, for he was in eternal rest; she being asked who she was, she answered the brother, j am St. Barbara, whom you have diligently served, it is

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his surname from the Franciscan monastery, of which he was a member, in that county: he died at Paris, in 1245. Among his pupils, are enumerated Duns Scotus, (of whom we have spoken *supr.*,) and Giovanni Fidanza, THE SERAPHIC DOCTOR, afterwards the celebrated cardinal and saint, Bonaventure. Fidanza was born in 1221, and is said to have received his doctor's degree along with St. Thomas in 1255. In the following year he was made general of his order, and died in 1274.

also well known vnto me that Doctor Steven hath given you a letter, which j will bring to the Virgin Mary, the same shall be found wonderfully seigned in a certaine holy place; with this she went away, and laid the letter, seigned with bloud, in the covert of the hoste or sacrament.

"The brother rung immediately the bell, and the simple brother declared with great joy to the 4 friers, how that St. Barbara had appeared vnto him, and that he expected our lady Mary, and therefore desired Doctor Steven to shrive him to make him worthy of her coming; he desired the letter might be sought for in the holy place where St. Barbara had carried it: they sought every where vntill they found it in the covert of the holy sacrament, where they had before laid it on purpose. This letter they carried with great ostentation to the high Altar, and said it was sealed with the bloud of Christ that flowed out of his side, and that the candles vpon the Altar lighted of themselves.

"About the time of the mettens the false Mary appeared to the brother, with a wonderfull appearance, and candles lighting of themselves; and she pretended amongst the rest of her works, which many were to be had of her, that Pope Julius, that holy man, should reconcile the two contrary orders, and should be reformed by them, and that he should institute the festivall of the sinfull conception of the Virgin Mary. They thought, if this prospers, we will persuade the Pope to it, for she said she would send the Pope a crucifix sprinkled with three drops of her sonn's bloud, for a testimony of her originall sinn, another crucifix they should finde in the covert of the Sacrament, sprinkled with five drops of his bloud, which should abide in the cloister. She gave also vnto the brother, a clean linnen cloth, dipped in the bloud which flowed out of the side of Christ, she gave him also some of this bloud in a cup, for a testimony that the Pope should know that Mary was tainted with originall sinn;* this first mentioned crucifix they should send to Roome, which the Pope should confirme with great indulgence, and should send that with the five drops of bloud again to Bern for an eternall memory, wherefore the Pope should with St. Thomas Aquinas receive a like reward, viz. eternall glory.

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* "She gave him three drops of her son's blood, which were three tears of blood that he had shed over Jerusalem, and this signified that she was three hours in original sin, after which she was, by his mercy, delivered out of that state. For it seems the Dominicans were resolved so to compound the matter, that they should gain the main point of her conception in sin, yet they would comply so far with the reverence for the Virgin, with which the world was possessed, that she should be believed to have remained a very short while in that state. She gave him also five drops of blood in the form of a cross, which were tears of blood, that she had shed while her son was on the cross; and, to convince him more fully, she presented an Hostie to him, that appeared as an ordinary Hostie, and of a sudden it appeared to be of a deep red colour." *Burnet*, pp. 36, 37.

XUM

"She gave the brother also a letter, which three friers, belonging to three convents, Neurenburch, Basell, and Bern, sealed with the privy seal of the citty of Bern, should deliver to the Pope; there was also a great noise of this abroad, and much wreiting backward and forewards att this time.

"After this revelation, she had a long communication with the brother, and asked him, what he desired more of her sonn, and for a testimony, said she, reach me thy hand, and take the seigne of the wound in thy hand, for an example to all Christendome; and because he retarded a little, the false Mary took his hand* and pressed a sharp naile through it, so that the brother cried for paine "Oh Mary!" she said, "holy brother, this divine gift you have received through your earnest prayers these five years past, whereof ye shall not be ashamed; this wound shall be renewed twice a year, vpon good friday, and vpon the day of my sonn's glorious name;" she gave him also a medicine to the wound, and promised him also indulgence of Pope Julius, with a command to abide hence forward humble of heart, to speake little, to dwell separate from the world, and to pray three times houres in a day; after these words vanished the counterfeit Mary.

"Then the four Heretick friers putt their heads together, and were glad that their intention so fortunately prospered, and intended to make of this brother a new Franciscus, or Lord God. They made a water, by sorcerie, which being taken by the brother, took away all his senses and understanding; then they made with another byting water, the other four wounds in his hand, body, and feet, and with a third water they knew how to recover the brother to his senses againe.

"When now the brother awaked, and saw the other four wounds with great admiration, they pretended they had seene and heard some holy things about him, which, without question, by divine ordination had imprinted these other wounds upon him.

"In the mean time, the clamour came into the citty, and every one would see this new Lord God; then they prepared a chamber for him, and gave him instructions how he should behave himself before the people, yet they would not suffer any one to speak with the brother, but onely to see him, for they feared his vndecent and vnadvised answers.

"When now any people of fashion came to see this holy man, then the poore brother must play the passion, and like a heavenly mountebanck, be a spectacle to the people; att last they made him drink of the water whereof he frothed at the mouth, as if he were a whrostling with death, and when they saw it was time, they gave

* In Burnet's account, the frier being desired to hold out his hand, "had no great mind to receive a favour in which he was to suffer so much; but she forced his hand and stuck a nail thro' it; the hole was as big as a grain of pease, and he saw the candle clearly through it." He shrewdly suspected the medicine to be little better than common ointment, but was persuaded by his confessor that this was *only an imagination.*

him the other water, which made him alive in his senses againe, and then the play was att an end, whereby they bought the people's faith and gott their money.

" To relate all the lying revelations and acted knaveries were to long and tedious, as of the forme of Bonaventure, Thomas Aquinas, and of Barnardus and Hieronimus, both burnt att Ferrara by Pope Alexander.

" On a certaine night Doctor Stephen appeared to the brother and had many words with him, but the brother began partly to have a bad suspition of him, that the thing was not real, wherefore Doctor Stephen retired with shame, not long after the Prior prepared himself in his disguise, and came to the brother saluting him, saying, ' I am Mary, of whom ye doubted not long agoe, and because ye shall be free of all bad suspition, take this holy body of my sonn (giving him a colloured Hostie) that ye may henceforth believe that I am no counterfeit, also I bring you a bottle full of his precious bloud, which I will present to you and this cloister,' they thought hereby to institute a pelgrimage.

" But the brother was no more pleased with the appearance, and said, if you are no evill spirit, repeate me a pater noster and an Ave Mary; then the Prior begann to pray, instead of Mary, and when he said *forgive vs our trespasses*, &c. then said the false Mary, this is a testimony that I am conceived in sinn, Hail to me Mary full of grace, the Lord is with me, &c.

" The brother knew the voice, and being very angry, drew his knife and stabbed the Prior, or false Mary, in the right leg: the Prior took a piece of the wall, and threw it att the brother, but the brother stood vpon his defence, wherefore the Prior was forced to retire with shame.

" The supprior comforted his companion who was half dead with fear, and thought to mend the matter, appeared vnto the brother as if he were St. Catharine of Sena, to reprove him of his vnbelief and of his grosse behaviour to Mary, and said, ' I should tell you that you have the right wounds of Christ in your body, which neither I nor Franciscus have,' and more such like words, but the brother behaved himself in such a manner, that he appeared no more.

" This freighted the four friers terribly, because the bussines was gone so farre, that they could not retire with this grosse Lord God, the brother would be a fool no longer: wherefore Doctor Stephen found out this invention, he talked with the brother after this manner, that it was true that some fraudulent apparitions had been made, onely therefore to keep him in his devotion, yet the thing in itself, is true, and ye shall no doubt, neither do we, but ye have the wounds from God.

" Because now, we have spread this by your command and knowledge among the people, and if you prove tardy you will bring vs and your self in daunger and in dirision among the people, but if you keep stedfast, you will cause vs and your self to have great profit by it, because we are the four superiors of the cloister and all the bussiness goes through our hands, therefore help vs and your self, the

thing is begunn and hath a good medium, onely do you help to finish it: with such and many other words they overcame the simplicity of the brother, so that he consented vnto it, and gave himself to their disposing, whereof they greatly rejoyced and hoped the cause would go right and come to a good end.

"In the meane time they devised a cunning trick; they gave vnto the brother some of the water which made him senselesse, and healed his old wounds, so that onely the red bloud colloured seignes remained; and after much instruction they sett him vpon his knees vpon the altar in our Ladies chappel, before an image erected for that purpose, and Doctor Steven stood vnseen after* a hanging behinde the image and spooke through a pipe, in the person of Christ to Mary, 'mother, wherefore do you crie, have I not promised you that your will shall be done?' the image of Mary answered, 'I crie therefore because there is no end made of this bussinesse:'† then the image of Christ spake againe, 'believe me, mother, it shall be manifested.'—These words heard the kneeling brother before the image, by the power of the drink being vnmoveable, as if he had bene in a swound; presently Doctor Steven stole out of the chappel and bolted it; then they prepared old women who went through the city and made a great noise, and spread it all over the citty, how our Lady att the preachers ‡, cryed and spake, wherefore there was a great concourse of people came thither.

"Now, in this concourse of people, the four friers came running also, as if they knew nothing of it, with much admiration, and commanded the chappel to be shutt, and went to the brother, asking him how he was come thether and what this signified?—he answered, a spirit had in his devotion drawn him thither, also that the image had spoken, he might also not come down from thence before the four superiors of the citty came there with whom he had something to communicate, and before he had received the holy sacrament.

"Then they sent presently for the four superiors, whose names for shortnesse sake I will omitte, to whom the brother said, that our Lady lamented the miserable destruction of the citty of Bern, because they yearly took money from the French king, and because they did not expell the bare-footed friars who led an unholy life and gave her a feigned honnour which she did not want nor desired, viz. that she was conceived without originall sinn, vpon this the Lords held their peace.

"Now it was purposed, in the presence of the Lords and the people, to poison the brother in the sacrament, by which their bussiness would be closed vp, and the brother would have bene counted a saint and then their bussiness had bene done, but the brother perceived the matter and would have none of the coulored poisoned hoste, which

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* After — *i. e.* behind.

† The answer was, according to Burnet, "because his honour was given to her, since it was said that she was born without sin."

‡ *i. e.* at the convent of the preaching friars.

they said was wonderfully sprinkled with the bloud of Christ: then they gave him another which he received, and then he was led with great pompe to the vpper end of the church, before the high altar.

" The brother and the four friers were cited before the councell; who with the four friers confirmed all these things, which seemed very strange vnto them.

" The four friers begann to doubt of the brother and were terrified and kept a close councell what they should do, because the brother knew their deceit, and they lived in continuall feare that he would not leave prating, also he had perceived att the altar that they would have poisoned him.

" But to make short, the one would shutt him up and famish him, the other would drown him, the third would poison him, and the fourth would stabbe him and strangle him.

" This conclusion the brother heard (by the permission of God) hid in a private place, and he was sore afraid, yet warned by this.

" They break off his victuals dayly, whereby he looked like a spirituall martyr, this made the brother weary, and he privately followed the four friers on a time, then he found them sitting amongst handsome women, clad in worldly habits of his silke which he had brought into the cloister, and glutted with good fatt capons, whereof they were so terrified that they all ranne away.

" Then said Doctor Steven, be not offended, these are my sisters; then they thought he had seene too much; and that it were time to take a course with him, they gave him some hearbs in his meate pressed with the joice of spiders, which by the will of God did him no harme.

" Then they thought it had not bene anough poisoned and gave some of it to a catt, which died immediately.

" The Prior also brought him poisoned drink, but he would not drink it, then they gave it to 5 young wolves which they had in the cloister, which died presently of it.

" In the third place, they thrust down his throat a poisoned sacrament, but he vomited it vp againe, and when the sacrament fell vpon a bench it sweathed bloud, which affreighted them much, and they threw the bench with the sacrament into the oven to burn it, then there was such a terrible noise heard in the cloister, that they were almost out of their witts and cried out, 'woe to vs, what we have done;' but yet they did not leave of, but tied him to a chaine, and pinched him with red hott irons, to force him to an oath, that he should not disclose their rogueries, which att last out of great paine he promised.

" The thing lay too heavy vpon the brother, and he saw, that they dayly sought his life, therefore he sought an opportunity to gett out of the cloister and he shortly found one, so that he ranne out of the cloister, and threw his cappe from him, and followed his former trade, and declared their roguerie not onely to the councell, but to every one that he knew.

" Wherefore they were sommoned before the councell to be heard togetber, and the fault was laid vpon the brother, because the friers

should not easely runne away out of the cloister, also they * were not prepared, neither would they burn their hands to lay them easely on the clergy.

" Immediately the ordre prepared themselves, and sent a legate to Roome, viz. Doctor Steven and the supprior, because the Pope should confirm their miracle and then nobody dare speake against it, in the meane time the brother was cast into prison, and they diligently enquired the ground of all the bussiness, but the brother halted on both sides, some things he confirmed and some he rejected, because he would not wholly disgrace the order; in the meane time, these two returned from Roome, in good hopes that their bussiness would come to a good end.

" The Provinciall and Prior of Basell sought also that the roguery should be sothed vp, and the fault laid vpon the brother, but when the four friers were laid hold of and putt into irons, then these two went away without taking their leafe for fear it would fall vpon them also; presently the citty of Bern sent to Roome, and desired an orderly judge who according to the spirituall might proceede in the cause and make an end of it, which Pope Julius did not deny them, and sent them three Bishops and the Provinciall of the preachers, and those he allowed all power.

" When now the four friers were putt to the rack, and straightly examined, the provinciall of the preachers put his two fingers vpon his mouth, shewing thereby to Doctor Steven that he should not confesse, but one of the Bishops perceived it and thrust him out of his commission, wherefore he died of griefe att Constans; for the thing, whereof perhaps he had knowledge, as by the brothers confession may be seen, lay heavy to his heart: the four friers in their tortures confessed vnheard of things: then they sent† to Roome to Pope Julius for a larger commission; in the meane time, they putt the brother also to rack, who confessed all the bussiness, how they begann with him and how they proceeded, which was comprehended in 22 articles, viz. that att the first they would not receive him, vntill they perceived that he had 53 florins and some damasks and other silks.

" In the next place, of all the false apparitions, dolour and pangs which they had putt him to, and had bewitched them with the black art, and had vsed him as is before related in the historie.

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* The meaning appears to be, that the magistrates were not prepared to burn their hands by laying them upon the clergy, without very good reason.

† Burnet does not notice this application for a larger commission. He says, " it may be easily imagined that the Franciscans took all possible care to have it well examined; the Bishops of Lausanne and of Zyon, with the Provinciall of the Dominicans, were appointed to form the Processe." He adds, that the Provincial opposed the application of torture to the friars, who endured it as long as they could; at last one of them " said plainly, that he [the Provincial] was on the whole secret, and so he withdrew"—and was supposed to have *poisoned himself.* p. 41.

" Item, that it was therefore purposely begunn, because they would expell the bare-footed friers, and ruine them, and that they, with their opinion of the sinfull conception, might be superior to them, and by this institute a profitable pelgrimage vnto them [selves].

" Item, he believed certainly, that St. Catharine of Sena was vsed in the same manner, and received the 5 wounds like him.

" Item, that Doctor Steven did not come to the mettens in 3 years' space, and that on a certaine tyme he had found them among handsome women.

" Item, how the Provinciall had commanded him to follow the four friers in all things, he is also guilty of the bussiness.

" Item, how he came one time att vnawares in Doctor Steven's cell, and found him clothed in a woman's apparel, and by this cause his suspicion of the false apperition.

" Item, that they had pressed the first wound into his hand with a naile, and had eaten the other four with a water, and of the three waters above mentioned, how that he had mixed together the bloud of a jew, quicksilver and other things not decent to be told *, how that he plucked 19 haires out of the eybrows of a jews child, and conjured as many divells into the water, by which they made him some-

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* Burnet is less scrupulous. He says, that the sub-prior exhibited a book full of charms, " but he said that before they could be effectual they must renounce God, and he not only did this himself, but by a formal act put in writing, signed with his blood, he dedicated himself to the Devil: it is true he did not oblige the rest to this, but only to renounce God. The composition of the Draught was a mixture of some Fountain water and Chrisme, the hairs of the Eye-brows of a Child, some Quicksilver, some grains of Incense, somewhat of an Easter Wax-Candle, some consecrated Salt, and the Blood of an unbaptised Child. This composition was a secret, which the Subprior did not communicate to the other Friers.

" In these transactions the Legates returned from Rome, with a full power and commission to act in the thing, then the foure were strictly examined againe. The bishops desired that the proper written confession might be onely given to them, to show to the Pope, it was so odious, but it would not be graunted them, but it should also be discovered vnto 8 of the Senate, and after an open degradation of their ecclesiasticall dignity, they were openly burned in the market place att Bern, in the sight of a multitude of people, as hereticks, in the yeare 1509, onely 4 articles of their confession were printed.

" The matter lay asleep some time, but a year after that a Spanish Bishop came, authorised with full powers from Rome, and the whole Cheat being fully proved, the four Friers were solemnly degraded from their priesthood, and Eight daies after, it being the last of May, 1509, they were burnt in a Meadow on the other side of the River over against the great church; the place of their Execution was shewed me, as well as the hole in the wall, thro which the Voice was conveyed to the Image.'—p. 41.

times vnmoveable, sometimes raving, and then said the friers, I lay so deep in devotion, and when I raved then I played with Christ's bitter passion.

"A baptised jew at Bamberch, called Lasarus, had procured that before named bloud to them, he had also made the collour, wherewith they had colloured the Sacrament, as also the crucifix.

"Item, that they had an art to keep the wounds open vnputrified and without paine: Item, how that they had healed them vp, and by the vertue of a sap of a tree, had made him these wonderfull seignes in stead of the hooles.

"Item, how he was instructed in all things, to speake before the image, concerning the citty of Berne and the Barefooted friers.

"Item, how they had bound themselves together with an oath to take my life away.

"Item, of the force and torture they had vsed to make me hold my tongue, and of the poisoned hearbs, drink and sacrament, they had given him.

"Item, the superior had stolen from the cloister 500 pounds, he could also make that every woman, vnto whom he gave his hand, must fulfill his will.

"Item, the four friers had stolen our Ladies jewels, and gave him something of [sic] for an ornament in his celle, because they might convince him of theft, and the Prior had sent his part into Swabia."

We will conclude this long extract in the words of Burnet. "It was certainly one of the blackest and yet the best carried on cheat that has been ever known, and no doubt had the poor Frier died, before the discovery, it had passed down to posterity as one of the greatest Miracles that ever was, and it gives a shrewd suspition that many of the other Miracles of that church were of the same nature, but more successfully finished."—Letters, p. 42.

ART. V.—1. *Poems of* Mr. John Milton, *both English and Latin, compos'd at several times. Printed by his true copies. The Songs were set in Musick by Mr. Henry Lawes, Gentleman, of the King's Chapel, and one of his Majesties Private Musick. Printed and Publish'd according to Order. London. Printed by Ruth Raworth, for Humphrey Moseley, and are to be sold at the signe of the Princes Arms, in Paul's Church Yard.* 1645. *Small octavo, pp.* 214.

2. *Paradise Lost. A Poem, written in* TEN *Books, by* John Milton. *Licensed and Entred according to Order. London. Printed, and to be sold by Peter Parker, under Creed Church,*

neer Aldgate; and by Robert Boulter, at the Turk's Head, in Bishopsgate Street; and Matthias Walker, under St. Dunstan's Church in Fleet Street. 1667. *Quarto, pp.* 342.

3. *Paradise Lost. A Poem in Ten Books. The author,* John Milton. *London, printed by S. Simmons, and to be sold by S. Thomson, at the Bishop's gate head in Duck Lane, H. Mortlack, at the White Hart in Westminster Hall, M. Walker, under St. Dunstan's Church, in Fleet Street, and R. Boulter, at the Turk's Head, in Bishop's gate Street.* 1668. 4to.

4. 5. 6. *Same* EDITION *as the two preceding articles, but different* TITLE PAGES, *with the names of different venders, of the several dates of* 1668, 1669, 1669.

7. *Paradise Regained. A Poem in IV. Books. To which is added Samson Agonistes. The author,* John Milton. *London. Printed by J. M. for John Starkey, at the Mitre, in Fleet Street, near Temple Bar.* MDCLXXI. *Octavo, pp.* 103.

8. *Poems, &c. upon several Occasions. By* Mr. John Milton. *Both English and Latin, &c. composed at several times. With a small Tractate of Education, to Mr. Hartlib. London. Printed for Tho. Dring, at the White Lion, next Chancery Lane end, in Fleet Street.* 1673. *Small octavo, pp.* 282.

9. *Paradise Lost. A Poem, in* TWELVE *Books. The author,* John Milton. *The second Edition, Revised and Augmented by the same Author. London. Printed by S. Simmons, next door to the Golden Lion in Aldersgate Street.* 1674. *Octavo, pp.* 333.

It would have been insulting to the readers of our Review to conceive that the genius and reputation of MILTON or SHAKSPEARE, the two idols of English literature, needed any general retrospective notice from us, to make their works either better known or more highly appreciated. In our early volumes, therefore, we explored and led the way "to those green spots and fresh waters," less known to the literary traveller, in preference to frequenting the great public fountains of literature daily resorted to. After the volumes upon volumes of biographical and critical labour bestowed on the illustrious Epic Poet and Dramatist, it was almost a work of supererogation to add to the overgrown accumulation.

Although not a number of our work is without occasional notices of Milton, yet we have only reviewed two productions of his pen, and those both from his *Prose* works, viz. the *Areo-*

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pagitica, and *History of England*.* We now propose to commence a series of three articles on his works collectively. The first and present, a *Bibliographical* account of the editions of his Poetical works, published in his life-time. Second, a Bibliographical account of his *Prose* works, and of the different controversial tracts which either occasioned or originated in them. Third, an accurate review of his different Biographers and Critical Editors. We think that these may form an interesting summary of literary facts concerning Milton, most important to the general reader, and probably little known to him.

In the succeeding pages we shall borrow *ad libitum*, and acknowledge our obligations to a bibliographical introductory preface, prefixed to the latest and most complete edition of Milton's Poems, recently published by Pickering.† We shall confine our *notitia* to the editions of the Poems published in the life-time, and under the personal superintendence, of the immortal author; and our readers will oblige us by particularly noticing the several title-pages and dates of publication accurately set out at the head of this article, and copied from original copies of the several editions now before us. We need not, then, use any unnecessary repetition of the titles, but merely refer to their respective dates.

Before commencing our notice, however, of the above volumes, more immediately emanating from Milton, we must premise that the first printed and published poem of Milton's (that has yet been discovered) was his *Comus*, with the following title—

"A Masque presented at Ludlow Castle, 1634, on Michaelmasse "night, before the right honorable the Earle of Bridgewater, Vicount "Brackley, Lord Resident of Wales, & one of his Majesties most "honorable privie counsell.

"Eheu! quid volui misero mihi? Floribus austrum

"Perditus.—

"London. Printed for Humphrey Robinson, at the signe of the "three pigeons, in Paul's Church Yard, 1637. Quarto, pp. 30."

It did not appear under Milton's name, but was published and edited by Henry Lawes, (a musician and gentleman of the Chapel Royal choir,) who composed the music to the drama, and performed the combined characters of the *Spirit* and the Shepherd *Thyrsis*. The Maske, a species of dramatic entertainment at that period fashionable among the nobility, was originally performed at Ludlow Castle: its origin and represen-

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* See Vol. VI. p. 87, and Vol. IX. p. 1.

† The Poetical Works of John Milton. London. William Pickering, Chancery Lane; Nattali and Combe, Tavistock Street; Talboys and Wheeler, Oxford. MDCCCXXVI. 3 vols. post octavo. £1 4s.

tation, before the family of Lord Bridgewater, then President of Wales and the Marches, need not be detailed, and will be found fully recorded in Mr. Todd's edition of Milton. Bishop Hurd critically observes, that the motto above quoted (*Eheu*, &c.) was worthy of Milton, and delicately chosen, whether we consider it as being spoken by the author himself, or by the editor Lawes. If by the former, the meaning is—*I have, by giving way to this publication, let in the breath of public censure on these early blossoms of my poetry, which were before secure in the hands of my friends, as in a private enclosure.* If we suppose it to come from Lawes, the application is not very different; only to *floribus* we must then give an encomiastic sense. The following dedication, prefixed by the Musician to this early relic of Milton's muse, is an interesting testimony to the character and estimation of the poem when circulating in manuscript:

"To the Right Honourable, John Lord Viscount Bracly, son and heir apparent to the Earl of Bridgewater, &c.

"My Lord—This poem which receiv'd its first occasion of birth from yourself and others of your noble family, and much honour from your own person in the performance, now returns again to make a final dedication of itself to you. Although not openly acknowledg'd by the author, yet it is a legitimate offspring, so lovely and so much desired, that the often copying of it hath tired my pen to give my several friends satisfaction, and brought me to the necessity of producing it to the public view; and now to offer it up in all rightful devotion to those fair hopes, and rare endowments of your much-promising youth, which give a full assurance to all that know you of a future excellence. Live, sweet lord, to be the honour of your name, and receive this as your own, from the hands of him, who hath by many favours been long oblig'd to your most honoured parents, and as in this representation your attendant Thyrsis, so now in all real expression, your faithful and most humble servant,

"H. LAWES."

Milton had resided in the neighbourhood of Ashbridge, the seat of Lord Bridgewater; indeed, his father's house and lands, at Horton, in Buckinghamshire, were held under the earl; and his intimacy with that noble family probably originated in the intermarriage of Lord Bridgewater with the second daughter and coheir of the Earl of Derby; Milton having before written *Arcades* for the Countess of Derby, and it is supposed, while a student at Cambridge, his Elegiack Ode on the Marchioness of Winchester.

"I have been informed from a manuscript of Oldys," says Warton, "that Lord Bridgewater being appointed Lord President of Wales, entered upon his official residence at Ludlow Castle with great solemnity. On this occasion he was attended by a large concourse of the neighbouring nobility and gentry.

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Among the rest came his children; in particular Lord Bracley, Mr. Thomas Egerton, and Lady Alice—

'———— to attend their father's state,
And new-intrusted sceptre.'

"They had been on a visit at a house of their relations, the Egerton family, in Hertfordshire; and in passing through Heywood forest were benighted, and the Lady Alice was even lost for a short time. This accident, which in the end was attended with no bad consequences, furnished the subject of a *Maske*, for a Michaelmas festivity, and produced *Comus*."—Sir John Hawkins, (History of Musick, vol. iv. p. 52,) states that the poem "is founded in fact;" and Lawes, in the dedication to Lord Bracley, above quoted, perhaps alludes to the accident, in stating that the "*poem received its first occasion of birth from himself and others of his noble family.*" We must, however, resist the temptation of exceeding a bibliographical account of this exquisite poem.

The Monody of *Lycidas* next appeared in a Cambridge collection of verses on the death of Mr. *Edward King*, fellow of Christ's College, printed at Cambridge, in a thin quarto, 1638.* This quarto collection, on the mournful loss of a fellow student of great promise, and distinguished proficiency in polite literature, consists of three Greek, nineteen Latin, and thirteen English, poems. The thirteen English are by Henry King, (brother of Edward King,) J. Beaumont, Anonymous, John Cleveland, the poet, William More, William Hall, Samson Briggs, Isaac Oliver, J. H., C. B., K. Brown, T. Morton, and MILTON, whose monody, entitled Lycidas, and subscribed with his initials only, stands last in the collection. Prefixed is a prose inscriptive panegyric on Mr. King, short notice of his life, family, character, and melancholy catastrophe; this preface is conjectured to have been composed either by Milton or Henry More, who, perhaps, were two of the most able masters in latinity which the university could produce. Edward King, the subject of this incomparable poetical lamentation, was sailing from Chester to Ireland, to visit his friends, when, in calm weather, not far from

* That we may be consistently *libliographical*, we here give the titles of this joint-stock collection. The Greek and Latin pieces have as follows, which serves for the title of the book: "Justa EDOVARDO KING naufrago, ab Amicis mœrentibus, amoris et μνείας χάριν. *Si recte calculum ponas, ubique naufragium est.* Petron. Arb. CANTABRIGIÆ, Apud Thomam Buck et Rogerum Daniel, celeberrimæ Academiæ typographos, 1638." The English are thus entitled, "Obsequies to the memorie of Mr. Edward King, Anno Dom. 1638. Printed by Th. Buck & R. Daniel, printers to the Vniversitie of Cambridge. 1638."

the English coast, the ship, a crazy vessel, *a fatal and perfidious bark*, struck on a rock, and suddenly sunk to the bottom, when all on board perished in the watery deep, August 10, 1637.* This poem, as appears by the Trinity manuscript, was written in November, 1637, when Milton was not quite twenty-nine years old. The poet had quitted the University about five years, and then resided with his parents at Horton. It is more probable that he was solicited to assist in this contribution, than that Lycidas was the voluntary offering of his muse. We may observe, however, without exceeding our prescribed limits in this article, that the short time in which this monody must have been composed, greatly adds to the merit of Milton, and that its superiority cannot but have established and blazoned his reputation not merely at Cambridge, but throughout the literary society of the kingdom.

The first poetical publication under his name, was the small octavo volume of miscellaneous poems in 1645. From the publisher's preface, prefixed to this edition, it is again evident that the literary reputation of Milton was thus early known and appreciated: it appears, moreover, that to the judgment and taste of Moseley, the bookseller, the public were indebted for the volume, and not to the ambition or vanity of the Poet. We extract this interesting preface:

"THE STATIONER TO THE READER.

"It is not any private respect of gain, gentle reader, for the slightest pamphlet is nowadayes more vendible than the words of learndest men; but it is the love I have to our own language that hath made me diligent to collect, and set forth such peeces both in prose and verse, as may renew the wonted honour and esteem of our English tongue: and it's the worth of these, both English and Latin poems, not the flourish of any prefixed encomiums that can invite thee to buy them, though these are not without the highest commendations

* Mr. King was undoubtedly a man of no ordinary force and accomplishment of mind. A Latin Comedy, entitled *Senile Odium*, Cantab. 1633. 12mo. is prefaced by an elegant copy of Latin iambics, from which we quote the following lines of judicious satire on the false taste, and the customary mechanical and artificial expedients of the drama, then subsisting.

"Non hic cothurni sanguine insonti rubent,
Nec flagra Megæræ ferrea horrendum intonant;
Noverca nulla sævior Erebo furit;
Venena nulla, præter illa dulcia
Amoris; atque bis vim abstulere noxiam
Casti lepores, innocua festivitas,
Nativa suavitas, proba elegantia," &c.

and applause of the learndest academics, both domestic and foreign: and amongst those of our own country, the unparalleled attestation of that renowned provost of Eaton, Sir Henry Wootton: I know not thy palate how it relishes such dainties, nor how harmonious thy soul is; perhaps more trivial airs may please thee better. But howsoever thy opinion is spent upon these, that encouragement I have already received from the most ingenious men in their clear and courteous entertainment of Mr. Waller's late choice peeces, hath once more made me adventure into the world, presenting it with these evergreen, and not to be blasted laurels. The author's more peculiar excellency in these studies, was too well known to conceal his papers, or to keep me from attempting to solicit them from him. Let the event guide itself which way it will, I shall deserve of the age, by bringing into the light as true a birth, as the muses have brought forth since our famous Spencer wrote; whose poems in these English ones are as rarely imitated, as sweetly excell'd. Reader, if thou art eagle-eied to censure their worth, I am not fearful to expose them to thy exactest perusal.

"Thine to command,

"HUMPH. MOSELEY."

The first part of this edition contains his earlier minor poems—the Sonnets, Psalms, L'Allegro, Il Penseroso, the Songs, Lycidas—his Ode to Shakspeare, under the date of 1630, &c. We cannot forbear, in enumerating these early productions of his muse, to extract the latter lines on the great dramatist: they were in fact his first printed poem, having been prefixed, though without his name or initials, to the folio edition of Shakspeare's plays in 1632, and also again in 1640, among other recommendatory verses prefixed to Shakspeare's poems.* In the folio the lines are entitled "An Epitaph on the admirable dramaticke Poet W. Shakespeare"—

What needs my Shakespear for his honour'd Bones,
The labour of an age in piled Stones,
Or that his hallow'd reliques should be hid
Under a Star-y pointing *Pyramid*?
Dear son of memory, great heir of Fame,
What need'st thou such weak witnes of thy name?
Thou in our wonder and astonishment
Hast built thyself a live-long monument.

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* "Poems: written by Wil. Shakespeare, Gent. Printed at London by T. Cotes, and are to be sold by John Benson, dwelling in St. Dunstan's Church yard. 1640." small octavo. In L'Allegro, v. 133, Milton speaks of his illustrious literary predecessor—

"Or sweetest *Shakspear*, fancies childe,
Warble his native wood-notes wilde."

For whilst to th' shame of slow-endeavouring art,
Thy easie numbers flow, and that each heart
Hath from the leaves of thy unvalu'd Book,
Those Delphick lines with deep impression took,
Then those our Fancy of itself bereaving,
Dost make us Marble with too much conceaving;
And so sepulcher'd in such pomp dost lie,
That Kings for such a Tomb would wish to die."

After the above minor poems, Comus is reprinted with a separate title, and prefaced by Lawes' dedication above extracted. The following epistle is then appended, and we cite it at length because it is not generally known, and affords a very material and unobserved evidence of the distinguished and public literary reputation of Milton, at the early age of 32.

"The copy of a Letter written by Sir Henry Wotton, to the Author, upon the following Poem:

"From the College, this 13th of April, 1638.

"Sir—It was a special favour, when you lately bestowed upon me here, the first taste of your acquaintance, though no longer than to make me know that I wanted more time to value it and to enjoy it rightly; and in truth, if I could then have imagined your farther stay in these parts, which I understood afterwards by Mr. H., I would have been bold in our vulgar phrase to mend my draught (for you left me with an extreme thirst) and to have begged your conversation again, joyntly with your said learned friend, at a poor meal or two, that we might have banded together some good authors of the ancient time: among which I observed you to have been familiar.

"Since your going you have charg'd me with new obligations, both for a very kinde letter from you dated the sixth of this month, and for a dainty peece of entertainment which came therewith.—Wherein I should much commend the tragical part, if the lyrical did not ravish me with a certain Doric delicacy in your songs and odes, whereunto I must plainly confess to have seen yet nothing parallel in our language: 'ipsa mollities.' But I must not omit to tell you, that I now onely owe you thanks for intimating unto me (how modestly soever) the true artificer. For the work itself, I had view'd som good while before, with singular delight, having receiv'd it from our common friend Mr. R. in the very close of the late R.'s Poems, printed at Oxford, whereunto it was added (as I now suppose) that the accessory might help out the principal, according to the art of stationers, and to leave the reader 'con la bocca dolce.'

"Now, sir, concerning your travels, wherein I may chalenge a little more priviledge of discours with you; I suppose you will not blanch Paris in your way; therefore I have been bold to trouble you with a few lines to Mr. M. B. whom you shall easily find attending the young lord S. as his governour, and you may surely receive from him good directions for the shaping of your farther journey into

Italy, where he did reside by my choice som time for the king, after mine own recess from Venice.

" I should think that your best line will be thorow the whole length of France to Marseilles, and thence by sea to Genoa, whence the passage into Tuscany is as diurnal as a Gravesend barge: I hasten as you do to Florence, or Siena, the rather to tell your short story from the interest you have given me in your safety.

" At Siena I was tabled in the house of one Alberto Scipioni, an old Roman courtier in dangerous times, having bin steward to the Duca di Pagliano, who with all his family were strangled, save this only man that escap'd by foresight of the tempest: with him I had often much chat of those affairs; into which he took pleasure to look back from his native harbour; and at my departure toward Rome (which had been the center of his experience) I had wonn confidence enough to beg his advice, how I might carry myself securely there, without offence of others, or of mine own conscience. ' Signor Arrigo mio,' says he, ' I pensieri stretti, et il viso sciolto' will go safely over the whole word: of which Delphian oracle (for so I have found it) your judgment doth need no commentary; and therefore, sir, I will commit you with it to the best of all securities, God's dear love, remaining your friend as much at command as any of longer date.

" Henry Wootton.

" postscript.

" Sir, I have expressly sent this my foot-boy to prevent your departure without som acknowledgement from me of the receipt of your obliging letter, having myself through som business, I know not how, neglected the ordinary conveyance. In any part where I shall understand you fixed, I shall be glad, and diligent to entertain you with home-novelties; even for som fomentation of our friendship too soon interrupted in the cradle."

A third title-page, in the same edition, introduces the Latin poems, " Ioannis Miltoni, Londinensis, Poemata. Quorum pleraque intra annum ætatis vigesimum conscripsit."— As a still more complete and incontrovertible proof of his uncommon celebrity, we extract the following prefatory and encomiastic pages, which precede the original edition of the Latin poems in 1645:

" Hæc quæ sequuntur de authore testimonia, tametsi ipse intelligebat non tam de se quam supra se esse dicta, eò quod præclaro ingenio viri, nec non amici ita ferè solent laudare, ut omnia suis potius virtutibus, quam veritati congruentia nimis cupidè affingant, noluit tamen horum egregiam in se voluntatem non esse notam; cum alii præsertim ud id faceret magnopere suaderent. Dum enim nimiæ laudis invidiam totis ab se viribus amolitur, sibique quod plus æquo est non attributum esse mavult, judicium interim hominum cordatorum atque illustrium quin summo sibi honori ducat, negare non potest.

JOANNES BAPTISTA MANSUS
MARCHIO VILLENSIS, NEAPOLITANUS,
AD
JOANNEM MILTONEM, ANGLUM.

Ut mens, forma, decor, facies, mos, si pietas sic,
Non Anglus, verùm hercle angelus ipse fores.

AD
JOANNEM MILTONEM, ANGLUM,
TRIPLICI POESEOS LAUREA CORONANDUM, GRÆCA NIMIRUM, LATINA, ATQUE HETRUSCA,
EPIGRAMMA
JOANNIS SALSILLI, ROMANI.

Cede Meles, cedat depressa Mincius urna;
Sebetus Tassum desinat usque loqui;
At Thamesis victor cunctis ferat altior undas,
Nam per te, Milto, par tribus unus erit.

AD JOANNEM MILTONUM.

Græcia Mæonidem jactet sibi, Roma Maronem,
Anglia Miltonum jactat utrique parem.

SELVAGGI.

AL
SIGNIOR GIO. MILTONI.
NOBILE INGLESE.

ODE.

Ergimi all' Etra ò Clio,
Perchè di stelle intrecciarò corona
Non più del Biondo Dio
La Fronde eterna in Pindo, e in Elicona:
Diensi a merto maggior, maggiori i fregi,
A celeste virtù celesti pregi.

Non può del tempo edace
Rimaner preda eterno alto valore;
Non può l' oblio rapace
Furar dalle memorie eccelso onore.
Su l' arco di mia cetra un dardo forte
Virtù m'adatti, e ferirò la morte.

Del l' Ocean profondo
Cinta dagli ampi gorghi Anglia risiede,
Separata dal mondo,

Però che il suo valor l'umano eccede :
Questa feconda sà produrre Eroi,
Ch' hanno a ragion del sovruman tra noi.

Alla virtù sbandita
Danno nei petti lor fido ricetto :
Quella gli è sol gradita,
Perchè in lei san trovar gioia, e diletto ;
Ridillo tu, Giovanni, e mostra intanto
Con tua vera virtù, vero il mio Canto.

Lungi dal Patrio lido
Spinse Zeusi l' industre ardente brama ;
Ch' udio d'Helena il grido
Con aurea tromba rimbombar la fama,
E per poterla effigiare al paro
Dalle più belle Idee trassi il più raro.

Così l' Ape Ingegnosa
Trae con industria il suo liquor pregiato
Del giglio e dalla rosa,
E quanti vaghi fiori ornano il prato ;
Formano un dolce suon diverse Corde,
Fan varie voci melodia concorde.

Di bella gloria amante,
Milton, dal Ciel natio per varie parti
Le peregrine piante
Volgesti a ricercar scienze, ed arti ;
Del Gallo regnator vedesti i Regni,
E dell' Italia ancor gli Eroi più degni.

Fabro quasi divino,
Sol virtù rintracciando il tuo pensiero
Vide in ogni confino
Chi di nobil valor calca il sentiero ;
L' ottimo dal miglior dopo scegliea
Per fabbricar d'ogni virtu l'Idea.

Quanti nacquero in Flora
O in lei del parlar Tosco appreser l'arte,
La cui memoria onora
Il mondo fatta eterna in dotte carte,
Volesti ricercar per tuo tesoro,
E parlasti con lor nell' opre loro.

Nell' altera Babelle
Per te il parlar confuse Giove in vano,
Che per varie favelle
Di se stessa trofeo cadde su'l piano:
Ch' ode oltr' all' Anglia il suo più degno Idioma
Spagna, Francia, Toscana, e Grecia e Roma.

I più profondi arcani
Ch' occulta la natura e in cielo e in terra,
Ch' à ingegni sovrumani
Troppo avara tal' or gli chiude, e serra,
Chiaramente conosci, e giungi al fine
Della moral virtude al gran confine.

Non batta il tempo l'ale,
Fermisi immoto, e in un ferminsi gli anni,
Che di virtù immortale
Scorron di troppo ingiuriosi ai danni;
Che s'opre degne di poema e storia
Furon già, l'hai presenti alla memoria.

Dammi tua dolce Cetra
Se vuoi ch'io dica del tuo dolce canto,
Ch' inalzandoti all' Etra
Di farti uomo celeste ottiene il vanto:
Il Tamigi il dirà, che gli è concesso
Per te suo cigno pareggiar Permesso.

Io che in riva dell' Arno
Tento spiegar tuo merto alto e preclaro,
So che fatico indarno,
E ad ammirar, non a lodarlo imparo;
Freno dunque la lingua, e ascolto il core
Che ti prende a lodar con lo stupore.

DEL SIG. ANTONIO FRANCINI, GENTILHUOMO FIORENTINO."

"JOANNI MILTONI,

LONDINENSI,

JUVENI PATRIA, VIRTUTIBUS EXIMIO.

"Viro qui multa peregrinatione, studio cuncta orbis terrarum loca perspexit, ut novis Ulysses omnia ubique ab omnibus apprehenderet:

"Polyglotto, in cujus ore linguæ jam deperditæ sic reviviscunt, ut idiomata omnia sint in ejus laudibus infacunda; Et jure ea percallet, ut admirationes et plausus populorum ab propria sapientia excitatos, intelligat;

"Illi, cujus animi dotes corporisque sensus ad admirationem commovent, et per ipsam motum cuique auferunt; cujus opera ad plausus horantur, sed venustate vocem laudatoribus adimunt.

"Cui in memoria totus orbis; in intellectu sapientia; in voluntate ardor gloriæ; in ore eloquentia; harmonicos cœlestium sphærarum sonitus astronomia duce audienti; characteres mirabilium naturæ per quos Dei magnitudo describitur magistra philosophia legenti; antiquitatum latebras, vetustatis excidia, eruditionis ambages, comite assidua autorum lectione,

Exquirenti, restauranti, percurrenti.
At cur nitor in arduum?

"Illi in cujus virtutibus evulgandis ora Famæ non sufficiant, nec hominum stupor in laudandis satis est, reverentiæ et amoris ergo hoc ejus meritis debitum admirationis tributum offert Carolus Datus, Patricius Florentinus,

"TANTO HOMINI SERVUS, TANTÆ VIRTUTIS AMATOR."

In 1667, Milton published in small quarto, without preface or introduction, "Paradise Lost." The copy-right contract of the Poet with the bookseller Simmons, who purchased the manuscript poem, is now in the possession of Mr. Pickering, who we believe obtained it through the representatives of the Tonson family. As this classical and interesting relic has for a century and half eluded the research of the biographer and bibliographer, we insert it, correctly copied from the original:

"Mr. Milton's Agreement with Mr. Symons, for Paradise Lost, dated 27th April, 1667.

"These presents, made the 27th day of Aprill, 1667, between John Milton, gent. of the one part, and Samuel Symons, printer, of the other part, witness That the said John Milton in consideration of five pounds to him now paid by the said Samuel Symons, and other the consideracons herein mentioned, hath given, granted, and assigned, and by these prnts doth give, grant and assign unto the said Sam^{ll} Symonds, his executors and assignes, All that Booke, Copy, or Manuscript of a Poem intituled Paradise Lost, or by whatsoever other title or name the same is or shall be called or distinguished, now lately licensed to be printed, together wth the full benefitt, profit, and advantage thereof, or wh^{ch} shall or may arise thereby. And the said John Milton for him, his ex^{rs} and adm^{rs}, doth covenant wth the said Sam^{ll} Symons, his ex^{rs} and ass^{s} that he and they shall at all times hereafter have, hold and enjoy the same and all Impressions thereof accordingly, without the lett or hindrance of him the said John Milton, his ex^{rs} or ass^{s}, or any person or persons by his or their consent or privity. And that he the said John Milton, his ex^{rs} or adm^{rs} or any other by his or their meanes or consent, shall not print or cause to be printed, or sell, dispose or publish the said book or manuscript, or any other book or manuscript of the

same tenor or subject, without the consent of the said Sam[ll] Symons, his ex[rs] or ass[ts]: In consideracon whereof the said Sam[ll] Symons for him, his ex[rs], and adm[rs] doth covenant with the said John Milton, his ex[rs] and ass[ts] well and truly to pay unto the said John Milton, his ex[rs] and adm[rs] the sum of five pounds of lawful english money at the end of the first impression, which the said Sam[ll] Symons, his ex[rs], or ads[s] shall make and publish of the said copy or manuscript, which impression shall be accounted to be ended when thirteen hundred books of the said whole book or manuscript imprinted, shall be sold and retailed off to particular reading customers. And shall also pay other five pounds unto the said John Milton, or his ass[s] at the end of the second impression, to be accounted as aforesaid. And five pounds more at the end of the third impression, to be in like manner accounted. And that the said three first impressions shall not exceed fifteen hundred books or volumes of the said whole copy, or manuscript, a peice. And further, that he the said Samuel Symons, and his ex[rs], adm[rs], and ass[ts] shall be ready to make oath before a Master in Chancery concerning his or their knowledge and belief of or concerning the truth of the disposing and selling the said books by retail, as aforesaid, whereby the said Mr. Milton is to be entitled to his said money from time to time, upon every reasonable request in that behalf, or in default thereof shall pay the said five pounds agreed to be paid upon every impression, as aforesaid, as if the same were due, and for and in lieu thereof. In witness whereof, the said parties have to this writing indented, interchangeably sett their hands and seales the day and yeare first above written.

JOHN MILTON. (Seal.)

Sealed and delivered in the presence of us, } John Fisher. } Benjamin Greene, serv[t] to Mr. Milton."

The original title-page of 1677 is extremely rare, and it is conjectured that a very partial sale only of the impression with that title-page was effected. In the two following years we find the same sheets or edition with other titles of varying dates, and with the imprint of different booksellers and venders. We have noticed *five* distinct title-pages to the first edition, the dates of which are recorded before this article. To the *third* title-page, in 1668, the address of *the Printer to the Reader*, and the arguments of each book, were added; and it would appear from the increased number of booksellers, (of Westminster, Temple Bar, and the City,) that the more rapid sale of the edition was the immediate cause and object of the new titles.

"*The Printer to the Reader.*

"*Courteous Reader*, There was no argument at first intended to the Book, but for the satisfaction of many that have desired it, I have procur'd it, and withall a reason of that which stumbled many others, why the Poem Rimes not.

"*S. Simmons.*"

Then follows the "reason," evidently "procured" from Milton.

"THE VERSE.

"The measure is English heroic verse without rime, as that of Homer in Greek, and of Virgil in Latin; rime being no necessary adjunct or true ornament of poem or good verse, in longer works especially, but the invention of a barbarous age, to set off wretched matter and lame meeter; grac't indeed since by the use of some famous modern poets, carried away by custom, but much to thir own vexation, hindrance, and constraint, to express many things otherwise, and for the most part worse, then else they would have exprest them. Not without cause, therefore, some both Italian and Spanish poets of prime note, have rejected rime both in longer and shorter works, as have also, long since, our best English tragedies, as a thing of itself, to all judicious eares, triveal and of no true musical delight; which consists only in apt numbers, fit quantity of syllables, and the sense variously drawn out from one verse to another, not in the jingling sound of like endings, a fault avoyded by the learned ancients both in poetry and all good oratory. This neglect then of rime, so little is to be taken for a defect, though it may seem so perhaps to vulgar readers, that it rather is to be esteem'd an example set, the first in English, of ancient liberty recover'd to heroic poem from the troublesom and modern bondage of rimeing."

Fifteen hundred copies were probably printed of this first edition of Paradise Lost, but we have no correct account of the periods of sale. A critical and careful collation of the copies, under these title-pages of different dates, will discover several variations in punctuation, orthography, and parsing, and sometimes a change of words of one syllable. These alterations were probably made in the course of the press-work, which might have been stopped for revision and the insertion of amendments occurring to the poet in the progress of the work through the press. His blindness, preventing his visual correction of the proof sheets, might occasion repeated readings to him, and some sheets may have been cancelled. Indeed, we have seen a copy of the *fifth* title-page (1669), in which the two last leaves of the poem had been evidently reprinted.

From some of the copies of this last title, which we have noticed as wanting the subsequent address of the Printer to the Reader, and from the fact of the arguments being reprinted, it is a fair presumption that the whole impression was ultimately sold, and that these last copies were the remnant sheets, which also met with a ready sale.

In 1671, Paradise Regained and Samson Agonistes were first published. This noble and comparatively neglected Epic appeared in the same simple and unpretending form as Paradise Lost, without preface or argument. On the fly-leaf

appears the profane imprimatur of the Political Censor, "Licensed, July 2. 1670." Samson Agonistes has a separate title and paging — "Samson Agonistes, A Dramatic Poem. The author John Milton:" in the title-page is the following Greek motto:

"Τραγωδια μιμησις πραξεως σπουδαιας, &c.

TRAGŒDIA EST IMITATIO ACTIONIS SERIÆ, ETC. MISERICORDIAM ET METUM PERFICIENS TALIUM AFFECTUUM LUSTRATIONEM.

Aristot. Poet. cap. 6."

Then follows the brief and beautiful introductory essay:

"OF THAT SORT OF DRAMATIC POEM WHICH IS CALLED TRAGEDY.

"Tragedy, as it was anciently composed, hath been ever held the gravest, moralest, and most profitable of all other poems: therefore said by Aristotle to be of power by raising pity and fear, or terrour, to purge the mind of those and such like passions, that is, to temper and reduce them to just measure with a kind of delight, stirred up by reading or seeing those passions well imitated. Nor is Nature wanting in her own effects to make good his assertion: for so in physic things of melancholic hue and quality are used against melancholy, sour against sour, salt to remove salt humours. Hence philosophers and other gravest writers, as Cicero, Plutarch, and others, frequently cite out of tragic poets, both to adorn and illustrate their discourse. The apostle Paul himself thought it not unworthy to insert a verse of Euripides into the text of Holy Scripture, 1 Cor. xv. 33; and Paræus commenting on the Revelation, divides the whole book as a tragedy, into acts distinguished each by a chorus of heavenly harpings and song between. Heretofore men in highest dignity have laboured not a little to be thought able to compose a tragedy. Of that honour Dionysius the elder was no less ambitious, than before of his attaining to the tyranny. Augustus Cæsar also had begun his Ajax; but, unable to please his own judgment with what he had begun, left it unfinished. Seneca the philosopher is by some thought the author of those tragedies (at least the best of them) that go under that name. Gregory Nazianzen, a father of the church, thought it not unbeseeming the sanctity of his person to write a tragedy, which is entitled Christ Suffering. This is mentioned to vindicate tragedy from the small esteem, or rather infamy, which in the account of many it undergoes at this day with other common interludes; happening through the poets errour of intermixing comic stuff with tragic sadness and gravity; or introducing trivial and vulgar persons, which by all judicious hath been counted absurd; and brought in without discretion, corruptly to gratify the people. And though ancient tragedy use no prologue, yet using sometimes, in case of self-defence, or explanation, that which Martial calls an epistle; in behalf of this tragedy coming forth after the ancient manner, much different from what among us passes for best, thus much before hand may be

epistled; that chorus is here introduced after the Greek manner, not ancient only but modern, and still in use among the Italians. In the modelling therefore of this poem, with good reason, the ancients and Italians are rather followed, as of much more authority and fame.—The measure of verse used in the chorus is of all sorts, called by the Greeks Monostrophic, or rather Apolelymenon, without regard had to Strophe, Antistrophe or Epod, which were a kind of stanzas framed only for the music, then used with the chorus that sung: not essential to the poem, and therefore not material; or being divided into stanzas or pauses, they may be called Allæostropha. Division into act and scene referring chiefly to the stage (to which this work never was intended) is here omitted.

"It suffices if the whole drama be found not produced beyond the fifth act. Of the style and uniformity, and that commonly called the plot, whether intricate or explicit, which is nothing indeed but such economy or disposition of the fable as may stand best with verisimilitude and decorum; they only will best judge who are not unacquainted with Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, the three tragic poets unequalled yet by any, and the best rule to all who endeavour to write tragedy. The circumscription of time, wherein the whole drama begins and ends, is according to ancient rule, and best example, within the space of twenty-four hours."

In a former article, on the autobiography of Thomas Ellwood, the Quaker, we have extracted the interesting anecdote concerning the origin and titling of Paradise Regained, which appears to owe its existence to the literary suggestion of that singular and amiable member of the Society of Friends.*

In 1673, the second edition, in small octavo, of the Minor Poems was published, and under the name of a different publisher, "Thomas Dring." To the English poems in this edition were first added—1. Ode on the Death of a Fair Infant. 2. At a Vacation Exercise in the College. 3. On the New Forcers of Conscience under the Long Parliament. 4. Horace to Pyrrha. 5. Nine Sonnets. 6. All the English Psalms.—To the Latin Poems—1. Apologus de Rustico et Hero. 2. Ad Joannem Rousium. In this edition, printed under the author's own inspection, the dedication to Lord Bridgewater, prefixed by Lawes to the first edition of Comus, and reprinted in the Minor Poems of 1645, is omitted, although the earl was then living. This omission has been attributed to Milton's stern political principles, which were unwilling to own his early connexions with a family conspicuous for loyalty and in high court-favour with Charles II. The epistle from Sir Henry Wootton is also suppressed, the reason of which is involved in considerable obscurity, and is more especially singular, since Milton

* See Retrospective Review, vol. xiii. p. 133.

just previously, in his *Defensio secunda Populi Anglicani*, eulogised the letter for its peculiar elegance: "Abeuntem, vir clarissimus Henricus Woottonus: qui ad Venetos orator Jacobi regis diu fuerat, et votis et præceptis eunti peregre sane utilissimis, eleganti epistolæ perscriptis, amicissime prosecuutus est."* These omissions may, however, have been expedient from circumstances now unknown, and might indeed have originated in the generous and delicate motive of Milton's reluctance to publish the connexion of his early friends with a person of his then unpopular and republican character.

In 1674, the second edition of Paradise Lost was published in *twelve* books, and in the title-page is stated to be "Revised and augmented by the same Author." In this edition first appeared the commendatory verses by Dr. Samuel Barrow and Andrew Marvel, which immediately follow the title-page; after which is inserted the short note on blank verse, and the argument preceding each book, instead of all the arguments continuously, as in the first edition before mentioned. In the new subdivision and increase of the books of this second edition of Paradise Lost, Milton divided the seventh and tenth books into two each, the length of the original seventh and tenth books probably suggesting a pause in the narration. On this new distribution of the poem he added the following verses to the beginning of those books, which are now the eighth and twelfth:

Book viii. V. 1.

"The angel ended, and in Adam's ear,
So charming left his voice, that he a while
Thought him still speaking; still stood fixed to hear:
Then, as new wak'd, thus gratefully reply'd."

The latter part of the verse was taken from the line in the first edition:

"To whom thus Adam gratefully reply'd."

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* The Letter was restored to its proper place by Tonson, in his edition of Milton, 1705. It appears in the third edition of the *Reliquiæ Wottonianæ*, p. 342. London. 1672, 8vo.; but not in the edit. 1657. We propose, in an early number, to give an elaborate article on the literary character and works of Sir Henry Wotton, whose patronage of literature and elegant accomplishments are by no means generally known or appreciated. This is the English Embassador who wrote the unpalatable but true definition of a Diplomatist in the German album—"Legatus est vir bonus peregre missus ad mentiendum Reipublicæ causa," which Walton says Wotton would have interpreted, "An Ambassador is an honest man, sent to *lie* abroad for the good of his country."

XUM

Book xii. V. 1.

" As one who in his journey bates at noon,
Though bent on speed: so here th' arch-angel paus'd,
Betwixt the world destroyed, and world restor'd;
If Adam aught perhaps might interpose:
Then, with transition sweet, new speech resumes."

Some few additions were also made to the Poem, the notice of which will interest the critical reader.

Book v. V. 637.

" They eat, they drink, and with refection sweet
Are fill'd, before th' all-bounteous king," &c.

were thus enlarged in the second edition:

They eat, they drink, and in communion sweet
Quaff immortality, and joy, (secure
Of surfeit, where full measure only bounds
Excess) before th' all-bounteous king," &c.

Book xi. V. 484. after,

" Intestine stone, and ulcer, cholic-pangs,

these three verses vere added:

" Dæmoniac phrenzy, moaping melancholy,
And moon-struck madness, pining atrophy;
Marasmus, and wide-wasting pestilence."

And ver. 551, of the same book (which was originally thus:

" Of rend'ring up. Michael to him reply'd)

received this addition:

" Of rendring up, and patiently attend
My dissolution. Michael reply'd."

This edition was the last poetical publication during the life-time of Milton. The *third* edition of Paradise Lost is stated in the title-page to be " revised and augmented" by the author, but as it was not published till 1678, four years after his death, it must of course be regarded as a posthumous edition: we possess copies of both editions, but we cannot say that we have entirely collated them; we have partially, and so far the latter in every respect is verbatim et literatim the same text and punctuation as the former, occasionally varying however in orthography, in the use of the penultimate vowels.

Indeed, being printed evidently with the same types, exactly the same size and quality of paper, and *typographically* alike, it has been considered and asserted that the *third* edition is merely a new title-page to the sheets of the second: we are however confident, that they are distinct editions and reprints.

It is well known that the pecuniary advantages derived by Milton from his poetical works bore no comparison to their value, and no proportion to their celebrity. From this fact, very erroneous inferences, derogatory to the literary repute of Milton, have been drawn. It is worthy of remark, that we have very few recorded instances of authors receiving, at that early dawn of English literature, *any* pecuniary remuneration whatever. There was not then that multitude of readers who now devour the novels of the "Great Unknown," and the poetry of the Lake school. The art and mystery of book-*craft* was then unknown: broad margins, and all the meretricious incitements of Mr. Dibdin, were unpractised, and indeed undiscovered. There were no periodical or critical publications, to introduce and spread abroad the merits of good works or young authors. There was no London Magazine, no Mr. Colburn, with his Monthly Magazine, to practise the art of a literary *accoucheur;* authors did not review their own books, or pay critics for that useful purpose. No daily journals existed wherein to advertise and nurse the new-born offspring of the Muses. No "mail-coach copy" could come from or go to the "modern Athens." No trade-dinners in Aldersgate Street tempted the bibliopolists, over turtle and champaigne, to "subscribe" copies before publication. No *tall* sheets fell beneath the hammer of a "Mr. Tegg," or within the pocket-reach of the apprentice and mechanic. The "second edition" of a work could not *then* be "run off," before the public had a chance of discovering the production to be downright trash. Sterling genius and learning alone found their way, slowly but surely, along the flowery paths of literary fame. Merit alone could bestow immortal life on the old English author: no biographical dictionaries preserved the memory of a bad writer, or caused curiosity to research the pages of worthless publications. Mr. Heber and the Roxburgh Club, Oldys and Sir Egerton Brydges, were unborn: few public libraries were formed; and comparatively few readers, and yet fewer purchasers, encouraged the political economy of literature. The times of the Commonwealth were also peculiarly inauspicious and discouraging to a writer of poetical fiction, more especially to a writer deeply involved and marked with the spirit of party. The sad realities of those disturbed times engrossed the feelings of all classes of society, and allowed men's minds but little taste or leisure for works of the imagination and classical pursuits.

The following curious documents are literally copied from the originals now in the possession of a gentleman of distinguished literary character; they are Milton's second receipt for Paradise Lost, the third receipt of his wife, and her final discharge to Simmons, the purchaser of the copy-right.

"April 26th, 1669.

"Rec'd then of Samuel Simmons five pounds, being the Second five pounds to be paid—mentioned in the Covenant. I say rec'd. by me.

Witness—Edmund Upton. JOHN MILTON."

"I do hereby acknowledge to have received of Samuel Symonds, Citizen and Stationer of London, the Sum of Eight pounds: which is in full payment for all my right, title, or interest, which I have or ever had in the Coppy of a Poem Intitled Paradise Lost in Twelve Books in 8vo—By John Milton, Gent. my late husband. Witness my hand this 21st. day of December, 1680.

ELIZABETH MILTON."

Witness—William Yopp,
Ann Yopp.

"Know all men by these presents that I Elizabeth Milton of London, Widdow, late wife of John Milton of London Gent: deceased—have remissed released and for ever quitt claimed And by these presents doe remise release & for ever quitt clayme unto Samuel Symonds of London, Printer,—his heirs Exect" and Administrators All and all manner of Accon and Accons Cause and Causes of Accon Suites Bills Bonds writinges obligatorie Debts dues duties Accompts Summe and Sumes of money Judgment Executions Extents Quarrells either in Law or Equity Controversies and demands—And all & every other matter cause and thing whatsoever which against the said Samuel Symonds—ever had and which I my heires Executors or Administrators shall or may have clayme & challenge or demand for or by reason or means of any matters cause or thing whatsoever from the beginning of the World unto the day of these presents. In witness whereof I have hereunto sett my hand and seale the twenty ninth day of April in the thirty third Year of the Reigne of our Soveraign Lord Charles by the grace of God of England Scotland ffrance and Ireland King defender of the ffaith and Anno Dni. 1681.

Sealed and delivered
in the presence of ELIZABETH MILTON."
Jos. Leigh
Wm. Wilkins."

Under all the eventful circumstances of the times, it is indeed surprising that Milton enjoyed the literary notoriety and reputation in the degree which numerous facts sufficiently prove. We are the more solicitous to clear up the vulgar error of the apathy of the contemporary age to the merits of Milton, because the same erroneous view has been hastily taken up by

many of his modern critics and biographers. Milton's early proficiency when at St. Paul's school, and in his University years, is particularly stated in the sketch of his life by his earliest and most faithful biographer, his nephew, Edward Philips.* He is there stated to have been "loved and admired by the whole University, particularly by the fellows and most ingenious persons of his house." His peculiar intimacy and friendship also with Mr. King, the subject of his elegant regret in Lycidas, is an honourable testimony to his early character. The literary celebrity of Comus, we have already noticed, and which Lawes first published because "the often copying of it hath tired my pen to give my severall friends satisfaction." The letter of Sir Henry Wotton is a further attestation of his early distinguished character. Mr. Todd has also given ground of belief that the Mr. H. noticed in that letter as the "learned friend" of Milton, was the "ever-memorable" John Hales; a friendship, indeed, of no ordinary import. In his foreign travels Philips records that "he was soon taken notice of by the most learned and ingenious of the nobility and the grand wits of Florence." The names of the most celebrated foreign literati are then recorded amongst his early admirers. Their admiration is further testified by the poetical addresses to him, and in the interesting and elegant correspondence, preserved in the general collections of his works. At the period of the Restoration, when sequestered from his office of Latin Secretary, Philips mentions that "he was frequently visited by persons of quality, &c.; by all foreigners of note, who could not part out of this city without giving a visit to a person so eminent." On his distinguished literary character in a *political* point of view, we do not here dilate, though in *that* respect he was pre-eminent at home and abroad. But after the return of Charles II. when a strict concealment, and, as it is reported, a sham funeral, became necessary for the preservation of his life, he published *all* his poetical works, with the exception of the edition of the minor poems in 1645. This is a remarkable fact, and one greatly overlooked, and more singular under the circumstance of his *prose* pieces being condemned and studiously collected for the hands of the common hangman! Thus did this sublime genius, under the disadvantages of "poverty, blindness, disgrace, and old age," maintain unbroken his fortitude and dignity of mind, his trust and confidence in posterity. To the honour of the age, however—the age of a profligate monarch, a corrupt court, and a depraved public taste—there were many high-minded and accomplished persons, who held intercourse with the great poet. In his retirement at Bunhill

* Prefixed to Milton's Letters of State. 12mo. A. D. 1694.

Fields, Lord Anglesey "came often to visit him, as very much coveting his society and converse, as likewise others of the nobility, and many persons of eminent quality; nor were the visits of foreigners ever more frequent than in this place almost to his dying day," (Philips.) That the laureat and vicious wits of the court should notice such a man as Milton, would not have added to, but detracted from, his fame. The friendship of Lord Anglesey, Andrew Marvel, Dr. Barrow, Cyriac Skinner, Marchmont Needham, and the homage of Dryden, fully compensated for the indifference of the depraved courtiers and pensioned authors of Charles II.

> "The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
> When every goose is cackling, would be thought
> No better a musician than the wren."*

We abstain from noticing the numerous eulogies and literary notices of the Epic poems in the half century following the death of Milton. We must not neglect, however, to mention the well-known anecdote of Sir John Denham entering the House of Commons with a proof-sheet of Paradise Lost, wet from the press, and on being questioned concerning the paper, declaring it was "part of the noblest poem that ever was written in any language or age." The truth of this anecdote has been doubted, but without reason; and if true, proves thus early a just and public appreciation of the ornament of his times. Indeed, his living reputation only ceased with his life; which terminated on the 8th of November, 1674, in the sixty-sixth year of his age. Toland, his early biographer, and friend of his family, writes, that "all his learned and great friends in London, not without a friendly concourse of the vulgar, accompany'd his body to the Church of St. Giles, near Cripplegate, where he lies buried in the Chancel; and where the piety of his admirers will shortly erect a monument becoming his worth, and the incouragement of letters in King William's reign."†

For an accurate list of the portraits and prints of the poet, we must refer to Granger, and to Hollis's Memoirs.

We shall, on a future occasion, complete our Bibliographical Review of Milton, and recommence with his Prose works.

We cannot, however, close without a just tribute of praise to the taste and public spirit of Mr. Pickering, whose reprints of the standard English Poetry, with such typographical correctness and beauty, will rank his name and reputation with that of Tonson, Bowyer, and Baskerville; and the day will

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* Shakespeare.—Merchant of Venice, 5th act, 1st scene.

† Toland's Life of Milton. London. 1699. p. 137.

come when the copies of his editions will be scarce and most highly prized. No bookseller of modern times has so well deserved the encouragement and patronage of the literati and public.

We must acknowledge our obligations to, and copious use of, in this article, the introductory preface prefixed to his beautiful edition of the poetical works, and conclude by extracting its conclusion in the following appropriate quotation on MILTON—

> "Nothing can cover his high fame but heaven;
> No pyramids set off his memory
> But the eternal substance of his greatness,
> To which I leave him."

ART. VI.—*The Works of* Geffray Chaucer, *Printed at London by* Thomas Godfray. 1532. Fol. b. l.

The Works of Geffray Chaucer, *newly printed with divers works that were never printed before. Printed by* Wyllyam Bonham. 1542. Fol. b. l.

The Works of our Ancient & Learned English Poet Geffray Chaucer [*with additions enumerated*]. *Printed by* Adam Izlip, *at the charges of* Thomas Wright. 1598. Fol. b. l.

The Works of Geoffrey Chaucer, *compared with the former editions, & many valuable MSS. Out of which, three Tales are added which were never before printed; by* John Urry, *Student of Christ's Church, Oxon, deceased; together with a Glossary, by a Student of the same College. To the whole is prefixed the Author's life newly written, & a preface, giving an account of this Edition. London, Printed for* Bernard Lintot. 1721, *fol.*

The Canterbury Tales of Chaucer, *Modernized by several hands. Published by Mr.* Ogle. 3 *vols.* 8*vo.* Tonson 1741.

The Canterbury Tales of Chaucer. By Thomas Tyrwhit, *Esq.* F. R. S. *Clarendon Press.* 1798. 2 *vols.* 4*to.*

We redeem at length our long-neglected pledge, (*see Ret. Rev. vol.* ix. *p.* 206,) of resuming our observations on the Works of Chaucer; and in doing so, direct, in the first instance, a more particular attention to his Canterbury Tales—the only portion of the works of this venerable patriarch of our poetic literature, of which we have any edition worthy of his reputa-

tion, or creditable to the attention of our literati to the antiquarian monuments of our Poetry and Language.

Of the merits of Mr. Tyrwhitt's edition of the Tales, of what with so much skill and industry he has done, and of what yet remains to do, with respect both to this and the other portions of the works of our author, we have spoken sufficiently at large in our former article. For those who are disposed to make the literature of *the Olden Time* a study, he has perhaps given almost all the assistance that, with respect to this portion of the works of Chaucer, could be desired; and all that such students have now to wish for, is a collated edition, equally careful and judicious, of the other remains of our author. But our business is principally with the general reader, to whom the beauties even of the Canterbury Tales, and the information, (important as, in more points of view than one, we have shewn it to be,) which they convey, remain almost as closely shut up as they were before Mr. Tyrwhitt's edition was undertaken. Some detached mere portions of these Tales have indeed been modernized, or rather paraphrased, (as have indeed some two or three of the minor poems,) especially by Dryden and Pope;* and the Wife of Bath's Prologue, and the January and May of the latter, in particular, have a brilliancy and eclat which have popularized, at least, the *name* of Chaucer, and might have been expected to stimulate some editor competent to the task to present a popular or modernised edition of the whole. But the paraphrases of Pope and of Dryden, however amusing to the reader, or creditable to their own poetic genius, are much too free, and too ambitious of interpolation, to give a faithful idea of the characteristic genius of the original, as we shall hereafter have further occasion to observe; and such a transcript of any portion of the works of Chaucer as the changes of idiom, of spelling, and pronunciation alone have rendered requisite, for their accommodation to the ear and apprehension of modern readers, is still a desideratum of our popular literature.

"A volume in 8vo," says Mr. Tyrwhitt, "containing the

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* The portions of Chaucer modernized by Dryden are, The Knight's Tale, Palemon and Arcite, The Nun's Priests, Tale of the Cock and the Fox, The Wife of Bath's Tale, and The Character of the Good Parson, from the Cant. Tales, and the Apologue of the Flower and the Leaf. *See Miscellaneous Works of Dryden, in 4 volumes, 8vo.* Tonson. 1760. *Vol.* 3.

Pope, it is well known, has added the Merchant's Tale, January and May, and the Wife of Bath's Prologue. His "Temple of Fame" is rather built upon than an adornment of the Second book of Chaucer's "House of Fame."

Prologue and the Knight's Tale, with large explanatory notes, &c. was published in 1737, by a gentleman (as I am informed) who has since distinguished himself by many other learned and useful publications. He appears to have set out upon the only rational plan of publishing Chaucer, by collecting the best MSS. and selecting from them the genuine readings; and accordingly his edition, as far as it goes, is infinitely preferable to any of those which preceded it."

This edition of 1737, we have never happened to meet with; but if it be the original (as the internal evidence is almost demonstrative that it must have been) of the volume now before us, it did or attempted something more, which Mr. Tyrwhitt, perhaps, should have noticed; but which, at any rate, it is directly in our way to remark upon. It bears the following titie—"The Canterbury Tales of Chaucer, in the original, from the most authentic Manuscripts; and *as they are turned into Modern Language by several eminent hands.* With references to authors, Ancient and Modern; various Readings & Explanatory Notes. The second edition. London, printed for J. Osborn, at the Golden Ball, in Paternoster Row. 1740."

Of this volume, which was evidently intended as the precursor of a complete edition of the Tales, Mr. Tyrwhitt has conspicuously availed himself in his notes and glossary; and it is even to be wished that he had done so still more liberally: at least, there are several of the notes not transcribed by Mr. T. which, if ever such an edition of Chaucer as we have repeatedly suggested should be undertaken, we should wish to see incorporated. But it is to that part of the volume in question which Mr. T. has entirely overlooked that our attention is, at present, more particularly directed.

An edition of Chaucer, or even of his Canterbury Tales, combining a correct and collated version of the original text, together with an accompanying version, (on the opposite page, we should say,) judiciously (and by masterly and poetic hands) "turned into modern language," would be indeed a monument to the glory of the father of our national poesy, worthy of the liberality of literary patronage, and of the merits and reputation of our author. But the specimens here presented, with a partial exception only to the Knight's Tale, by Dryden, are far from answering to our description.

"Chaucer's Characters: or the Introduction to the Canterbury Tales, by Mr. Betterton," and other *eminent hands*, will neither satisfy the fastidious ear, nor the sense of poetic feeling, in those who are familiar with the graces and harmonies of the present, or of what was called our Augustan Age: nor will this modernized version of those masterly sketches of ancestral portraiture convey any correct idea either of the genius and

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mode of thinking of our patriarchal bard, or of the characters which it was his intention to delineate. The feebleness of the transcripts is not their only fault. They give not only very imperfect, but in many instances very unfaithful representations of the manners which Chaucer with such mastery of touch had sketched and coloured; and in some instances, even directly invert the attributes of the characters personified; and of some at least of the Pilgrims, new dressed by Messrs. Betterton and Co., it may with truth be said, that they are no longer the Pilgrims of Chaucer.

From the first part of this censure, (that which relates to the harmony and poetic diction,) "The Parson, imitated and enlarged by Mr. Dryden," will of course be exempted. Our objection to this, as part of an edition of Chaucer, is merely that, instead of a version, it presents a loose paraphrase, in which the design was evidently quite as much to satirize the clergy of the paraphrast's ownage, as to give a picture of those of the age in which Chaucer wrote. How loose, and consequently unfaithful, that paraphrase must necessarily be, will be sufficiently obvious when it is noticed that, for the fifty pregnant and characteristic lines of the original, one hundred and forty are substituted in the paraphrase; and of the species of interpolation by which this is effected, a tolerable idea may be formed from the following lines, for which there is not the least authority whatever in the text of our author.

> "In deference to his virtues, I forbear
> To shew you what *the rest in orders* were;
> This brilliant is so spotless, and so bright,
> He needs no foil; but shines by his own proper light."

These verses are indeed in the true sparkling and ambitious style of Dryden; but they have no relish of the original spirit and characteristic humour of Chaucer; and, what is worse, they completely falsify the record: for Chaucer *has* "shewn what the *rest*, (or many of them at least,) *in orders* were." His lordly Monk, his Friar, his Nun's Priest, his Canon, his Pardoner, &c. presenting us with the priestly character, under such varieties of modification, as to render these lines, in any pretended version of his works, a palpable absurdity and contradiction. The reader who shall compare the whole passage as it stands, either in the volume referred to, or in any of the editions of Dryden's works with the transcript from the original, in our former article, will be fully satisfied how much he has been hitherto misled if he has formed his idea of Chaucer from the versions of Dryden.

The only other of the eminent co-operators of Mr. Betterton, at all specified, is T. M. [Thomas Markland] of whose mode of

doing Chaucer into modern English, a single specimen may suffice.

Chaucer, in describing the Haberdasher, the Carpenter, Weaver, Dyer, and Tapestry manufacturer, five "fair burgesses" all fit "to sitten in a Gilde-Hall on a Deys," gives us the following personal and domestic sketch of city manners and character:

"Everich for the Wisdom that he can,
Was shapely for to bin an *alderman;*
For cattle hadd-e they enough and rent;
And eke their Wiv-es would it well assent;
And ellis certain weren they to blame;
It is full fair to be clepped *Madáme,*
And for to gon to vigilis all before,
And han a mantel royally ybore."

Of which Mr. Markland's modern English is,

"Their purses stor'd with gold by trading got,
Their heads with *senatorial wisdom* fraught:
That each man for his worthiness bid fair
To be an Alderman, if not *Lord Mayor.*
And sure their wives most gladly would assent;
On state and title wives are always bent;
And what more grateful to a woman's mind,
Than mantles borne before, and trains behind?
When lacquey'd thus, they *to the park or play,*
Perhaps to church devoutly take their way;
Where '*Lady Stay-Tape's servants*' echoes round,
'*Room for my lady,*' most delightful sound."

In which it will be seen, that every intimation of the nature of the property by which the growing opulence of thriving burgesses in those days was indicated (their cattle, rents, &c.) is thrown out of sight, and the "well-stored purse" alone of the capitalists, or money-dealers of a new era, is substituted in place; while their spouses, the city madams of the *fourteenth* century, are paraded to the theatres, which, for a century and half after their date of being, had no existence*;

* The only dramatic representations known in the time of Chaucer, seem to have been the "Mysteries," noticed in former articles; and these, so far from theatres to which city madams could be "paraded with mantles borne before them or trains behind," were acted, as is apparent from the only allusion to them we remember in the Canterbury Tales, and which will hereafter be quoted in the description of Absolon, the amorous parish clerk, on mere temporary scaffolds in the streets.

or made to display their ostentatious finery in that still more recent resort, the Mall of St. James's Park—as if it had been the age of Charles the Second instead of Edward the Third, in which Chaucer lived and wrote.

Nor is Betterton himself always more true to the sense, or the *costume* of his author, or more happy in his adherence to the manners of the *olden time*. Even in the description of the knight, (one of the least unfaithful of his transcripts,) the picturesquely characteristic circumstance of marking pre-eminent valour, by placing the distinguished champion at the head of the banquet table,

> " Full often time he had-de the board begun,
> Aboven all-e na-ti-ons* in Pruce,"

is entirely dropped; and in the description of the gentle—the gay and gallant squire, (the son and heir of this worthy knight,) we have the " treats and balls" of modern gallantry, mingled with the chivalrous manners and accomplishments by which the gallants of those days sought " to standen in their ladies' grace."

The verses of Chaucer throughout this description, to an ear accustomed to the pronunciation of his time, must have been felt to be eminently sweet and beautiful, as for example:

> " Well could he sit on horse, and fair-e ride.
> He could-e song-es make, and *well endict*,
> Juste and eke *dance*, and *well pourtray* and *write*.
> So hot he lov-ed, that by nighterdale
> He slept no more than doth the nightingale."

And perhaps the melody is not more improved than the sense in the modern version,

> " Well could he sing, and *treats* and *balls provide*,
> His fiery steed he gracefully could sit;
> Love songs he made, *not wholly void of wit;*
> Some skill in painting too the youth had shewn,
> *Could draw a mistress, or design a town*
> Love o'er his gentle heart *did so prevail*,
> He slept as little as the nightingale."

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* That is to say—" He had frequently been placed at the head of the table, the usual compliment to extraordinary merit. When our military men wanted employment, it was usual for them to go and serve in *Pruce*, or Prussia, with the knights of the Teutonic order, who were in a state of constant warfare with their heathen neighbours in Lettow, (Lithuania,) Ruse, (Russia,) and elsewhere."—*Tyrwhitt.*

Here it will be perceived, among other deviations, the little trait so descriptive of the educational manners of the times, of specifying that he "could *write*," as a distinguishing *accomplishment*, even in the heir of knighthood, (an order of high distinctions in those days,) is entirely omitted; and more censurably still we find, as we proceed, the concluding couplet, which points to another trait of the manners of the *olden* times, when the sons of our ancestral gentry and nobility performed for their parents many of those offices which are now exclusively consigned to menials, passed over unnoticed. In Chaucer, we are told that this youth, though in his apparel,

> "Embroider'd was he as it were a mede,
> All full of fresh-e flowers white and red,"

and who

> "Had been some time in chivalry,
> In Flanders, in Artois, and in Picardy,"

and whom we find adorned with all the accomplishments of his rank, thus ministering at the parental board.

> "Courteous he was, lowly and *serviceable*,
> And carv'd before his father at the table."

In some instances the traits of character, as we have already suggestes, are even quite inverted: for example, Chaucer's description of the Merchant thus concludes—

> "This *worthy* man full well his wit beset,
> There wisted no man that he was in debt;
> So *stately* was he in his governance
> With his bargains, and with his *chevysance*. [merchandize]
> Forsooth *he was a worthy man* with all."

Mr. Betterton, however, has thought fit to throw this twice attested *worth* entirely out of the description, and to substitute something very different in its place:—in short, to make the punctual, high-minded, [stately] and worthy merchant, a mere Old Gripus, who

> "In debt to none, in bargains *strict and nice*,
> Thought unprompt payment was *the greatest vice*,
> What he with pains had got, with care he'd save;
> *Not charitable, for he seldom gave.*"

The finely drawn character of the Franklin, the liberal-minded, hospitable, and not unaccomplished, (as accomplishment then was,) country gentleman of his age, is scarcely less disfigured. Chaucer tells us of his good cookery and sumptuous fare—

> "For he was Epicurus' owen son;"

and adds that his hospitable board was so constantly and so plenteously supplied with baked meats, fish and flesh, &c.

> " It snowed in his mouth of meat and drink—
> His table dormant in his hall alway
> Stood ready covered all the livelong day."

Mr. Betterton gratuitously turns the hall into a pigstye, and tells us that

> " Fragments and marrow-bones bespread the floor!"

Nor is this the only substance, or the only mode, in which the moderniser has given grossness instead of polish to his *improved* version. Thus for example, in the character of the Sompnour, (Summoner,) which in the original is coloured with no sparing or fastidious hand, we have the following lines of Chaucer:

> " Well loved he garlick, onions and leeks,
> And for to drink strong *wine as red as blood.*
> Then would he *speak and cry* as he were wood.
> And when that he well dronken had the wine,
> Then would he speaken no word but Latine."

Mr. Betterton seems to have thought, that in describing a gross and vulgar character, the poet should be as gross and vulgar as his subject; and thus, accordingly he *modernised:*

> " Strong *bloody wine* he lov'd, and well dress'd fish,
> And *stunk of garlick* like a Spanish dish:
> When he was drunk, he'd talk a man to death,
> And *belch out Latin with unsavoury breath.*"

It is curious to observe, that even in the elegance of imaginative language, and the harmony of versification, the original of Chaucer is frequently superior to the modern version. The reader will probably have noticed an instance or two of this in the parallel passages already quoted. From the multitude that might be selected, we present another from the character of the Fryer: though in this, the reader must remember the dissyllabic quantity of the words ey-en and starr-es.

> " Somewhat he lisped in his wantonness,
> To make his English sweet upon his tongue;
> And in his harping when that he had sung,
> His eyen twinkled in his head aright,
> As don the starres in a frosty night."

Thus modernised

> " Something he humm'd betwixt a lispe and song,
> To make his English sweet upon his tongue.

His *little pigs eyes* gave *unequal light*,
Like *small* stars twinkling in a frosty night."

If, however, (as seems very probable,) out of the first part of this volume, (the version of the original text from collated MSS.) arose the complete edition of the Canterbury Tales, by Mr. Tyrwhitt, out of the second part, arose more indisputably, after a lapse of ten years, the three volumes of "Ogle's Chaucer," specified at the head of our present article. To the general prologue and characters, by Mr. Betterton, &c., (revised in several parts by Mr. Ogle himself,) and the Knight's Tale, by Dryden, Ogle's version adds, "by several hands," the separate Prologues and Tales of the Miller, the Reve, the Cook, the Man of Law, the Squire, (with a continuation of his Tale from Spencer,) the Merchant, the Wife of Bath, the Fryer, the Sompnour, and the Clerk of Oxenford, about one half of the extant portion of the work.

As co-operators with Mr. Ogle in this task of rendering Chaucer into modern English, in addition to those of Betterton and Markland, we find the names of Cobb, Brooke, Boyse, and Grosvenor—names almost forgotten in the poetical catalogue; and whose claims to grateful remembrance, as illustrators of the genius or restorers of the popularity of Chaucer, are not much more distinguishing than from their original compositions. What is incorporated from the previous paraphrases of Dryden and Pope, constitute the principal merits of these three volumes; and in what the merit of those consist we have already specified.

A very large portion of the remainder, (and that certainly not the worst,) is from the editorial pen of Mr. Ogle himself. But the highest reputation to which he can aspire, even as a versifier, is only that of mediocrity. The style, neither of his diction nor of his mind, was competent to the task of giving a vigorous interpretation, either to the humour, the pathos, or his gravity of Chaucer. Nothing less than a real poet, and a poet of great versatility of talent, can render into modern language, the spirit and the pregnancy of that master genius of his age. Neither did Mr. Ogle (nor did any of his coadjutors) look far enough, or with an eye sufficiently acute and discriminative, into the antiquities of our manners or our language, to be enabled to preserve with fidelity the characteristic waits of the original, and transmute into modern phrase those graphic sketches, which should bring before us, in all the striking lines and vivid hues of feature, resemblance, and habitude, our ancestors of all ranks and conditions of five hundred years agone.

Since the attempt of Ogle, no further efforts have, we believe, been made in this way; and it is not therefore from the gloss of modernising pens that, up to this time, we can expect

to be much assisted in appreciating the characteristic genius and merits of the father of our poesy—even in this, the most popular and the most accessible of his voluminous works. And they who would form any adequate idea even of the Canterbury Tales, must turn with a student's patient eye to the collated text and elaborate Glossary of Mr. Tyrwhitt, and be thankful for the assistance he has furnished, for unravelling the obscurities of an antiquated diction, and still more obsolete spelling.

With respect to all the other remains of the venerable bard, those whose eyes cannot be readily familiarised with the black letter of the editions of 1532 and 1542, or who cannot avail themselves of the more laborious luxury of collating the extant MSS. dispersed in antiquarian libraries, have no other resource but the perplexing, corrupted, and arbitrarily innovated edition of Mr. Urry, who has marred by injudicious interpolations the rhythmus he pretended to amend, counting his fingers to the distraction of his ears (the common vice of all mechanical editors)—who has perverted in many instances the very meaning of his author by conjectural readings, and has still further perplexed the orthography, by a mode of spelling which is neither that of the days of Chaucer, of our own, or of any intermediate age with which we are acquainted.

We proceed, however, with our endeavours to open a "royal road" at least to the more general apprehension of the peculiar merits of our author, and ultimately, we trust, to facilitate the endeavours of those who are so inclined to enter into and enjoy those merits in the text of the existing old editions; an effect that can scarcely fail to result from comparing the modified quotations we from time to time present with the text of the copies referred to, and observing, as the necessary result of such comparison, how little is requisite to render the language and versification of Chaucer intelligible to the modern apprehension, and satisfactory to the modern ear, beyond reducing the spelling to the present standard, attending to the dyssyllabic pronunciation of certain classes of words now universally treated as monosyllabic, and the more polysyllabic pronunciation of others, which it is now the habit (by our frequent elisions of the vowel) to compress.

In our former article we particularly alluded to the circumstance of Chaucer having given the first exemplifications of genuine dramatic character and invention exhibited in our language; or, in other words, of his having been the first who "shewed the way how Comedy should be constructed, and its characters grouped and diversified." We proceed to shew, that although the state of society, during the age which he illustrated, occasioned him to have taken his station among

those who have dramatised for the closet, nor for the scene, that he is not therefore the less to be regarded as the Father of English Comedy as well as of English Poetry in general; a statement that may be fully substantiated, both from the structure and execution of what has descended to us of that comprehensive and yet unrivalled production, the Canterbury Tales; which, when duly analyzed, will be found to have embraced and exemplified every essential requisite of the Comic Drama.

In that most indispensable of all the attributes of dramatic genius, in particular, the delineation, grouping, and sustainment of diversified character, he may be proudly placed by the side of Shakspeare himself; nor has any equal to them yet appeared to fill out a triumvirate.

How finely, for example, does that admixture of the *observant* and the *creative* faculty—that harmony of *faithful transcript* and *imaginative conception*, which constitutes the very essence of poetic nature and dramatic verisimilitude, manifest itself in the inimitable character of the Host! who, though he sustains, as has been justly observed throughout, a function similar to that of the Chorus in the ancient drama, has yet an attribute of higher and more connective merit, inasmuch as he is at once the contriver and conductor of the plot or main action of the fable, and an essential part of the action itself; and is endowed with a peculiarity of appropriate humour, which gives him not only the truth and consonance of personal identity, but also a *necessary* connexion with the whole, which the ancient Choruses could seldom boast. He does not seem to be placed among the other actors merely to predicate and moralize upon characters and incidents as they pass before him: he is the master spirit—the motive principle that puts every thing in action—the life and soul of all. His character is so admirably kept up throughout the whole journey, with such unabated wit and spirit, that he retains, to the very last, all that freshness of originality which at the outset seizes upon the imagination; and of which familiarity rather increases than abates the interest.

From this character that of "mine host of the garter" in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," is obviously derived: and that even our immortal dramatist should, in his copy, have been far from surpassing the original, is surely the highest of imaginable tributes to the triumphant genius of Chaucer.

The sketch of this important character, as first introduced in the prologue, after a description of the group of pilgrims assembled at the Tabard, is so spirited that the reader will perhaps be gratified in being presented with it, just so far modernised as to render it intelligible without the assistance of

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a glossary; and at the same time leave the quaintness of antiquity, and the characteristic style of the author, unimpaired.*

" Great chēēr † made our host us every one,
And to the supper set he us anon:

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* It may not be amiss to remind the reader of the rule we laid down in our former article, with respect to our mode of quotation; namely, " wherever the rhyme and the structure of the verse permit, to reduce the spelling as near as possible to the modern standard, and endeavour to accommodate it to the modern pronunciation: but with this especial reservation—that wherever the terminative vowels are preserved, except where they are followed by an initial vowel, they must be so pronounced as to preserve a syllabic quantity. Wherever an exception necessarily occurs to this rule, we mark the mute vowel by an italic."

† Chēēr: a monosyllable with a dissyllabic quantity. Shakspeare used this liberty occasionally; or, rather, this mode of pronouncing with an inflective dipthong certain of our monosyllables was, in his time, very far from being extinct—if practically it can be said to be so even now; and it has been a great stumbling-block in the way of his finger-counting commentators. There is one instance, in particular—a passage of great beauty, in the third part of Henry VI. (Act 2, sc. 5,) in which the syllable " hōūr" occurs no less than seven times, always with a dissyllabic quantity, and fills out the foot so completely and so naturally, and with such a perfectness of harmony on the ear, that no reader, uninfected with the disease of finger-counting, would suspect that there are but *nine* syllables in the respective lines. The passage is part of the beautiful soliloquy of Henry while sitting on the molehill, apart from the battle-field of Towton; and is as follows:—

" O God! methinks it were a happy life
To be no better than a homely swain;
To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
Thereby to see the minutes how they run:
How many make the hōūr full complete,
How many hōūrs bring about the day,
How many days will finish up the year,
How many years a mortal man may live.
When this is known, then to divide the times:
So many hōūrs must I tend my flock;
So many hōūrs must I take my rest;
So many hōūrs must I contemplate;
So many hōūrs must I sport myself;
So many days my ewes have been with young;
So many weeks ere the poor fools will yean;

And serv-ed * us with victuals † of the best.
Strong was the wine, and well to drink *us lest.* ‡

(For * † ‡ see next page.)

So many years ere I shall sheer the fleece:
So minutes, hōūrs, days, weeks, months, and years,
Passed over to the end they were created,
Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave."

In the idiomatic pronunciation of Scotland several monosyllables still continue to be so pronounced, and some even which have no dipthongal indication in their mode of spelling; and the northern bards to this day, when writing in their provincial dialect, make no scruple accordingly of so adapting them to the cadence of their verse. Witness the following, among the many that might be produced from the poems of Burns:

"My riches a's my penny fee
An' I maun guide it canny-o!
But wārld's geer is nought to me
My thoughts are a' my Nanny-o!"

Again, in one of his satyric songs:

"Down Lowrie's burn he took his turn,
And Cārlton did ca' man."

In both these instances the now customary monosyllabic *quantity, (warld's* or *world's* in the former, *Carb*, in the latter) without protracted circumflex accent, would reduce the lines to absolute prose, and the first even to very harsh and hobbling prose: for even prose must have some attention to prosodical quantities, or measured cadence, to make it flow with smoothness and facility from the organs to the ear—or, as Shakspeare expresses it, "trippingly upon the tongue." Nor will it be questioned by any observant critic, that we have still, even on our side of the Tweed, many syllables to which, in the emphasis even of our prose pronunciation, we occasionally give this dissyllabic quantity; and some few (as chasm, prism, &c. and still more particularly when used in the plural) which so imperiously demand it, that no poet who writes from his *ear*, or consults the ear of his reader, would, in common or dissyllabic measures, intrude another syllable with them into the same foot or bar. Indolent carelessness on the one hand, and false principles of pedantic criticism on the other, have, indeed, progressively abridged this prosodial licence, as it may perhaps be called; and indeed the whole tendency of progressive innovation so obviously inclines to render our pronunciation thin and *fine*, as it is called, instead of full and sonorous, that we must expect to have something to combat with in our present habits of utterance, before we can do full justice in appreciating the metrical harmony, not only of the venerable Chaucer, but even of all the English Poets who wrote before the period of "the Restoration," and the wire-drawn Gallicism of pronunciation which seems about that time to have been introduced.

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A seemly man our host-e was with all
For to han been a marshal in a hall.
A larg-e man he was with ey-en steep, §
A fairer burgess is there none in Cheap:
Bold was his speech, and wise, and well ytaught,
And of manhood him lacked rightly naught.
Eke, thereto, was he a right merry man,
And, after supper, playful he began,
When that we hadden made our reckonings,
And spake of mirth *amongest* other things;
And said he thus: "Now lordings trew-e-ly
Ye been to me right welcome heartily:
For, by my troth, if that I shall not lie
This year I saw not such a company

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* *Serv-ed.* It ought not to have been necessary to insert any indication of the dissyllabic pronunciation of this word; nor would have been but for the present typographical absurdity of preserving the vowel in such instances, where it is not, as well as where it is, to be pronounced; instead of indicating the abbreviation (*serv'd*) as the wiser custom used to be.

† *Vitaille* is the better, though obsolete, spelling of Chaucer. The *c*, which we do not pronounce, and the terminative sibilant, have been introduced by our lexicographers in compliment to the French; but we see no reason why we should not have derived it from the Italian *vittovaglia*, as likely as from the French *victuailles*—from the Italian priest, as from the Norman courtier. It is strange how little credit is given to our priests, who, for a considerable time after the Conquest, were almost all Italian, for the importation of foreign words in the structure of our composite or Anglo-Norman language. But the French was always at hand; the Italian language is but just beginning to be one of the studies of the English literati; as the study proceeds, it may correct some of our etymologies, and perhaps improve our euphony.

‡ "*And wel to drinke us leste.*" Pleased us well to drink:—it was of a good flavour.

§ "His eyen stepe" Mr. Tyrwhitt thinks that by *stepe* is meant deep, or hollow. If so, it is curious that both here, and in the description of his fat and goodly monk

"His eyen stepe, and rolling in his hed,"

Chaucer should have considered hollow eyes as a physiognomical indication of jollity. Perhaps by stepe may be meant looking boldly upwards. We are not aware that the word *steep* has ever been used to indicate mere hollowness, independently of any reference to acclivity or declivity, though it is used with reference to ascent or descent indifferently.

At one time in this harbourage as is now.*
Fain would I do you mirth, and I wist how.
And of a mirth I am right now bethought
To do you ease; and it shall cost you nought.

Ye gon to Canterbury; God you speed!
The blissful martyr you requite your meed;†
And well I wot, as ye gon by the way,
Ye shapen you to talken and to *play:* [make sport]
For truly comfort ne, nor mirth is none
To riden by the way dumb as a stone:‡
And therefore would I maken you disport
As I said erst, and do you some comfórt.
And if you liketh all by one assent
Now for to standen at my judg-e-ment:§

---

* "At ones in this herberwe, as is now." *Ones* as a dissyllable. *Herberwe*—harbour, place of shelter: lodging-house, or inn. The word *bower* is used, by a parallel licence, or metaphor, by our old writers, for a chamber or bed-room; and is not, in the same sense, quite discarded by our amatory contemporaries.

† "The blissful martyr quite you your mede." To modern ears *quit-e*, as a dissyllable, would be somewhat grating, especially before the semi-vowel (y): perhaps, however, the line might more properly have been rendered,

"The blissful martyr quit you of your meed:"

i. e. give you quittance of your deserts.

‡ "For trewely comfort, ne mirthe is non,
To riden by the wáy dómbe as the ston."
TYRWHITT.

"For trewly comforte ne myrth is there none
To ryden by the waye dombe as a stone."
EDITS. 1532 and 1542.

This is one of the instances in which we think Mr. Tyrwhitt has unwisely departed from the oldest and best authenticated editions, merely, as it should seem, because they did not happen to agree with the MSS. *he* had consulted. The fair presumption surely is, that the *best* reading is the *true* reading, whether it be found in manuscript or in printed copy.

"For | trew-e- | lý com | fórt, ne | mirth is | non,"

is not, however, as good a reading to the ear as,

"For | trewly | cómfort, | ne | mýrth is there | none."

§ This is evidently a line of four metrical feet:

"Now for to | standen | at my | judg-e-ment | "

And for to worken as I shall you say
To-morrow, when ye riden on the way,
Now by my father's soul-e that is dead,
But ye be merry, smiteth off my head.
Hóld up your hánd-es withóuten more spéech." *

The proposal is readily accepted; the merry host proceeds:—

" Lordings (quod he) now hearkeneth for the best;
But take it not I pray you in didain;
This is the point, to speak it plat and plain,
That each of you, to shorten with your way,
In this voy-age, shall tellen tal-es tway—
To Canterbury ward—I mean it so;
And homeward he shall tellen other two,
Of aventures that whilom han befall.
And which of you that béareth him bést of áll,—
That is to say, that telleth in this case
Tales of best sentence and *of* most soláce,
Shall have a supper at your *gen'ral* cost, †
Here in this place, a' sitting by this post, ‡
When that ye come again from Canterbury.

---

of which parallels frequently occur in Milton, who makes of them an exquisite harmonic variety: as in the following unique blank couplet:

" That to the | highth of | this great | argument |
I may as- | sert e- | ternal | providence!"

* Evidently a line of trisyllabic feet throughout. A licence not common in the heroic couplets even of Chaucer. It has a grace here, standing as a detached sentence. The *fols.* however, of 1532 and 1542 read,

" Holde up your handes without more speech:"

which supposes both *hand-es* and *mor-e* dissyllables.

† " At youre aller [*altogether*] cost."

‡ We have preferred the use of the expletive particle *a'* sitting, as less obsolete to Chaucer's dissyllabic pronunciation of *plac-e* —

" Here in this place, sitting by this post."

This line presents a picture of interior architecture, of which some reliques are yet to be met with in antiquated buildings in remote parts of England and Wales; and which was formerly, in all probability, common in the large dining-halls of inns, and of other mansions of a secondary—perhaps almost of the first description; the ceiling being in the centre, or towards one or both of the ends, propts by strong posts or beams of timber. Against one of these we may suppose the

And, for to maken you the mor-e merry,
I wol myself ev'n gladly with you ride
Right at mine owen cost, and be your guide.
And who that will my judg'ment aught withsay,*
Shall pay for all we spenden by the way.
And if that ye vouchsafe that it be so, †
Tell me anon, withouten wor-des mo,
And I will early shapen me therefore."

The proposition is received "with full glad heart;" mine host is installed, by one assent, in a full authority to rule "at his devise, in high and low." The guests finish their wine cheerfully, and retire to rest, "withouten any longer tarrying;" and

"At morrow when the day began to spring,
Up rose our host, and was our early cock,
And gather'd us together in a flock,
And forth we riden *a little more than pas*, ‡
Unto the wat'ring place of Saint Thomás; §
And there our host began his horse arest,
And said he—'Lord-es, hearkeneth, if you *lest*. [list]
Ye wete your *for-word*, and I it record. [agreement]
If evening song and morning song accord,
Let see now who shall tellen the first tale.
As ever might I drinken wine or ale,
Whoso is rebel to my judg-e-ment,
Shall pay for all that by the way is spent.
Now draw the cutt, ere that ye further *twinn*, [go]
He who that hath the shortest shall begin.'

The jolly host, however, shews himself not deficient in the courtesy of his craft; and even while professing to put all upon a footing of equality by the proposed expedient of lots, knows what is due to the comparative rank of his guests. His familiarity is not without the discriminations of courtesy.

"Sir knight (quoth he) my master and my lord,
Now draw your cutt, for that is mine accord.

---

host to be seated, at the head of his table, as is still the custom at rustic ordinaries—a post of honour, that is to be surrendered to the victor, at the prize supper, on their return.

* "And who that will my jug-e-ment withsay."

† "And if ye vouch-e-sauf that it be so."

‡ At little more than a foot pace.

§ "Unto the watering of Saint Thomas." The well or tank, at which it was usual for travellers to water their horses.

Draw near (quoth he) my lady prioress;
And ye, sir clerk, let be your shamefastness;
Ne studieth nought: lay hand to, every man."

The pilgrims proceed accordingly to the ballot; and it is insinuated, that it is not without contrivance on the part of our politic host, that the lot of precedency falls to the knight; who accordingly tells the first tale: and certainly a subject more adapted for knightly theme, or more appropriate to the character that had been delineated—more sounding with chivalrous feats of arms, and no less chivalrous devotion to the fair, at a time when *tout a l' amour, tout a l' honor*, was the universal motto of the knighthood of Europe, could not well have been put into knightly mouth. An observation, the spirit of which will equally apply to all the rest: the adaptation of the stories, as well as the dialogue, to the characters from whom they proceed, being a circumstance in which our author never loses sight of the dramatic model of his machine.

This tale of Palemon and Arcite (epic in its subject, and almost so in its construction, and extending almost to epic length—nearly 2300 verses) is so well known, that it is unnecessary to enter into any detail of the fable and action, or to animadvert upon that curious admixture of Gothic manners and classical mythology—the exploits and jousts of chivalry, with the names and incidents of the heroic age of Greece, (a usual characteristic in the romantic compositions of the times,) with which it abounds.

It has been popularised by the paraphrastic version of Dryden, already alluded to, and dramatised by Fletcher: assisted (as is pretended) by the master hand of Shakspeare.

With respect to Dryden's paraphrastic version, however, of this, the *noblest* of the Canterbury Tales, we must have the temerity (notwithstanding his high reputation) to contend, that it does not do all the justice that might have been expected to the venerable original. The incidents indeed remain unaltered; and the language and versification of Dryden cannot fail of being more acceptable to the modern ear than that of the great master harmonist of the fourteenth century. Nor will it be doubted by those who are acquainted with the voluptuous cast and character of Dryden's style, that beauty would become more decorate, and description more florid, under the colourings of his hand. But these adornments seem to have been purchased by a more than necessary sacrifice of the venerable simplicity of the original. The ornament is not always in harmony with the subject—the style not always adapted to the theme It is Corinthian frieze on a Gothic edifice. What is gained also in smoothness, is often lost in strength; and

amplification is not always atoned by the value of what is added. In straining to be more poetical, Dryden is apt to become occasionally *outré:* and when he would be imaginative, his fancy sometimes evaporates in a conceit, a fault from which even his translations from the classics are not always exempt. Neither does he always forbear, in his fondness for a not over delicate vein of satire, to pervert the sentiment and enfeeble the pathos of his author. There are, at any rate, many passages in the Knight's Tale which, to those who have sufficiently mastered the language to enter into the spirit of the original, will appear more touching in the comparative rudeness of their primitive simplicity, than in the gloss and equanimity of their modern array.

In short, Chaucer does not continue sufficiently Chaucer for our taste, in the garb in which he is presented to us by Dryden; who, though he has not taken any thing like the liberties with this tale that Pope has taken with the January and May, has not given to his amplifications the same redeeming graces.* It is in style and versification alone that Dryden has improved upon Chaucer; and instances might be pointed out in which, even in these respects, the vantage might be disputed: for lines occasionally present themselves in the original text, which, even to a modern ear, have a rhythmical and euphonous harmony that has seldom been surpassed in the most polished era of our language and versification. But whatever may be the superiority of Dryden's version in the general current of diction and metrical modulation, we cannot but wish that, in every other respect, he had left his author as he found him.

The greater part of these strictures may, perhaps, be sufficiently illustrated, by quoting (with such license only as we have already prescribed to ourselves) the sixty-six lines in which Chaucer describes the death of Arcite, and inserting immediately afterwards the ninety-five lines of Dryden's paraphrase. See Cant. T. v. 2744, &c.

> "Swelleth the breast of Arcite, and the sore
> Encreaseth at his heart, aye more and more.
> The clotted blood, for any leech-e-craft,
> Corrupteth, and is in his body laft,

* There is no denying that, even independently of the harmony of polished diction, the January and May of Pope is an improvement upon Chaucer—in the imaginative part especially. The Oberon and Mab of the modern conspicuously outshine the Pluto and Proserpine of the elder bard. The names of classical deities accord but ill with the functions and attributes of Gothic Fairies.

That neither vein-bleeding, ne ventousing,
Ne drink of herb-es, may to him been helping.
The expulsive virtue, or the animal,
For the like virtue cleped natural,
Ne may the venom voiden, ne expell.
The pip-es of his lungs began to swell,
And every muscle in his brest adown
Is shent with venom and corruption.
Him gaineth neither, for to get his life,
Ne vomit up, ne downward laxatife.
All breaking up appears this re-gi-on;
Nature hath now no domina-ti-on:
And certainly where nature will not werch, [work]
*Physic farewell; go bear the man to church.**
This is áll and some, that Ar'-ci-te múst die.
For which he sendeth after Emilie,
And Palamon, that was his cousin dear.
Then said he thus, as ye shall after hear.

'Nought may the woful spirit in my heart
Declare to highth of all my sorrow's smart
To you, my lady, that I love the most;
But I bequeath the service of my ghost†
To you, aboven every cre-a-ture,
Since that my life no longer may endure.

'Alas the wo, alas the pain-es strong
That I for you have suffer'd and so long!
Alas the death! alas mine Emilie!
Alas departing of our companie!
Alas my heart-es queen! alas my wife!
My heart-es lady! ender of my life!
What is this world? what aren men to have?
Now with their love, now in their cold, cold grave—
Alone, withouten any company.
Farewell my sweet, farewell mine Emely;
And softly take me in your arm-es twey,
For love of God, and hearkeneth what I say.

'I have here with my cousin Palamon
Had strife and rancour many a day agon

---

* The reader perhaps will agree with us in preferring the two lines of Chaucer to the three of Dryden's, notwithstanding the *witty* illustration of patching old buildings with physic.

† This primitive line of Chaucer's is not improved by the inversion and slight alteration of Dryden.

For love of you, and for my jealousy.
And Jupiter so wis my soul-e gie [give]
To speaken of a servant pro-pre-ly,
With all the circumstances trew-e-ly,
That is to sayn, truth, honour, and knighted,
Wisdom, humbless, estate, and high kindred,
Freedom and all that 'longeth to that art,
So Jupiter, have of my soul a part
As in this world right now ne know I none
So worthy to be loved as Palamon,
That serveth you, and will do all his life.
And if that ever ye shall been a wife,
Forget not Palamon that gentle man.'
" And with that word his speech to fail began,
For from his feet up to his breast was come
The cold of death, that had him *overnone.* [overtaken]
And, yet moreover, in his arms also
The vital strength is lost, and all *ago.* [gone]
Only the intellect, withouten more,
That dwelled in his heart-e sick and sore,
Gan faillen, when the heart-e felt the death;
Dusked his eyen both, and fail'd his breath.
But on his lady yet he cast his eye;
And his last word was 'Mercy Emely.' "

" Meanwhile the health of Arcite still impairs;
From bad proceeds to worse, and mocks the leech's cares;
Swoln is his breast; his inward pains increase,
All means are us'd, and all without success.
The clotted blood lies heavy on his heart,
Corrupts, and there remains in spite of art:
Nor breathing veins, nor cupping will prevail;
All outward remedies, and inward fail:
The mould of nature's fabric is destroy'd,
Her vessels discompos'd, her virtues void;
The bellows of his lungs begin to swell:
All out of frame is every secret cell,
Nor can the good receive, or bad expel.
Those breathing organs thus within opprest
With venom soon distend the sinews of his breast.
Nought profits him to save abandon'd life,
Nor vomits upward aid, nor downward laxative.
The middle region *batter'd and destroy'd,*
Where nature cannot work, th' effect of art is void.

For physic can but mend our crazy state,
Patch an old building, not a new create.
Arcite is doom'd to die in all his pride,
Must leave his youth, and yield his beauteous bride,
Gain'd hardly, against right, and unenjoy'd.
When 't was declar'd all hope of life was past,
Conscience (that of all physic works the last)
Caus'd him to send for Emily in haste.
With her, at his desire, came Palamon:
Then, on his pillow rais'd, he thus begun.
'No language can express the smallest part
Of what I feel, and suffer in my heart,
For you, whom best I love, and value most;
But to your service I bequeath my ghost;
Which, from this mortal body when unty'd,
Unseen, unheard, shall hover at your side;
Nor fright you waking, nor your sleep offend,
But wait officious, and your steps attend:
How I have lov'd—excuse my flattering tongue;
My spirit's feeble, and my pains are strong:
This I may say, I only grieve to die
Because I lose my charming Emily:
To die, when heav'n hath put you in my pow'r,
Fate could not chuse a more malicious hour!
What greater curse could envious fortune give,
*Than just to die, when I began to live.**
Vain men, how vanishing a bliss we crave!
Now warm in love, now withering in the grave!
Never, O never more to see the sun!
Still dark, in a damp vault, and still alone!
This fate is common; but I lose my breath
Near bliss, and yet not blest before my death.

---

* All this, (and some parts that follow,) is certainly not Chaucer; but downright Dryden, and in the very style of his rhyming tragedies: where wit is substituted for pathos, and a clench and an antithesis supply the place of natural feeling and emotion. The quaintness of our old writers is the struggle of strong conception with a half-formed language; eccentric, because the straight path is obstructed. It hath generally pith and pregnancy. The conceits and antithetic quibblings of the Restoration Age are the dilations of verbiage to cover the paucity of ideas, or the absence of genuine passion and enthusiasm. The pen goes before the thought, and is voluble without being eloquent. The observation will apply to *much* (though not to all) that we owe to Dryden.

Farewell; but take me dying in your arms,
Tis all I can enjoy of all your charms:
This hand I cannot but in death resign:
Ah! could I live! but while I live 'tis mine.
I feel my end approach, and thus embrac'd
Am pleas'd to die; but hear me speak my last.
Ah! my sweet foe! for you, and you alone,
I broke my faith with injur'd Palamon.
But love the sense of right and wrong confounds,
Strong love and proud ambition know no bounds.
And much I doubt should heav'n my life prolong,
I should return to justify my wrong:
For while my former flames remain within,
*Repentance is but want of power to sin.**
With mortal hatred I pursu'd his life,
Nor he, nor you, were guilty of the strife;
Nor I, but as I lov'd; yet all combin'd,
Your beauty, and my impotence of mind,
And his concurrent flame that blew my fire;
For still our kindred souls had one desire.
He had the moment's right in point of time;
Had I seen first, then his had been the crime.
Fate made it mine, and justify'd his right;
Nor holds this earth a more deserving knight
For virtue, valour, and for noble blood,
Truth, honour, and all that is compris'd in good,
So help me heav'n, in all this world is none
So worthy to be lov'd as Palamon.
He loves you too, with such a holy fire,
As will not, cannot but with life expire:
Our vow'd affections both have often try'd,
Nor any love but yours could ours divide.
Then by my love's inviolable band,
By my long suffering, and my short command,
If e'er you plight your vows when I am gone,
Have pity on the faithful Palamon.'

"This was his last; for death came on amain,
And exercis'd below his iron reign;
Then upward to the seat of life he goes:
Sense fled before him, what he touch'd he froze:

---

* For sting of ethic satire this line is admirable. Its appropriateness in the mouth of a dying man is a distinct question.

Yet could he not his closing eyes withdraw,
Tho' less and less of Emily he saw;
So speechless for a little while he lay,
Then grasp'd the hand he held, and sigh'd his soul away."

Some sceptical reflections of the author follow, as to the disposal of the soul of the departed—the Theban Prince (in the time of *Duke* Theseus) being of course no Christian. And if Chaucer meant to sneer at the dogmas of theologians upon this subject, Dryden has taken care that the hint should not be lost. Chaucer tells us

"His spirit changed house, and wenten there—
As I came neve'r, I cannot tellen where;
Therefore I stint: I am no divin-is-ter:
Of soules I find not in this register.
Ne lust me not the' opin-i-ons to tell
Of them, tho' that they written where they dwell."

Which Dryden thus amplifies—

"But whether went his soul, let such relate
Who search the secrets of the future state:
Divines can say but what themselves believe;
Strong proofs they have, but not demonstrative:
For, were all plain, then all sides must agree,
And faith itself be lost in certainty.
To live uprightly then is sure the best,
To save ourselves and not to damn the rest.
The soul of Arcite went where heathens go,
Who better live than we, tho' less they know."

In describing the grief of the mistress and the friend of the departed, Dryden does not wander less freely, nor, in all respects, more happily, from his text. The first three of the ensuing lines of Chaucer, with which (except in substituting "waileth" for "howleth," which, to *modern ears*, would sound like a vulgarism) we have altered nothing but the spelling, are not, we think, very judiciously diluted into the six lines of Dryden; and the five which he has substituted for the remaining seven of the original absolutely invert the sense, and metamorphose pathos and sentiment into metaphor and sarcasm.

"Shriek'd Emely, and waileth Palamon;
And Theseus his sister took anon
Swooning, and bare her from the corps away.
What helpeth it to tarien forth the day,

To tellen how *she wept both even and morrow?*
For in such cases, women have such sorrow
When that their husbands from them ago,
That for the mor-e part they sorrowen so,
Or élles fallen into such malady
That at the last-e certainly they die."

" In Palamon a manly grief appears;
Silent, he wept, ashamed to shew his tears;
Emilia shriek'd but once, and then, oppress'd
With sorrow, sunk upon her lover's breast:
'Till Theseus in his arms *convey'd with care*
Far from so sad a sight, the swooning fair.
'Twere loss of time her sorrows to relate;
Ill bears the sex a youthful lover's fate,
When just approaching to the nuptial state.
But like a low-hung cloud, it rains so fast,
That all at once it falls, and cannot last."

The following may be given as an instance that Dryden does not always dilate. But it may be questioned whether calling the world "an Inn," instead of a thoroughfare, is an improvement either in point of poetry or pathos. It is part of the consolatory exhortation of "his old father Egeus" to the "*duke* Theseus."

" *This world n'is but a thurghfare* full of wo,
And we been pilgrims, passing to and fro:
Death is an end of every worldly sore."

Which Dryden gives in the following couplet—

" Like pilgrims to the' appointed place we tend;
The world's an inn, and death the journey's end."

In describing the lamentations of the populace, Chaucer has said—

"So great a weeping was there none certain,
When Hector was ybrought, all fresh yslain,
To Troy, alas! the pity that was there,
Scratching of cheek-es, rending eke of hair.
Why wouldest thou be dead? these women cry,
And haddest gold enough and Emely."

Dryden thus reforms it in the same number of lines; and the

last couplet especially is a specimen of the manner in which we could like to see the patriarch of our poesy treated throughout.

> " Nor greater grief in falling Troy was seen,
> For Hector's death ; *but Hector was not then.*
> Old men with dust deformed their hoary hair,
> The women beat their breasts, their cheeks they tare.
> *Why wouldst thou go, with one consent they cry,*
> *When thou hadst gold enough, and Emily.*"

To return, however, from these specimens of the serious style of Chaucer, and of the kind of justice that has been done to it by the modernizing hand of Dryden, to the highly comic character of " our hoste," of whom we suppose the reader is by no means tired. His character, indeed, is so admirably sustained throughout, and the part he plays so amusing, his humour, and his authority give such life and interest to the journey—conducting us from stage to stage, and keeping the whole living picture before us—calling into action the different passions and humours of the several characters, yet controlling and managing them with such discretion, that the alteration occasionally provoked may never exceed what his own insubduable pleasantry may allay, that it it almost impossible that he should ever tire. We feel him throughout, to be the cause of our whole entertainment ; the agent, whose influence and happy perception and management of the respective humours of the motley group, produced those arrangements of contrast and variety, which give additional interest to the whole. Nor is our regard for him diminished, by perceiving that, with an equal mixture of humour and discretion, he knows when to wave, as well as when to enforce, his delegated authority.

This " noble storie" being hailed by old and young, as " worthy to be drawn in memory," the jolly host, exulting to find his game " so well begun," requests the lordly monk to tellen, if he can,

> " Somewhat to quitten with the knight-es-tale ;"

but the miller cries out, " in Pilate's voice," and swears " by arms and blood and bones," that he " can a noble tale for the nones, with which he will *quit* it." The host, seeing " that he was drunk with ale," at first remonstrates,

> " And said—abide thee Robin my lave brother,
> Some better man shall tell us first another ;"

but the drunken miller being resolute, and swearing by " Goddes soul," that he " wol speak," the host, not choosing to bring his authority to issue " with a fool," whose wit is overcome

with liquor, bids him "tell on a devil way." After some tart altercation, conducted with much comic humour of the broader cast, with the reve, who is a carpenter, and foresees, by the proposed subject of the tale, that it is meant, if not directly personal to him, at least, to throw derision upon his craft, the tale is told: and such a tale, as those whose ears are not too nice for such "harlottry" cannot fail to laugh over very heartily.

To such nice ears, however, Chaucer deems it necessary to give fair warning. Such as list to hear only "of storial thing that toucheth gentillesse," he says, had better "turn over the leaf," both of this tale and the one that is to follow, for the miller and the reve are both churls, he tells us, as are "many other mo."

The miller then relates, with all the breadth of humour, and all the directness of language which the license of these times admitted, the progress of an amour between one "hendy Nicholas," a clerk of Oxenford, and "Alison," the young wife of an old carpenter, with whom the clerk lodged; together with the tricks, of no very delicate description, put both upon the seely carpenter, and another woer, one Absalon, the parish clerk—a sort of rural libertine and *exquisite*, whose amours, accomplishments, and multifarious occupations, give a very lively picture of a state of society, in which the separation of trades and callings (the politico-economic division of labour) was little dreamt of.*

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* The description is so lively and so characteristic, that we are tempted to present the reader with the entire portrait.

"Now was there of that church a parish clerk,
The which was there yclepped Absolon.
Curl'd was his hair, and as the gold it shon,
And strutted, as a fan, out, large and broad:
But strait and even lay his jolly *shode*.*
His hue was red, his eyen as grey as goose.
With St. Paul's widows carven were his shoes;
In hosen red he went full festily,
Yclad he was full tight and properly,
All in a kirtel of a light *watchet*; [blue cloth]
And fair and thickly were the points yset.
And thereupon he had a gay surplice,
As white as is the bloom upon the rise.

* *Shode*—strictly "head of hair." The meaning apparently is, that though his hair was curled and spread out bushy at the sides, it was combed smooth at the top.

The tale is not fit for further analysis in our pages; but it is one of the most humorous, and the most replete with ludicrous incident, that the license of broad-grin wit has ever, perhaps, produced; equal in its way, though different in its species, (and what could be said more) to the "Tam o'Shanter" of Burns. There is a modern version of it in "Ogle's Chaucer," above noticed: but much of the spirit evaporates in the translation: nor is the licentiousness of the original as much mitigated, as the quaintness of the humour is impaired.

After listening to this story, so purposely irritating to the feelings of the reve, it was but in the course of common justice to give him opportunity for the menaced retaliation, of shewing that knavish millers could be fooled and "cuckewolded," as well as silly carpenters.

"Oswold the Reve," however, seems disposed to vent his spleen more ways than one; and is in danger of becoming rather prolix in a rude strain of censorious *morality*. But

"When that our Host had heard this sermoning,
He began to speak as lordly as a king;
And said he, What amounteth all this wit?
What? shall we speak all day of holy writ?
The devil made a Reve thus for to preach."
"Say forth thy tale, and tarry not the time:
Lo Deptford near, and it is half way prime."

A merry child he was, so God me save;
Well cou'd he leten blood, and clip, and shave,
And make a *charter* of land, and a quittance. [lease]
In twenty manners could he trip and dance,
After the school of Oxenford also,
And with his legs could caper to and fro;
And play sweet songs upon a small *ribíble*;
Or sung he sometime to a loud *quinible*.
As well too could he play on a *gitérn*. [guitar]
In all the town was brewhouse nor tavérn
That he not visitted with his solás,
Wherever any *gaillard* tapster was."—[merry]
"This Absolon, that jolly was and gay,
Go'th with a censer on the holy day,
Censing the wiv-es of the parish fast;
And many a merry look he on them cast."—
"This parish clerk, this jolly Absolon,
Hath in his heart-e such a love-longing,
That of no wif took he no offering:
For courtesy, he said he would have none."

The reve obeys, and the miller gets to the full as good measure as he had brought, in a tale of the same broad cast, in which two Cambridge scholars, who had *carried* their corn to Trompington Mill to be ground, revenge, by counter-trick, in which both wife and daughter have their part, the robbery committed on their meal.

In the "Prologue to the Cook's Tale" that follows, we find our merry host rallying with little mercy, but with perfect good humour, this brother of a kindred craft, about selling "Jack-of-Dovers," (a species of patty we suppose,) "that have been twice hot and twice cold," and about the curses of Pilgrims, who have "fared the worse," for the "parsley," (young hemlock, perhaps,)

> "That they han eaten in his stubble goose," &c.

Roger the cook, bantering the host in turn, (whose name we now find to be Henry Bailly,) threatens, thereafter, a tale "of an Hostelere," by way of retaliation; but, for the present, commences one of a dicing revelling prentice, "of a craft of vitaillers," which seems likely to have given as characteristic a picture of the city apprentices of those times, as we have already had of some of the classes of rustic and mechanic life. But the manuscript is torn, and a fragment consisting of the first fifty-eight lines alone remains.

To the Man of Law, in the next place, our host addresses himself in a style of more decorous gravity; displays his stock of learning in astronomy and the calendar; talks of Seneca; calculates the portion of the day that is already gone, and moralizes on the value of time, that not like "loss of cattle may recovered be"—

> "It will not come again withouten dread,
> No mor-e than will Malkin's maidenhead;"

and, calling for a tale anon, according to the bond, or "forword" of their confederacy, glances at his own judicial authority, or right of "jugement in this case."

The Man of Law maintains, in his subject and mode of treating it, the gravity of his profession; and we may add, in his style and language the advantages of his education, and the consequent nearer approximation to the language and idiom of a more polished age. In his introduction he is logical; his ethics shew his familiarity with the philosophy of the ancients, and his illustrations and allusions are erudite and classical. But neither the discourse with which he prefaces it, nor the tale which he relates, is therefore the less illustrative of the characteristic taste and intellectual history of his time. The latter relates, in the heroic stanza of seven lines, in which the

Troilus and Cressida, the Flower and the Leaf, the Complaint of the Black Knight, and indeed, the generality of the more serious productions of Chaucer had been previously composed,* the marvellous adventures, sufferings, and wanderings of a Roman princess—

"Of the Emperor's daughter dame Custance,"

who had been given in marriage to the "Soudan of Surrie," previously converted to Christianity by the *rumour* of her charms: but who is exposed to the consequent hatred and vengeance of a wicked Soudanness, (the mother of the sultan)—thus described, in language that requires no glossary, and in numbers that require no departure from the pronunciation of our own days, except in the solitary instance of shifting the impulse from the first to the second syllable of a single word.

"O Soudanness, root of iniquitee,
Virago thou Semyramee the second,
O serpent under femininitee,
Like to the serpent deep in hell ybound:
O feigned woman, all that may confound
Virtue and innocence, through thy malice,
Is bred in thee, as next of every vice."

By the conspiracy and treason of this wicked mother-in-law, after having seen her husband and all the Christian converts of his court, together with those of her own suite, massacred at the royal banquet, Custance, (this "emperor's young daughter—full of benignit,") is committed to the mercy of the waves, "in a ship all steerless;" in which, though driven for three years, by wind and tide, through "the seas of Greece," &c. she is miraculously sustained, and driven at last, on the coast of Northumberland, where, after a while, the wicked machinations of a knight, who, not being able to subdue her virtue, endeavours to bring her to an infamous death, are, by miraculous interference, converted into the means of exalting her to another throne, that of King Alla. But finding here, in Donegild, the queen-mother, a counterpart of the satanic Soudanness, affliction and exile still await her. She is thrust forth, with her

* Of the tale told by the Wife of Bath, there is an earlier version by Gower, which has considerable merit, though very inferior to that of Chaucer. It may be seen in the first volume of "Ellis's Specimens;" and is worth consulting, if it were only for the sake of the comparison. It may show those, who are not familiar with the foreign resources from which Chaucer derived so many of his materials, how much was added to his versions by the richness and fertility of his own original genius.

infant, in the same ship in which she arrived; and her story is pathetically pursued, through a series of wanderings and adventures still more miraculous than the former, interspersed by the narrator with all the edifying logic of a pious morality, till a providential rencounter with king Alla, on his pilgrimage to Rome, where the fugitive and her son were remaining in obscure sojourn, brings all to a happy catastrophe.

The "gat-t thooed" loquacious Wife of Bath, whose tale, in Mr. Tyrwhitt's arrangement, (though not in that of the old folios,) comes next, needs none of the prompting influence of the host. He leaves her accordingly, in plogue and in tale, (the former of which is well known in the version of Pope, and the latter in that of Dryden,*) to her own humour and vivacity. His only interference, with respect to her, being to put a stop to the altercation that had arisen between those eternal wranglers, the fryer and the sompnour,† who, as he tells them, "fare as folk that dronken been of ale;" and whose squabbles suspended for a while the commencement of her proffered story.

This is no sooner ended, than he has, again, to exert his authority to silence the renewed intemperance of these scurrilous antagonists: insisting, roundly, that

> "In company we will have no debate,"

and admonishing the fryer in particular, that "a man of his estate" should be "hendy and curteis."

He calls upon them, however, for their respective tales—through the medium of which, as anticipated, they contrive to vent, with an equal emulation of humour and of grossness, their recriminative animosities: much to the amusement, no doubt, if not to the edification of such of their fellow pilgrims, as it might be, were not too nice of ear to remain within the sphere of auditors.

These scurrilous antagonists, thus, for the present, disposed of, our versatile and jolly host shews himself not less talented

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* Of the tale assigned by Chaucer to the Wife of Bath, (the marvellous adventures of a knight, who had to redeem his forfeit life, by solving the question, what "is that women most desire,") there is a previous version by Gower, which may be seen in the first volume of "Ellis's extracts." The story as told by Gower is not without interest, and may be said to be well told. But a comparison of the two will evince not only the great superiority of Chaucer's wit and poetic genius, but may give some idea of how much even those tales, which are taken from foreign sources, owe, in his versions, to his own originality and inventive genius.

† Sompnour.—An officer employed to summon delinquents to appear in ecclesiastical courts, now called an Apparitor.—*Tyrwhitt.*

for, calling forth the reserved and shy, than for controlling the troublesome and intrusive.

" Sir Clerk of Oxenford," our Hest-e said,
" Ye ride as still, and coy as doth a maid,
Were nearly spoused, sitten at the board:
This day ne'er heard I of your tongue a word.
I trow ye study 'abóuten some sophime: [sophism]
But Solomon saith that every thing hath time.
For God's sake be ye of a better cheer;
It is no time for to be studying here.
Tell us some merry tale now, by your fay;
For when a man has entered in a play,
He must of need unto the play assent.
But *preach* ye not as fryers do in Lent.
To make us for our olden sins to weep;
Nor let thy tale be one to make us sleep.
Tell us some merry adventures on your part,
Your tropes, your figures, and your terms of art;
Keep them in store, till call'd on to indite
Such lofty style as men to kings would write.
Speak at this time so plainly I you pray,
That we may understand whate'er ye say."

The history of the patient Grisilda, repeated by the clerk, and with which every body is familiar, calls forth another trait of the character or domestic history of " our hoste," who has a dame at home, the very antithesis of the heroine of the Clerk of Oxenford's Tale: a misfortune, which it seems he has in common with the merchant pilgrim—who, though he has " wedded been," not more than " moneths two," bewails his hard destiny in having a wife, " the worst that may be," and betwixt whose and " Grisilda's great patience,

" Here is a long and large difference:"

so large, indeed, that he " dare well swear"

That " though the Fiend to her ycoupled were,
She would him over match."

" The tirade, in which the merchant indulges on the subject of " wives cursedness," comes home to the sympathies of our host—whose exhortation " So God you bless,

Since ye so muchel knowen of that art,
Full heartily I pray you tell us part,"

calls forth the tale of " January and May," to which such popularity has been given by the spirited paraphrase of Pope.

The *moral* of this tale, our wife-ridden host of course takes up in the rear.

> " By Goddes mercy," said our hoste tho,
> Now such a wife I pray God keep me fro !"

He then gives us some sketches, in broad outline, of his own " labbing shrew," who, he tells us, " hath a heap of vices mo," of which

> " His wit sufficeth not to tellen all."

Not to harp, however, too much at one time, on the same string, he calls upon the gentle Squire for a more soothing strain.

> " Squier, come near, if that you will it be,
> And say somewhat of love, for certes ye
> Connen thereon as much as any man."

The fruit of this application is, though unfortunately, " left half told

> The story of Cambuscan bold,
> Of Camballo and Algarsife,
> And who had Canace to wife,
> That owned the virtuous ring and glass;
> And of the wondrous horse of brass,
> On which the Tartar King did ride."

We know not, in any space we could assign to it, how we could give a better abstract, than in these beautiful lines of Milton, of a tale, which, as far as it goes, may rank in the very first line of the highest order of imaginative romance. That it should have been left imperfect, is indeed to be deplored: but, where is the Chaucer or the Ariosto of the present day, that shall presumptuously hope to supply the deficiency?

The commendation of the Franklin, whose allusions to his own wayward son, that

> " to virtue listeth not to intend,
> But for play at dice, and to dispend,"

and some parade about " learning gentilless," the host very unceremoniously cuts short, occasions his tale to be called for;

> " Straw for your gentilless,"——
> " Tell on thy tale withouten wordes mo :"

and a legend of sentimental romance, deeply tinged with that affectation of factitious ethics and preternatural platonism (whose origin we are apt to ascribe to a somewhat later period

of our literature) admirably illustrates the tastes and intellectural habitudes of this well-drawn character: whose rustic gentlemanship, not untinctured with the accessible, or ex-collegiate literature of the times, strongly reminded us of what, (though under modifications from the very altered state of knowledge and society) we have occasionally met with, in our own day, among persons in the same class of life.

It is introduced by some sensible observations, though characteristically given in a somewhat sermonising strain, (making the most it may be said of a small morality, as country gentlemen, when they are sentimental, are still apt to do!) about not treating wives as "thralls;" for that

> "Love will not be constrain'd by masterie;"

and it relates the history of one Arviragus, (a husband who carries this principle and that of the punctilious obligation of a promise to a somewhat extraordinary extent,) and of Dorigene, his wife, from whom, after having lived with her "a year and more in bliss and in solas," he is obliged by certain affairs to be absent for two years; and who, in the mean while, though pining like a widowed dove, gets entangled in a sort of amour, on her side purely platonic, with a

> "lusty squire, servant of Venus,
> Which that yclepped was Aurelius,"

and which seems, at one time, even after the return of the husband, very likely to terminate (though not without the aid of a most extraordinary feat of magic on the part of the gallant) as platonic amours every where, we believe, but in the pages of novels and romances, pretty generally do terminate; but which, *by means* of a sort of Cato-like liberality on the husband's part, and his insisting upon the religious fulfilment of the promise into which the reluctant and grief-stricken Dorigene had been most unwittingly, and upon a seemingly impossible condition betrayed, is most sentimentally brought to a happy and honourable conclusion: the gallant himself, (when the lady meets him reluctantly obedient to her engagement and her lord's most scrupulous command,) overcome by the example of such punctilious honour and generosity, relinquishing the long-sigh'd-for prize, and restoring her pure and untainted to "the bliss and the solas" of her nuptial obligations.

The tale, strange and sentimentally extravagant as it is, is beautifully told, and in a style that marks the gradation of mind and culture between the rustic and mechanical characters, and those who, from profession and station, may be naturally supposed to have had all the advantages of the learned education of their times.

It is, indeed, worthy of particular note, how judiciously the poet has adapted throughout, not only the subjects of the respective narratives to the characters, conditions, and consequent associations of the respective narrators; but with what wonderful tact (or intuition rather) he has accommodated the style and language of each to the intellectual, educational, and moral habits, which should, in the course of things, pertain to them. The very *dialects* of the respective speakers are obviously, and, in many instances, strikingly different: marking their provincial, as well as their professional distinctions: in their tales, quite as much as in their dialogue. This of course must have been still more conspicuous to Chaucer's contemporaries than it can be to us: though still *we* may distinguish many essential varieties, in all their shades and gradations, from the patois of the provincial and mechanic vulgar, to the polished diction of the courtly and the classic book-style of the professionally learned.

It would be an exercise both amusing and instructive to trace the upward progress of these characteristic dialects, accordant with the educational privations or advantages of the respective speakers, and the degrees of approximation in their language towards the current English of the present day. Nor would the effect be unobvious, even upon the rhythmical emphasis, the differences in the syllabic disposition of which constitutes so much of the *apparent* difference between the harmony of the olden and of our present polished versification.

Of this discrimination, as well as of the characteristically decorous finesse of the host, a further example might indeed be found in what immediately follows: for "the Doctor of Physic" is now respectfully called upon to "tell us a tale" of some honest matter. In conformity with which, and in a style frequently but little remote from the book language of the present day, he gives us a poetical version of the tragical story of Virginia, professedly from Livy.

Of this virgin martyr to a Roman's sense of honour, we are told (and we quote, without the alteration of a single syllable, except in the fashion of the spelling)

> That "in her living maidens mighten read,
> As in a book, every good word and deed
> That 'longeth to a maiden virtuous:
> She was so prudent and so bounteous.
> For which the fame outsprung on every side
> Both of her beauty and her bounty wide,
> That, through the land, they praised her each one
> That loved virtue—save envy alone."

The sympathy of the host, as excited by this "woeful tragedy," is so mingled with his peculiar vein of humour, that we are tempted (with a little occasional accommodation to the demands of modern ears and the usages of modern pronunciation, in the arrangement of the syllables) to transcribe the whole.

Our host began to swear, as he were wood:
"Harrow," quod he, "by nails, and eke by blood,
A most false churl was this and false justice.
As shameful death as heart can e'er devise
Come to these judges and their advocas.
Algate this simple maid is slain, alas!
Alas! too dearly she her beauty bought.
Whereof I say each day may man be taught
That gifts of fortune, and that gifts of nature,
Are cause of death full oft to many a creature.
Her beauty was hir death, may well be sain;
Alas! so pitiously as she was slain.
From both the gifts that here I speak of now
Men have full often more of harm than *prow*. [profit]

"But truly say I mine own master dear,
This was a piteous tale for ear to hear:
But natheless pass over; 'tis *no force*. [no matter]

"I pray to God to save thy gentle corps,
And eke thyne urinals and thy jordánès
Thyne Ypocras, and eke thy Galliánes,
And every boxful of thy lectuarie;
God bless them, and our lady, good Saint Marie.

"So might I thrive thou art a proper man,
And like a prelate, by Saint Ronian;
Said I not well? In terms I cannot speak,
But well I wot thou dost my heart to break,
That I have almost caught a cardiacle:
By *corpus domini* I must have a *triacle*, [a restorative]
Or else a draught of moist and corny ale;
Or, but I hear anon a merry tale,
My heart is lost for pity of this maid.
Thou *bel amy*, thou Pardoner, (he said,)
Tell us some mirth of gibing right anon."

"It shall be done," quod he, "by Saint Ronion.
But first (quod he) here at this ale-stake
I will both drink and biten at a cake."

The "gentilles," however, (the better sort of the Pilgrims,) cry out against having any of his "ribaudrie," and bid him "tell some moral thing." To which the itinerant dealer in relics and dispensations assents; adding, however,

> "but I must *think*
> *Upon some honest thing*, while that I drink."

The *honest thing* that follows is, first, a description of his preachings and his traffic, given in such a style as sufficiently to shew that it would have required *no thinking time* to have prepared him for "japes and ribaudry;" and then a story, not unfit to have formed a part of one of the sermons of vulgar cajollery, which he has described himself as in the habit of ranting to his customers. In the end, however, he offers to his fellow pilgrims in general, and, ludicrously enough, to the host in particular, as "most enveloped in sin," bargains of his soul-saving pedlary; calling on the latter to "unbuckle his purse," and "he shall kiss the relikes everich one, for a groat." A proposal which honest bailly treats with such ludicrous contempt, that the huckster of holy "trumpery" waxes wroth: to prevent the mirth-marring consequences of which, the worthy knight interferes; and the parties being quickly reconciled,

> "Anon they *kissed*, and riden forth their way."

The phrases "for Goddes bones" and "by Goddes dignity," with which the call for a tale from "the Good Parson" is interspersed, reveal another trait in the character of the host and of the times: for the parson exclaiming, "*Benedicite!*

> What aileth thee man, so sinfully to swear?"

our host immediately calls out that he "smells a lollard in the wind," and forebodes "a predication."

> "This loller here will preachen us somewhat."

So that, it seems, forbearance from ribaldry and profane swearing, in the age of Edward the Third, and of Wickliff, was a proof of *heresy*, as the same forbearances were of *disloyalty*, in that of Charles the Second. From the dreaded "predication," however, they are relieved by the rude and boisterous interference of "the Shipman," who swears "by his father's soul" they will have "no gospel glosen," and insists upon telling his tale; adding,

> "And I shall clinken you so merry a bell,
> That I shall waken all this company:
> But it shall not ben of philosophy,
> Nor of physic, nor of quaint terms of law:
> There is but little Latin in my maw."

The shipman is as good as his word, and monks and confessors have their full share of the biting inference of the tale,* and the host having sustained the humour of his character in a hearty, "Well said, by corpus Domini," and "God give the monke a thousand last quad year," [a thousand bushels of bad years, or misfortunes,] &c. (for the *orthodoxy* of our host is not, as has been seen, of a very reverential description) he next displays again the more courteous shade of his character; and turning to the Lady Prioress, (who has been described in the prologue as the fine lady of Saintship—the very quintessence of conventual high breeding,) addresses her in terms

"As curteisly as it had been a maid,"

and requests of her

"A tale the next, if so were that ye would.
Now will ye so vouchsafe my lady dear?"

The lady dear recites, of course, a holy legend—the martyrdom—that of "Yonge Heir of Lincoln" by the "cursed Jews."

Every man of the company on hearing this woful "miracle," of course,

"So sober was, that wonder was to see;"

till our host, who has but little propension to such sobriety, renews his gibes, and calls upon Chaucer for his tale; which puts us in possession of a physiognomical sketch of our author from his own hand.

"What man art thou?" quod he.
"Thou lookest, as thou wouldest find an hare;
For ever on the ground I see thee share.
Approach thou near, and look up merrily.
Now, wave you, Sirs, and let this man have place.
He in the waste is shapen as well as I:
This were a popet in an arm to embrace
For any woman small and fair of face.
He seemeth elvish in his countenance,
For to no wight doeth he dalliance.
"Say somewhat now, since other folks have said:
Tell us a tale of mirth, and that anon."

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* It is worthy of remark, however, that though this characteristic gibe of orthodox prejudice is put into the mouth of the host, and echoed by the shipman, no tale reflecting on the Lollards, or calculated to feed the bigotted prejudice against them, occurs in the collection. The superior mind of Chaucer, like that of Shakspeare, knew how to mark, in their proper place, the prejudices and peculiarities of religious factions, without ministering to or inflaming them.

Chaucer replies, that

" other tale for certes he can non,
But of a rime he learned yore agon :"

and recites a *fit* and a half of " the Reine of Sire Topas," evidently introduced to ridicule the minstrel romances of the day. The affected verbiage and descriptive nothingness of this is, however, too much for the shrewd common sense of our host to endure ; (though it reminds *us*, a little, of some of the puffed-up fashionable poetry of our own days,) and he suddenly breaks in upon the recitation :

" No more of this, for Goddes dignity;
Mine ears are aking of thy drafty speech ."

He goes on to say, that

" plainly at a word
The drafty rhiming is not worth ———."

and Chaucer, modestly pretending that he can do no better in verse, substitutes the prose " tale of Melibus," and of his wife Patience, whose forbearing virtue, by no very agreeable species of association, recalls, with added force, to the mind of our host, the remembrance of his own refractory rib.

The picture he draws of this turbulent and inveterate shrew, together with what immediately ensues as prologue to the Monk's Tale, is so rich in humour, and so illustrative at once of the comic genius of our author, and the characteristic manners of the age, that (with the usual attention to the removal of a few obscurities) we shall venture to add it to the ample quotations already presented.

" When ended was my tale of Melibe,
And of Prudence and her benignity,
Our host, he said, " As I'm a faithful man,
And by the precious *corpus Madrian*,
I had more leve than of a barrel of ale,
That goody lefe, my wife, had heard this tale:
For she is no such patient, *on my life*,
As was this Prudence—Melibeus' wife.

" Now, by God's bones, whene'er I beat my knaves,
She bringeth to me the great clubbed staves,
And cryeth, ' Slay the dogs, man, every one,
And break both back of them and every bone.'

And if that any neighbour be of mine
That not in church will to my wife encline,
Or be so hardy not to do her grace,
When she comes home she rampeth in my face,

And cryeth, ' Thou false coward, wreke thy wife:
By *corpus Domini*, I will have thy knife,
And thou shalt have my distaf, and go spin.'
From day til night right thus she will begin.

' Alas,' she saith, ' that ever it was my shape
To wed a milksop, or a coward ape,
That will be overborne by every wight!
Thou durst not standen up for thy wife's right.'

" This is my life, unless that I will fight,
And out at door, anon, at bidding dight;
With her I am but nought—but if that I
Be wild as any lion, and fool hardy.

" I wot well she will make me kill one day
Some neighbour, and then go my woful way;
For I am perilous with knife in hand,
Albeit that I dare not her withstand:
For she is big in arms, and, by my faith,
That shall he find, that her misdoth or saith.
But let us put away this matter here.

" My lord the Monk, quod he, be merry of cheer,
For truly ye shall tell a tale, say I.
Lo, Rochester, you standeth here fast by,
Ride forth here, mine own lord, break not our game.
But by my troth I cannot tell your name;
Whether shall I call you now, my lord Dan John,
Or else Dan Thomas, or Dan Albion?
Of what house be ye by your father's kin?
I vow to God thou hast a full fair skin:
It is a gentle pasture that thou know'st;
Thou art not like a penetent, or ghost.

" Upon my faith thou art some officer,
Some worthy sextein, or some cellerer.
For by my father's soul, as to my doom,
Thou art a master when thou art at home;
Nor starving cloisterer, nor novice there,
But art a governor both wise and ware;
And, therewithall, of portly brawns and bones—
A right well-faring person for the nones. *

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* *For the nones—for the nonce—pro nunc.* (Lat. barb.) for the now, or for the occasion.

I pray to God give them confusion,
That first brought thee into religion.
Thou wouldst have been a tread-e-fowe a' right.
Hadst thou a leave as great as thou hast might,
To do thy will at large in way of nature,
Thou hadst been father trow, of many a creature.
Alack! why wearest thou so wide a cope?
God give me sorrow, but, an' I were Pope,
Not only thou, but every mighty man,
Tho' he were shorn full high upon his pan,
Should have a wife; for all this world is lorn;
Religion hath taken up all the corn
And left the chaff. We *borel* men * are shrimps.
Of feeble trees there come but wretched imps.
This makes our heirs so slim and feeble be,
They scarce can propagate a progeny.
This maketh that our wives too well essay
Religious folk; because they better pay
Venus her rents, than may we laiety:
God wot, no lushburgh pennies † payen ye.

" But be not wroth, my lord, tho' that I play.
Full many a truth in sport I have heard say."

In using all this freedom of language, however, it appears that our jolly host knew his man: for " this *worthy* monk" (of whose carnal array and secular habits there is a masterly description in the general prologue) " tooke all in patience," and promised to " do all his diligence," as far as " honesty" permitted, in " telling a tale, or two, or three."

But how little soever he might regard the " old strait rule of St. Maure and St. Beneit," or " of St. Austin," or how applicable soever might be certain of the insinuations of our host, our portly monk had regard at least to those decorums which might sustain, if not his sanctity, his dignity. His tales, or *tragedies*, as he calls them, ‡ are, therefore, not of japes and

* *Borel men.* Laymen, or common folk. Brel was a kind of coarse cloth. As we might say, in more modern phrase, *linseywolsey men.*

† Lushburgh pennies. Luxembourgh pennies, a species of base coin. The phrase is used, as we, not many years ago, were wont to use for base coin the term *Birmingham halfpence*, before Bolton and Watt's contract rendered Birmingham the authentic mint of copper coinage.

‡ Our readers will perhaps remember, that in our former article, (see vol. xvii. p. 175,) speaking of Chaucer as having given the first

ribaudry, but such, in matter and in style, as became his education and his rank; selected, some of them from the old Testament, others from the classics, and some from the pages of more modern history. Of these he continues to pour out such

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model of our established national heroic metre, we called it *hexameter:* and some, perhaps, may have been a little startled by such a denomination—since our modern prosodists have generally, if not universally, in their theories, considered it as *iambic pentameter.* That it is neither *iambic* nor *pentameter*, we may, perhaps, hereafter satisfactorily shew: suffice it for the present to shew, in his own words, that Chaucer, the father of that metrical system, (whatever licences he might allow to himself in the varieties of feet that might be used,) never meant that it should be regarded, or be scanned as a measure of five feet, but proposed to himself that the customary number of feet in each line should be six, (as six they still are,) and in short, that he accordingly expressly calls it *hexameter.* In the prologue, for example, to the series of tragedies, (all written in our present heroic measure,) related by the Monk,—Tragedy, by that learned Monk, is thus defined. (We quote, in this instance, *literally*, from Tyrwhitt's edition, v. 13978, &c. vol. ii. p. 137.)

> "Tragedie is to sayn a certain storie,
> As old-e book-es maken us memorie,
> Of him that stood in great prosperitee,
> And is yfallen out of high degree
> Into miserie, and endeth wretchedly.
> *And they ben versified communly*
> *Of six feet, which men clepen exametron.*"

Thus we see the learned monk is made to lay it down as a metrical rule, that the proper measure in which "Tragedies" should be written, is the line of *six feet*, which, as such, is called *hexameter;* and as no less than seventeen such "tragedies" are afterwards by him recited, all of them in our present heroic measure, it is beyond dispute that Chaucer regarded the heroic measure as *commonly*, or *generally*, to be scanned into six feet. As thus, for example, to take the first three lines of one of the tragedies in question:

> "Lo | Adam, | in the | field of | Dama- | scene |
> With | Goddes | owen | finger | wrought was | he, |
> And | not be- | getten' of | mannes | sperme un- | clene. | "

The first and last of these lines would probably have been pronounced in Chaucer's time as dyssyllabic feet, "scé-nè" and "clé-nè." At any rate, dissyllabic terminations are frequent enough in his *exametrous*, to shew the fallacy (if such absurdity could need exposure) of the assumption of some of our prosodists, who are determined to make our heroic lines *pentameters* at any rate, that the first and last

a volume—more creditable to his learning than adapted to the patience of his hearers—that the knight, at length, deems it necessary to interrupt him, declaring that he had "said right enough and muchel more," and the host swears "by St. Paul's bell," that if it had not been "for the clinking of the bells that hang on the Monk's bridle on every side," he should "have fallen down for sleep" into the *slough, however deep* it might be; and then the tale would have been told in vain, since he who

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syllable of the line make one foot. Witness the first couplet in the definition above quoted.

"Tra | gedie | is to | sayn a | certain | storiè |
As | old-e | book-es | maken | us me- | mòrie. |

And as to the idea of scanning into five pretended *iambics*,

"Trage | dy is | to sayn | a cer- | tain story, | &c.

it is scarcely worthy of animadversion. There is no human organ that can so scan any succession of English heroic lines to the ear—or at least no human ear that could endure them so scanned—whatever with pen or types we may do by them to the eye; even though these double rhymes should not happen to occur.

The indisputably dissyllabic terminations are indeed less frequent in the Monk's "Tragedies," than in most of the other parts of Chaucer: but the following from "the tragedy of Hercules," may, from among many other instances, be produced as fully satisfactory upon this point.

"But | nathe- | less som | clerk-es | here ex- | cúsèn |
By | one, that | hight e | Nessus, | that it | mákèd; |
Be as may | be," | "I | wol her | not ac- | cúsèn; |
But on his | back" | "this | shert be | wer'd al | nákèd, |
Til | that his | flesh" | was for the | venim | blakèd. | "

But neither into this consideration, nor into that of the admissible varieties in the disposal of the impulsive syllables and consequent diversities of feet consistent with the harmonic principle of this measure, can we enter in a mere note; still less into the subject of the occasional substitution of a lyrical variety of four feet, as

"He was to | God Al- | mighty | consecrat, | "
"Unto his | lemman | Dalid a he | told | "
"By | precept of the | messenger di- | vine, | "
"He was out | cast of | mannes | compagnie, | "&c.

These must be referred to the meditated analysis of the versification of Chaucer, with which, as will be seen hereafter, we purpose to conclude our observations upon this author.

was arbiter of the prize could not have given judgment upon what he did not hear.

The monk, however, (keen sportsman as he has been described,) declines the invitation to "say somewhat about hunting;" and the call passes to the nun's priest: a version of whose admirable tale of The Cock and the Fox may be seen in "Dryden's Miscellanies," or in any of the editions of his works.

Something like the same species of compliment that had been paid to "my lord, the monk," as a priest fitter for Venus than the cloister, is repeated by our host, though with new and spirited strokes of graphic discrimination, to the nun's priest, by way of epilogue to his tale; and passing over one of those gaps, several of which occur, from the loss and mutilation of manuscripts, we come to "The Second Nun's Tale," the legend of St. Cecilia: in which, among many other passages of sublime mystery, we find the Virgin Mary invoked, (in a line as pithy and as harmonious, it will be admitted, as it is mystical,) as,

> "Thou maid and mother, daughter of thy son."

At the conclusion of this legend, an incident occurs which gives new life to the action of the drama. Hitherto, the only occurrences relative to the journey have been those that marked the progressof the day, the stages at which the pilgrims arrived, and some alterations and reconciliations among the subordinate characters; but now two new personages arrive, a Canon, indifferently mounted, and somewhat grotesquely clad, and his besmerched and meagre Yeoman, who had driven pal-mal from the hostlerie to overtake the cavalcade.

The shrewd inquisitiveness, however, of our cautious host, and the communicative loquacity of the yeoman, quickly drive the threadbare canon away again—who, as the yeoman informs us, is "so great a clerk" that "all the ground

> "Till that we come to Canterbury town
> He could all cleanly turnen up so down,
> And pave it all with silver and with gold;"

but who, nevertheless, in "overest sloppe, so tore and slut-tish" that our host declares "it is not worth a mite," is obliged to take up his abode "in the suburbs—

> "Lurking in corners and in lan-es blind,
> Whereas those robbers and those thieves by kind
> Holden their privie fearful residence."

Freed from the restraint of his master's presence, the Canon's yeoman proceeds with his tale, and gives an amusing

picture of the tricks and infatuated delusions of alchemy. And it is instructive to perceive, from the details here exposed, that, although the belief in this mystery, or the practice of this juggle, is not yet perhaps entirely abandoned,* the absurdities of the pretension and the impositions of its professors were as well understood by people of common sense and discernment in the fourteenth, as they are now in the nineteenth, century.

At the end of this Yeoman's Tale, if even this is in its purposed place, we seem to have lost entirely all link of connexion. But in what, according to Mr. Tyrwhitt's arrangement, comes next, we find the Pilgrims near "a little town—y clepped Bob up and down

"Under the blee of Canterbury way;"

And the Host calling upon the Cook for his [second] Tale: for the purpose of waking him, it seems, from a state so nodding drunk, as to excite some apprehensions of accident. Some severe gibes from the Manciple,† however, put the drunkard into a speechless wrath, in which he tumbles from his horse—upon which his unwieldy weight is, with much difficulty, replaced; and the Host, perceiving to what extent "drink hath domination upon this man," becomes fearful that he should tell, or rather belch and snuffle out his tale too "lewdly," and therefore transfers the call to the Manciple—whom, at the same time, he censures for having reproved the drunkard too openly of his vice; warning him, that the Cook may some day retaliate upon him, relative to "some small things" in his official reckonings,

"That were not honest if it came to proof."

But the Manciple has a sure peace-maker—"a draught of ripe grape" in his gourd; of which the drunkard swigs till he "belches in his horn," and becomes perfectly appeased and reconciled; while the Host, laughing aloud, blesses the good Bacchus

"That so can turnen ernest into game."

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* Within the memory of the writer of this article, there was a professor of this pretended *science*, who, in this enlightened metropolis, attracted a good deal of attention, and *extracted* a good deal of money out of the pockets of credulous cupidity, by his professions of alchemic discovery in the transmutation of metals; and who, it appeared, by means of a hollow tube with which he stirred his molten compounds, or some similar juggle, contrived to produce some specimens of gold in his crucible.

† Manciple. An officer, who has the care of purchasing victuals for an Inn of Court. From the Lat. *Manceps*, which signified particularly the *superintendent of a public bakehouse*. The office still subsists in several Colleges, as well as Inns of Court. *Tyrwhitt.*

XUM

The Manciple's Tale then proceeds: the most grotesque, and not the least humorous, of the series. It gives us a new adventure, not recorded in the mythologies of Mr. Phœbus, (for so, from the manner in which the tale is told, we are impelled to call him,) who is described as "the flower of bachelerie," and thereto "the semeliest *man*

"That is, or was, sithen the world began;"

who "carried a bow," and "slew Pithon the serpent as he lay asleep," and "could play on every minstrelsey, better than the King of Thebes, Amphion." This "flower of bachelerie" had, it seems, "in his house a wife," whom, in his fondness, he caged up a little too jealously, but who nevertheless found some ornaments for his head, in the absence of his beams. He had also "a white crow," that could talk like an orator, and sing like a nightingale; but who foolishly told tales, by which means the lady came to share the fate of Python, and his crowship came to be turned black, and to lose both song and eloquence—he and all his posterity, through all generations.

Out of such materials, Chaucer contrives that the Manciple should make a very amusing story; and while we smile at the grotesqueness of the outline, we are instructed by the admirable good sense, the shrewdness, and the wit, with which it is filled out and coloured.

This is the last of the poetical tales that have descended to us: for "the Good Parson," who is next called upon by the host, "not to break the play," but to "unbuckle his male," and "tell a fable anon," quotes Paul to Timothy, as reproving them that "forsake soothfastness, and tell fables and such wretchedness," but offers to tell something of "Morality and virtuous matters," which the host, by general vote of the company, invites him to do, not without a hint to be brief in "telling his meditation," as "the sun will adown."*

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* We quote the whole of this last prologue, (removing only its obscurities, and accommodating, as in former instances, the arrangement to our present mode of pronunciation,) not only for its own intrinsic merit, but as it tends to shew that, whatever may be the intermediate gaps, the Manciples and the Good Parsons were intended to be as they here stand, the two last tales on the journey to Canterbury, that is to say, of the first part—but the first part only, of the purposed plan. The reader will not fail to remark the habit of ascertaining the hour of the day, when pocket time-pieces were not yet in use, by the altitude of the sun, and the length of the shadow: an expedient, Chaucer has frequently alluded to in describing the progress of the journey.

The sermon, nevertheless, is by no means a short one; and however abounding it may be in "virtuous sentence," we suspect, that the very gravest of the readers of Chaucer will scarcely be disposed to receive it as a sufficient compensation for what yet remains unsupplied of gayer or more poetic matter promised in the outset of the work.

THE PARSON'S PROLOGUE.

"By then the Manciple his tale had ended,
The sun had from the southern line descended,
So low, that it appeared not to my sight,
Degrees quite nine and twenty as of hight.
Four of the clock it was then as I guess,
For eleven foot, a little more or less,
My shadow was at that same time, as there
Being such feet as my length parted were,
Into six equal feet, of like proportion,
Therewith the moon's true exaltation
In mene of Libra, alway 'gan to ascend,
As we were entering at the village end.
Wherefore our host, as he was wont to gie, [guide]
As in this case, our jolly company,
Said in this wise—'now lordings every one,
There lacketh us of tales no more than one,
Fulfilled is my sentence and decree;
I trow that ye have heard of each degree,
Almost fulfilled is myne ordinance;
I pray to God, so give him right good chance,
That telleth to us this tale lustily.
"'Sir Priest,' quoth he, 'art thou a vicary?
Or art thou a parson? soothly by thy fay.
Be what thou be, yet break not thou our play,
For every man but thou hath told his tale,
Unbuckle then, and shew what's in thy male;
For truely by thy cheer, my think to tell,
Thou should'st knit up a weighty matter well.
Tell us some fable anon, for cockies bones."
This Parson to him answer'd, all at ones;
Thou gettest fable none y-told for me,
For Paul, that writeth into Timothy,
Reproveth them that wave from soothfastness,
And tell of fables, and such wretchedness.
Why should I sow but draff out of my fist,
When I may sow of wheat, if that I list?

So far, however, as the work has proceeded, and the materials have been preserved and arranged,* we trust that we have sufficiently substantiated the claim of Chaucer to the merit of dramatic invention and interest, in the two grand requisites, the

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For which I say, if that ye list to hear
Morality, and virtuous matter lere.
And thereof ye will give me audience,
I would, full fain, with Christ in reverence,
Do you such lawful pleasance as I can:
But trust me well, I am a southern man,
I cannot jest, rome, ram, and ruff by letter;
And, God wot, thime I hold but little better:
And, therefore, if ye list, I will not glose,
I will you tell a little tale in prose,
To knit up all this feast, and make an end;
And Jesus, of his grace, the wit me send
To shew to you the way in that great voyage—
That perfect, true and glorious pilgrimage,
That hight Jerusalem celestial.
And, if that ye vouchsafe, anon I shall
Begin upon my tale,—for which I pray
Tell your advice; I can no better say.
" 'But natheless this meditation,
I put it ever under the correction
Of clerks, for that I am not textual,
I do but take the sentence, trust me well.
Therefore I make a protestation,
That I will stand under correction.'
" Upon this word we have assented soon:
For, as it seem'd, 'twas well for to be done,
That in some virtuous sentence we shall end;
So space and audience freely we him lend,
And bade our host that he should to him say,
That for to tell his tale we all him pray.
" Our host had words at bidding for us all.
'Sir Priest,' quoth he, 'now fair may you befall,

* It is more than probable, that several of the other poems of Chaucer—all, perhaps, that were capable of being brought under the denomination of Tales, were intended to have been worked up with, and incorporated in, this work of his mature years; in the same way, that the story of Palemon and Arcite, and some others that had been previously written and made known, have notoriously been.

structure of his fable or action, and the delineation, sustainment, and felicitous grouping of comic character.

Of the peculiar advantages of this form of composition, in connecting together a series of miscellaneous tales, Chaucer may be truly said to have given the first efficient, and yet unrivalled example. Boccaccio, indeed, in his "Decameron," had introduced the colloquial *form* of dramatic dialogue to string his stories together; but it was the form only. The persons whom he has brought together as his narrators maintain a sort of connected conversation; but they have neither the diversity nor the identifying peculiarities which comedy requires; nor is there any definite action in the "Decameron," to constitute a comedy. His machine has neither plot nor fable—no beginning, middle, or end—nothing in it to give it any semblance of a dramatic whole, any more than there are, in the narrators themselves, any of those discriminating shades of contrast and variety, requisite to give to the dialogue any portion of dramatic effect.

Mr. Tyrwhitt, in his "Discourse on the Canterbury Tales," gives therefore, perhaps, somewhat more than deserved praise to the "Decameron," when, in comparing it with other collections of tales, &c. he ascribes to it "the same advantage, that a regular comedy will necessarily have over an equal number of single unconnected scenes." For the analogy fails in its most essential parts, namely the coherent dependence of the respective scenes, by progressive incidents, naturally conducting to some expected catastrophe; without which, the composition is still but a series of scenes, and not a drama. And though Mr. Tyrwhitt adds—that "Perhaps there would be no great harm, if the critics would permit us to consider the "Decameron" in the light of a comedy, not intended for the stage," "the fundamental defects," which he afterwards mentions, in a note on the ensuing passage, effectually destroy the pretensions of Boccaccio's work to this dramatic character.

"In the first place," says he, "the *action* is indefinite, not limited by his own nature, but merely by the will of the author. It might, if he had been so pleased, have as well comprehended twenty or a hundred days, as ten, and therefore, though some frivolous reasons are assigned for the return of the company to Florence, we see too plainly,

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Say what you list, and we shall gladly hear.'
And with that word he said, as shall appear—
'Tell us,' quoth he, 'your meditation;
But haste ye, for the sun will soon adown.
Be fructuous, but yet in little space,
And to do well, God send you of his grace.'

that the true reason was, that the budget of novels was exhausted: not to mention, that every day after the first may properly be considered as containing a new action, or, what is worse, a repetition of the action of the former day. The second defect is in the *characters*, which are so nearly resembling to each other, in age, rank, and even natural disposition, that if they had been strictly supported, their conversation must have been incapable of that variety which is necessary to carry the reader through so long a work. The third defect has arisen from the author's attempt to remedy the second. In order to diversify and enliven his narrations, he has made a circle of virtuous ladies and polite gentlemen hear and relate, in their turns, a number of stories, which cannot, with any degree of probability, be supposed to have been suffered in such an assembly."

What Mr. Tyrwhitt calls the *action* of the "Decameron," is therefore, in any dramatic sense of the word, no action at all. It is merely an expedient, for giving an arbitrary connexion to a variety of miscellaneous narratives. And, even in this point of view, the merit of the invention is not due to Boccaccio. The "Arabian Nights' Entertainments," (which, may confidently be inferred from sufficient evidence, were not unknown to the novelists of the age of Boccaccio,) had already given an example of a better machine; for though the narrator in that case be but one, and the other characters have a very subordinate part to play, there is an action and object running through the whole, (and that of deep interest,) which gives connexion to the successive stories, and for the furtherance of which they are told. Here, then, we have that unity of design, which the "Decameron" wants, and the only defect of the action is, that it has obviously no necessary limit.

Mr. Tyrwhitt is, however, much more happy in the succeeding observation:

> "That the closer any such composition shall copy the most essential forms of comedy, the more natural and defined the plan shall be, the more the characters shall be diversified, the more the tales shall be suited to the characters, so much the more conspicuous will be the skill of the writer, and his works approach the nearer to perfection."

And in this respect it is that the Canterbury Tales have an advantage so conspicuous, as almost to entitle our Chaucer to the whole merit of the original invention;—that the work is, in reality, "a Comedy not intended for the stage." It has a main action running through and connecting the whole; with its obvious and necessary duration, and equally necessary catastrophe; its critical unity of object; its natural beginning, middle, and end. It is rich in all the requisite contrast and diversity of character which can give amusing variety to the dialogue. The respective Tales themselves become consistent and necessary parts

of that dialogue; and at once fill out and sustain the respective characters, and constitute the essential means of accomplishing the catastrophe which the author has designed. The Tales of the Reve and the Miller, the Frere and the Sompnour, for example, as naturally and as forcibly elucidate the personal and professional animosities, and display the humourous and moral (or immoral) habitudes of those personages, and of their class, as their colloquial scurrilities and sarcasms: and the epic narrative of the Knight,* the Monastic Legend of the Prioress, the Witch Tale of the Wife of Bath, the Sermon of the Good Parson, and so of the other Tales, as correctly sustain the characters of the respective narrators, as the dialogue, little or much, that is put into their respective mouths.

The main object in view is not in itself very important; but it is sufficiently comic for interest and effect; and promises a termination in a scene of jollity and high convivial enjoyment: and it is curious to observe, that two compositions of such sterling merit, as the first closet and the first stage Comedy in our language, should have had, for the object of their respective actions, the former the attainment of a jolly supper, cost-free, at the Tabbard Inn in Southwark; and the latter, the finding of *Gammer Gurton's* needle in the seam of her man Hodge's old small-clothes, which she had been mending. But what possible subject is there, which, touched by the hand of genius, may not become interesting and amusing?

But the general plan of the Canterbury Tales cannot, perhaps, be better recapitulated than in the words of Mr. Tyrwhitt.

"He," (the author) "supposes," (as we have seen,) "that a company of pilgrims going to Canterbury assemble at an inn in Southwark, and agree that, for their common amusement on the road, each of them shall tell at least one Tale in going to Canterbury, and another in coming back from thence, and that he who shall tell the best Tales shall be treated by the rest with a supper upon their return to the same inn. The characters of the pilgrims are as various as at that time could be found in the several departments of middle life; that is, in fact, as various as could with any probability be brought together so as to form one company, the highes and the lowest ranks of society being necessarily excluded. It appears further, that the design of Chaucer was not barely to recite the Tales told by the Pilgrims, but also to describe their journey, *And all the remnant of their pilgrimage*, including, probably, their adventures at Canterbury, as well as upon the road. If we add that the Tales, besides being nicely adapted to the characters of their respective relators, were intended to be con-

* A masterly version, at once compressed and improved, of the *Theseida* of Boccaccio.

nected together by suitable introductions, and interspersed with diverting episodes, and that the greatest part of them was to have been executed in verse, we shall have a tolerable idea of the extent and difficulty of the whole undertaking; and admiring, as we must, the vigour of that genius which, in an advanced age, could begin so vast a work, we shall rather lament than be surprised that it has been left imperfect."

In the regret, however, that it should so have been left, every admirer of genuine poetry and comic humour cannot fail to join: for although, independently of Chaucer's long moral tale of Melibæus, and "the good Parson's" not very brief tale (or sermon)—which are in prose—the portion of this work which has descended to us, extends to between seventeen and eighteen thousand verses; yet, with those who have once surmounted the difficulties resulting from obsolete words, and still more obsolete spelling, and the great changes that have taken place in our national pronunciation, it will be matter of mortification to find themselves arrived (with yet unsated curiosity) at an abrupt termination—when to all appearance, on comparing those parts of the Canterbury Tales of which we are in possession, with the sketch that has just been given, or with the prologue as it now stands, it is apparent that more than one-half is wanting.

"The prologue," as Mr. Tyrwhitt observes, "we have, perhaps, nearly complete, and the greatest part of the journey to Canterbury,* but not a word of the transactions at Canterbury,† or of the journey homeward, or of the epilogue which we may suppose was to have concluded the work, with an account of the prize supper‡ and the separation of the company:" that glorious prize supper, with the jolly host again at the head of the table—at which we would gladly have relinquished a Lord Mayor's feast, or a Coronation banquet, to have been present!

We have thus, at length, completed our review of "the Canterbury Tales;" and, we should hope, have not only furnished to the miscellaneous reader the materials for a more general and due appreciation of the merits of that extraordinary work, than he would have been likely to have toiled for through the voluminous obscurities of obsolete spelling, or than could be derived from the existing fragments of paraphrastic versions;

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* The Pilgrims are twenty-six in number. Each was to tell two stories on the way to Canterbury; and two on their way back. But we have only twenty-three tales altogether.

† A rich subject for such a pen as Chaucer's.

‡ Where we might have expected to meet the jolly host again, in all his triumphant glee.

but, also, have contributed, in some degree, to facilitate the pursuits of those who may be disposed to encounter the difficulties of the obsolete diction in which such high and varied excellencies are enveloped, and to all but antiquarian eyes obscured.

At some convenient interval we shall probably return to the other works of our author: a general analysis of which, with some specimens of their many characteristic beauties, in the mode of quotation adopted in our present and former article, together with a clear developement of the metrical system and versification of Chaucer, (involving, as it will be found to do, the primitive and inherent prosody of our language,) would perhaps comprise all that might be desired by the general reader, with reference to the great patriarch of our national poetry: unless, indeed, a version of the entire works could be hoped for, such as we have repeatedly glanced at; and which might render our Chaucer (undisguised by incongruous ornament and paraphrastic interpolation) not only more readily accessible to modern apprehension, but acceptable to the ear, in the present very altered state of our customary pronunciation.

As respects the structure and harmony of our author's verse, and the prosodial principles upon which it is constructed, though we are very far from wishing to depreciate the value of Mr. Tyrwhitt's disquisition on these, it can by no means be considered as having gone into those profound principles of metrical harmony, upon which the prosody of our language and the structurre of our rhythms, as conceived by Chaucer and exemplified by the most accomplished of his successors, will be found to rest. If Mr. Tyrwhitt has in this department done much, he has still left much to do; and there are few, perhaps, at this day, even of the most critical students of our poetic literature, who will not be surprised at the demonstration of how many parallels to some of the boldest and finest specimens of versification, even in the Paradise Lost, may be produced from the heroic *hexameters* of Geoffrey Chaucer. Nor will it, perhaps, be either uninteresting or unprofitable, if, in the process of analyzing and exemplifying the metrical and rhythmical system of our venerable bard, we should be enabled in some degree to ascertain what our language has *lost*, in point of harmonic power, from the misdirection of an erroneous theory of prosodial criticism, as well as what it has *gained* by the diligence of literary culture, and the progress of civilization and refinement.

END OF PART II. VOL. XIV.

XUM